



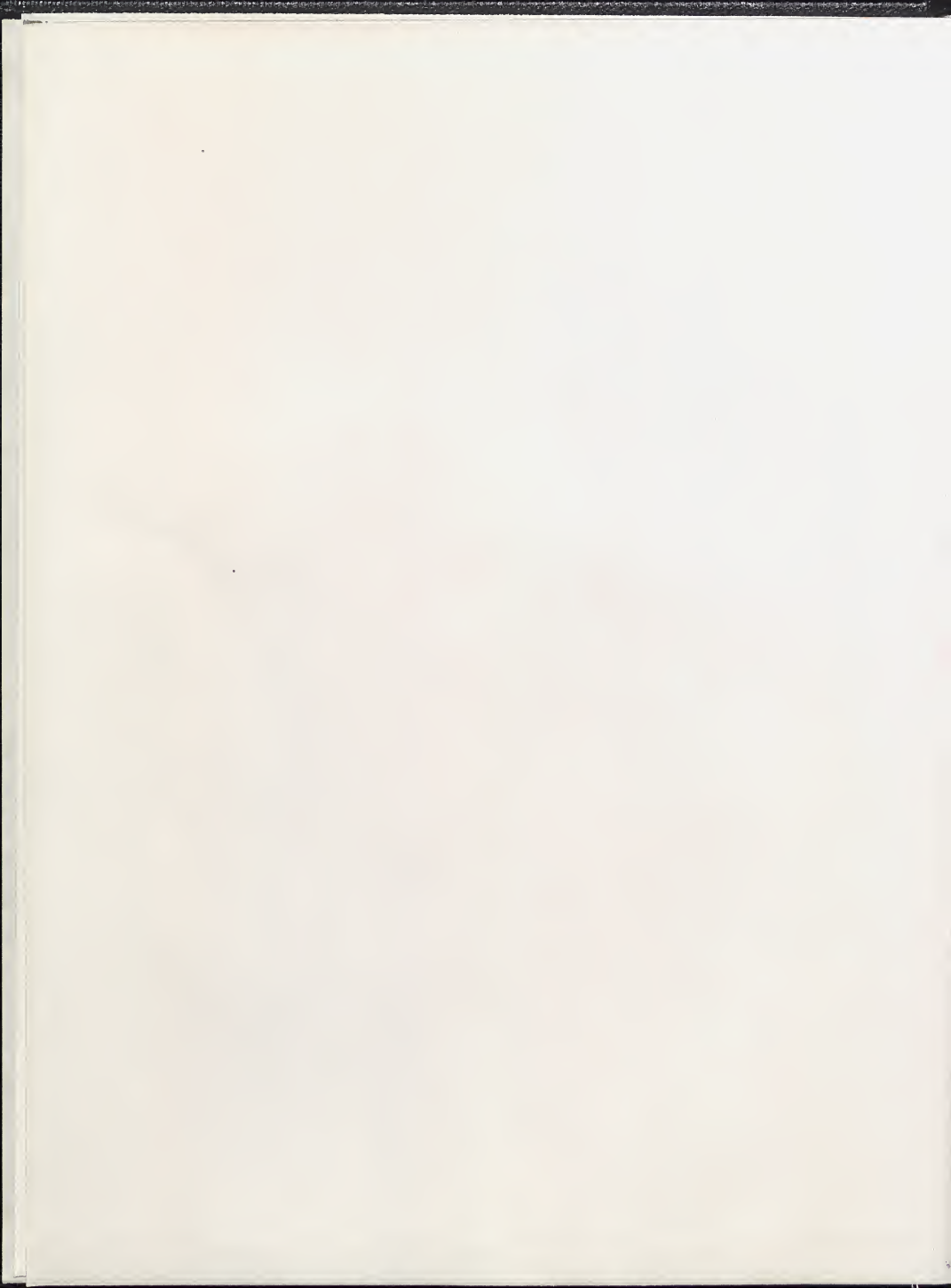
WAKE FOREST UNIVERSITY
THE Z. SMITH REYNOLDS LIBRARY



CALL NO.


1978

NOT TO BE CIRCULATED



The Student

Winter 1978



June 8

LH
1
W4
S78
1978

Dear Sue Ellen:

I have delayed writing you because the companion that had been for five years with Hadley died most suddenly and things have been sort of upset as you can well imagine. I must emphasize that Hadley is very forgetful to say the least and this tragedy has not helped that situation. I still think it will be OK for you to visit her and I would take you and introduce you etc. However, I don't want you to expect too much. As far as I know now she will be here all summer.

I was very impressed with your publication and also your wonderful enthusiasm.

continued June 10

I waited on this because the situation with Hadley's companion was really in a mess. However, hopefully now things will be resolved. At any rate, do try to come. I think it would be best if you make final arrangements through me so when you know your exact date write or phone me and I'll check it all out for you. As of now Hadley has no plans to be away at all and I do not think anything could develop so suit your own convenience.

With best wishes,

Sincerely,

Alice Hunt Sokoloff

Alice Hunt Sokoloff

PS- Yes do start off using Mrs. Mowrer but I'm sure you, as does everyone else within a few minutes will be calling her Hadley. There is something in her that just draws people's affection at once. Unless, and this does very occasionally happen, she takes a dislike. I remember one newspaper woman who was very aggressive and pushy and boy did they not hit it off- and the piece was a pure horror when it appeared! But I'm sure Hadley will like you and, as I said, I will take you there and try to smooth all the ways.



The Student

Winter 1978

© Copyright 1978 by The Student
All Rights Reserved

No part of this magazine may be reproduced in any form without permission.

ARTICLES

The First Mrs. Hemingway: Hadley Africa	Mark Leuchtenberger	26
Publishing in Winston-Salem	Ruth Zultner	37
Marvin Coats: On Making Art	Bill Brown	40
	Chris Sweet	45

INTERVIEWS

Mary Hemingway: How It Was		16
Memories of Papa	Jack Hemingway	29
A Conversation with Jay Meek	John Knight	43

FEATURES

Letters of Tribute to Ernest Hemingway	Charles Scribner, Jr.	13
	Bill Horne	35

FICTION

Miss Harper	Jeanne Willett	2
The Geometry of Innocence	Stephen Amidon	4
Warmth on Cameron Street	Mary McNeil	6
Catwoman	Elizabeth Russell Wakefield	8
Not A Wake	Tommie O'Toole	9
Excerpt from <i>The Old Man and the Sea</i>	Ernest Hemingway	14

POETRY

Three Poems	Erik Lounsbury	47
Three Poems	Catherine Burroughs	49
Two Poems	Gardner Campbell	50
Two Poems	Elizabeth Russell Wakefield	51
Two Poems	Doug Smoot	52
Three Poems	Philip Anglin	53
Two Poems	Mary White	54

OPINION

Fiction	Al Fitzgerald	58
Focus	Laura Elliott	59
Forum	Bill Roebuck	59

Sue Ellen Farmer
EDITOR

Mary McNeil
Associate Editor

Mark Leuchtenberger
Managing Editor

Ruth Zultner
Assistant Editor

Scott Bihl
Copy Editor

Ed Stall
Staff Photographer

Alyce Woody
Staff Assistant

STAFF

Julia Myers
Stacy Lunsford
Tommie O'Toole

Jack Nales
Mary White
Susan Parker

Mary Gribble
Andrea Epting
Kennie Liverman

The Student is published two times per academic year by the students of Wake Forest University with funds provided by the University. It is a non-profit organization existing by and for the Wake Forest community. Contributions may be submitted at the magazine's offices in Room 224, Reynolda Hall, or mailed to P.O. Box 7247, Reynolda Station, Winston-Salem, N.C. 27109. Opinions expressed herein do not necessarily reflect those of the editors. *The Student* is printed by Meredith-Webb Printing Company, Inc. of Burlington, N.C.

Grateful acknowledgment is made to Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. for permission to reprint lines from *How It Was* by Mary Hemingway. Copyright 1976 by Mary Welsh Hemingway.

The editor also wishes to recognize Charles Scribner's Sons for permission to reprint an excerpt from *The Old Man and the Sea*. Copyright 1952.

Cover photograph and photographs on pages 27, 28, 30, 32, and 34 reproduced through the courtesy of Alice Hunt Sokoloff from her book, *Hadley*.

WAKE FOREST UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY

FICTION

Miss
Harper

by Jeanne Willett

The solitary light above the stage door shone on her like the dim spot of a cabaret. She stood still in the glimmer for just a moment, basking in the shallow light. With a sigh and a smile, she wrapped her arms around herself and took a step into the real world.

Mark awaited the moment leaning against a statuesque oak, not twenty feet from the exit. He approached her from the shadows as a dark spirit moving in a graveyard. His sudden appearance neither startled nor surprised her. In fact, she seemed not to notice. It was as if she had fully expected someone to be there—or, at least hoped someone would be there. She slowed her pace as he stuttered up to her side. He was silent for a second; she had not looked at him yet.

Then, with a forced, although convincing confidence, he spoke the words he had recited to himself throughout the play.

"Miss Harper, my name is Mark Asher," he began, slowly at first, then faster. "I am a writer and am going to be famous some day. I know I can make you very happy. If I'm not your type I can change. . . I'm very flexible. If you like the du-boneer type, I can oblige. Or, if you go for the giddy, happy-go-lucky type, well, just watch me smile. But, if it's the strong, silent type you want—" He stopped abruptly. She gazed at him, not intently, just with slight curiosity.

"I have absolutely no convictions about anything," he continued. "My life has been rather drab up to now, but I'm sure you can change that. You are going to enjoy being married to me—I can tell by that smirk on your face. You already look like a wife. C'mon and we'll go have a bite to eat, or, if you're not hungry, we can have a drink and you can tell me your life's story. I'm sure it's interesting."

They had quit walking. She stared at him and above him. Then, her liquid eyes explored the length of his body. He was tall, well, not tall, she thought, but taller than me. And, he is good-looking, I guess. He's not fat and nothing seems out of place. Too bad he's sick, she said to herself.

"Miss Harper," he said, "my car is over in the parking lot—the other way." She had begun to walk again.

"A writer, huh?" were her first words.

"Yes, and a damn good one, too. I'll be very famous someday and buy you a big house overlooking the Pacific Ocean and you can be a star and go to Hollywood or wherever stars go nowadays."

"What do you write? Plays?"

"No, no plays. Just short stories and newspaper articles and a novel someday."

"Well, if you don't write plays I can't see that you'd be much good to me."

"Oh, but that's not the point. You're good for me. I knew it the first time I saw you, when you came over that wall in that silky, wet raspberry dress. I said to myself, 'That's the girl I'm going to marry.'"

"Did you ever think to ask me about it?"

"Sure, I'm asking you now—well, not now . . . I'll wait a few days. You haven't even told me about yourself and I haven't met your parents yet."

"And, you won't either. Who are you again?"

"Mark Asher. I'm a writer and I'm going to be famous."

"Sure. Listen to me Mr. Famous Writer. I don't think that my boyfriend would appreciate you asking me to go out and I don't think that I would appreciate you planning my life for me. Good night." She quickened her pace as if to say the conversation was over. Mark stayed with her but didn't talk. He simply smiled. She saw this and became more aggravated.

"I think that I can make it back to my dorm without your assistance, Mr. Famous Writer."

"I'm sure you can. Go ahead, darling. I'll call you tomorrow. Sleep tight. Listen, I'll get reservations for this weekend. Where do you want to go? How 'bout after the last show, or would you rather we go to the cast party?"

Finally, she laughed, "I can't believe you! Now, would you please leave me alone."

"Sure, whatever you say. Talk to you tomorrow. 'Night, love.'" Again she laughed, or smirked, and sped into the darkness. Undaunted, Mark slowed his pace and watched her slender figure blending with the black of the warm, sensuous April night. In the distance thunder rolled and a flash of lightning illuminated her silhouette.

It was only 11:30. He headed for the school newspaper office. The editor would still be there. Mark wanted to speak with him.

"Hey, Steve. How ya doin'?" he asked.

"Hi, Mark. Not bad. What's happening in the sports world?"

"Well, nothin' much. That's why I came to see you. When Charles was editor he said that if I wanted I could write a feature or two for the news pages. How 'bout letting me write a story on Gwendolyn Harper. She's an actress. She had the starring role in the new play. I saw it tonight and she was fantastic and she's only a freshman."

"We've done too much for that darn play already."

"Like what?"

"A review . . . pictures . . ."

"You mean you won't let me do the feature?"

"That's right."

"Dammit, Steve, you're screwing up my love life."

"Sorry."

Mark checked his mail at the sports desk and then returned resolutely to his room.

The next afternoon he called Gwen. She hung up on him the minute she knew who it was. He tried again.

"Listen," he said, "before you hang up on me, at least hear what I have to say. It's not about going out or anything. Please?"

"Go."

"We want to do an article on you since you're so stunning in the play. I'm going to write it. Of course, there will have to be an interview . . ."

"Can't that be done over the phone?"

"No. I usually use a tape recorder. Plus, I like to see the person whom I'm interviewing."

"Why are you doing it? I thought you just wrote sports."

"How did you know I wrote sports?" There was silence. He smiled. "Well, I get to do features for the news side every once in a while. It's a change."

"Let me think about it."

"I'll call you in an hour . . . bye, luv!"

"Wait a min—" She was cut off. Confused, Gwen settled in her bed and sighed. I don't want to hurt him, she said to herself, but he's so damn arrogant . . .

In exactly an hour her phone rang. She let it go for a few moments, then picked it up slowly. "Hello?" she said.

"Well, you've had your hour. When do we meet?"

"Listen, if I promise to do this interview will you quit bugging me?"

"That's not fair, Miss Harper."

"Where and when?"

"Well, a talk over dinner is usually more relaxing and you'd feel more comfortable. I'll get reservations for tomorrow—"

"Wait a minute. I am not going to dinner. Any meal you want to eat with me will be done in the cafeteria, in public!"

"I'll look pretty silly in the cafeteria with a tape recorder. People will stare."

"Aren't you used to that?"

He ignored her and thought about the right time. "Four-thirty tomorrow," he blurted.

"All right."

"Good-bye, Miss Harper."

She hung up in silence and tried to put him out of her mind. But, she was so annoyed with his arrogance that she could do nothing but despise him and think of ways to ruin his interview.

At 4:40 the next day she had still not shown up. The cafeteria had just opened and there were not many people. At 4:45 she slid into view, carrying a few books, her hair mussed. She wore no makeup. Mark saw her and waved. She stopped, almost turned around, but went on.

"You're late, you know," he said matter-of-factly.

"I know."

"That's all right. I'll forgive you this time." His "this time" had a strange hint of permanence.

"Aren't you going to get any food?" he asked.

"No. I have a date for dinner with my boyfriend at five. So, we'd better hurry."

"Okay, Miss Harper, let's get the B.S. out of the way. Where are you from?"

"Washington, D.C., and why do you persist on calling me 'Miss Harper'?"

"That's the way they do it in the movies."

"What?"

"Nothing . . . Why did you come here?"

"That's a good question."

"No. I mean to school here."

"That's still a good question. I wanted to come South and this place has a good reputation and it's small and I wanted to act."

"How long have you been acting?"

"About ten minutes."

"How long?"

"Since I was a sophomore in high school, when I was younger."

"I can't picture you young. You look as if you always have been lovely . . . you look almost like a picture. Has anyone ever told you that?"

"Every day."

"I like you."

"Lucky me."

"No. Really. You don't put up with this arrogant bull shit."

"I think I've put up with quite a bit already."

"Maybe."

They continued on in this manner until five o'clock. Then, she abruptly ended the conversation.

"I've got a date. Hope you have enough for your story."

"Not really. Can we meet later?"

"I'm busy."

"C'mon. You're not always busy."

"Yes I am. You'd better make use of what you have and leave me alone. I told my boyfriend about you."

"Christ! I'm in trouble now," he mocked. She was immediately sorry she had said that.

"Well," she said, "I'm not really sorry, but I have to go."

"Yeah. Well, I'll be seeing you around, Miss Harper. I'll be at the play Friday and Saturday."

"You show up and I'll have the ushers throw you out."

"Get serious. But I wish you'd do something like that—at least I'd know you were thinking of me. Bye."

He was right, she thought. He had been on her mind, and would continue to be so. He had made an impression, no matter how bad. And, she would not soon forget him. His approach intrigued her and she waited for the article to appear.

But, when the school paper came out, the article was not there. In a way, Gwen thought, it's probably better this way. Still, she was upset that Mark had lied to her. His approach was all wrong for me, she said. It might be different, but it's not for me. I'm not going to be programmed.

When she mentioned Mark's name to other girls, she always received favorable reviews. He had taken out a few girls on her hall and they told Gwen that Mark was nice. One said he was too shy.

"Too shy?" Gwen asked.

"Yeah," the other girl replied, "He wouldn't try a damn thing with me . . . didn't even touch me." Gwen received similar responses from a few other girls. Apparently Mark did not date for sex. That intrigued Gwen. She was becoming fed up with her boyfriend Scott. He wanted to make love all the time. She was a virgin when they started dating. In three months she knew him. In four she began to tire of him. By April of her freshman year, she loathed sex with him because that was all they did. So, she theorized, if I hate sex with him and that's all we do when we're together, then I must hate being with him. And, if I hate being with him all the time, why, for God's sake, am I dating him?

But she knew why she was dating him. Scott was a senior, a fraternity man, a jock, a stud.

"He's an asshole," she finally told her roommate. "This has got to end."

That spring, Gwen had "arrived" on campus. A few people were surprised that a freshman had received the lead in the only major spring production. Yet, after a few weeks of rehearsal, nobody cared what class she was in. She was a new find. The next Carol Burnette. Her opening-night performance drew raves from the critic of the city paper, as well as the audience. Her fame spread around campus faster than the news of a drunken whore in a frat house.

Gwen's rehearsals and Scott's performances had driven them apart. Finally, Gwen found out that Scott had been with a girl from only two doors down her hall. Thus, for all intents and purposes, Gwen ended the relationship. She used Scott only as an excuse to fend off Mark's offensive. Mark had disheveled her like no other. In high school she had found no one good enough to date. In college, Scott met her needs—at first, until she found herself meeting his needs and hating it. She was a

star-struck freshman—he a high-flying senior. She melted. As the year progressed, though, she became like a placier: hard, cold, frozen, but not quite unmoving. She couldn't stop herself with Scott. An innocent taste of sex had driven her into a mad—sometimes insane—desire for his body. It was quite like the sensation she experienced at a curtain call. A lust for excitement, a rush of blood through her body. Her breasts felt bigger, her thighs stronger, her buttocks firmer. The encore was a sexual experience to her, one perceived by her only, one not quite as gratifying as real sex, one a hell of a lot more enjoyable than a pat on the back.

She worried about her thirst for sex. Am I normal? she asked herself during long, anxious, memory-ridden nights. Conversations with her roommate showed she was normal in her desire for sex but maybe abnormal in her appreciation of it, her admiration of it. But, she thought, is abnormal a good word? Possibly mature is better. Her mother had always told her she was mature for her age. And, when she realized that she could act on a stage without feeling self-conscious, she felt mature. Her relationship with Scott served to strengthen her opinion of herself. She became, by the time the play ended, almost arrogant. It wasn't her fault, her friends tried to believe. She was merely a product of her environment—from a millionaire's family, to a senior jock, to an adoring public. Yet, no matter how much she was admired, she walked alone every night. Her self-embrace was to make sure she was still there. She did have her exuberance, her intensity. And, she would have a career. Enough people had told her that. For now, though, she had no one. Her parents were in Europe. School would soon be out and she would fly to them, a flight more of surrender than escape.

The play spanned three weeks, with performances mainly on weekends. There was only one weekend left to run and two weeks of school when Mark accosted Gwen. Surely enough, Mark did show up at the final performances. Yet, he did not attempt to speak with her. He merely stared intently at Gwen's slender figure, her active lips, her maneuverable features. She,

in turn, noticed him when the lights on stage were bright. She tried not to look him in the eye. Despite his faithfulness at the performances, Mark did not try to contact Gwen until two days before she was to leave for home or Europe or wherever her parents had decided to go.

The May afternoon was particularly accommodating to the tan-conscious co-eds. Gwen, in an immodest bikini, lounged on the sun deck. As she turned the page of her econ book, the girl who had gone to bed with Scott called, "Gwen, phone call." Without acknowledgment, Gwen rose and glided to the phone, caring not about the caller, thinking it was probably her father in Zurich or Belfast or even "goddam Hong Kong."

"Hello," she opened.

"Did you miss me?" the voice returned.

"Who is this?" she asked.

"Your lover, Mark."

She was silent. She hadn't thought of Mark for a few days. She was curiously glad he had called. "Oh," she said, "the famous writer. Win any Pulitzers yet?"

"Not yet, but I'm working on it."

"I don't doubt that for a moment." She was going to ask him what happened to her article but decided against it.

"Listen," he began, "it's going to be a long summer, and I thought you'd want to hear my voice one last time. I'm not planning on receiving any letters from you—but, of course I'll write. How's Scott?"

"Uh, fine." She wanted to say something more but couldn't.

"That's good. Gonna see him over the summer?"

"Maybe—I don't know."

"I was just talking to some of his frat boys and they told me—"

"I've got to study," she broke in. "Was there anything in particular you wanted?"

"Nah. Just have a nice summer and I'll see you in September—I won't lose you to a summer love." He laughed at the joke. Gwen hung up abruptly, immediately sorry she hadn't said good-bye.

The Geometry Of Innocence

by Stephen Amidon

Matthew rolled from his stomach to his side, then to his back, and soon onto his stomach again. He then lay still, face buried in hands, moving only when a finger would rise off his cheek quickly then descend slowly back to his flesh. The darkness pressed heavily against him and seemed to penetrate his porous skin. His muscles slowly grew stiff, and he strained them until they became marbled definitions covered with beaded dampness. He dropped his hands onto the bed and then moved them back to his head, pressing them to his wet hair, lightly. Then pressing harder, as if something unbearable tortured that head. He pressed his body into the bed so as to relieve that pain—his knees, his thighs, his stomach, his arms, his tortured groin. Sweat grew heavy upon his naked back and thighs, their muscles twitching with fatigue, and yet they were relentless in their pushing. His face pressed into the bed also, showing only a stultified profile and abrupt shadows. Long, dark hair lay in slick streaks down the cheeks and forehead, some strands crushed between the face and the bed. The body pressed on for a timeless duration. It pressed with a slow fury,

with motions as subtle as powerful. The hands still lay on the head, gripping. The body pressed. Then slowly the back pushed through the room's dead air—the stomach left the bed, bringing the clinging sheet momentarily with it. The sheet dropped, quickly and wetly. He rested upon his knees, elbows, and head. The head pressed downward in some human agony. The neck muscles and veins strained and twitched, then conformed to the wet, marble state of the body. The fury was maintained, subtly, yet inexorable. The face was patterned with black lines of hair, some running over closed eyes. The night provided no demarcation for the fury—only silence and dead air.

And then it stopped. With the same deliberate, animal movement with which it had started. Matthew lowered his exhausted shell onto the mattress, rolling to his back. His body lay dripping and indifferent, yet his now opened eyes stared into the quiet night with remembered passion. After awhile, he closed them to sleep for the remaining few hours until morning.

Later, the sun and morning paper crashed into the door and awoke him. Matthew arose and put on his robe and walked to the kitchen. His mother stood still at the sink, gazing through an unblemished window into a quiet community. Matthew drew tight his robe to cover his body.

"What day is this?"

She turned around, unstartled.

"You know what day this is, and you had better go today," she said benignly, unmenacingly, gazing once more out the window.

"Oh yes, I'll go."

"No complaints?"

He smiled and sat down to eat.

"What use have I for complaints?"

Matthew walked into the browning church beside his mother as an organ sounded, somnolent with chords of hope and resurrection. People milled and sat and murmured, poised and soft in beautiful clothes. Matthew looked down and walked forward, watching only the immaculate beige carpet. Some of his classmates called to him in subdued tones, yet he clung to his mother's presence and ignored. On and on across the carpet and below the stained glass and crosses. He turned to his mother.

"Front, O.K.?"

Not so much to enjoy the service but to avoid looking at the confident cleanliness which pervaded the church. The organ music changed as he reached the front and angled aside to let his mother pass by and be seated. She was a small, strangely beautiful lady out of place amidst minks and permanents. Her black hair and eyes were beautifully unadorned, and she possessed darkly soft skin which seemed inexpressibly deep. She crossed in front of him, moving child-bearing hips and legs beneath white fabric. He smiled down at her.

"Bach," he said.

She looked at him somewhat perplexed, then gazed absently at the organ. She smiled recognition at him.

"Oh yes. Isn't that Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring?"

"Right," said Matthew softly, and she passed. He sat also, his demeanor troubled and vacant now, and wondered if there was any joy in a boy's desiring.

The minister came unto them amidst a change of music and lighting, according himself the proper amount of splendor and arrogance. His black robes flowed and fascinated as he bade them stand and sing and sit. The hymns and prayers and recitals came one after another, ebbing in moments of collective, ambiguous passion, only to reside with individual realizations of propriety and duty. Soon Matthew numbed to the worship, and amid the planned passion that horrid moment came into his mind.

The year's first crickets clamored worship at the nighttime. Great mosquitoes from backyard woods battered occasionally against the screen, striving for the sickly dim candle which tossed black smoke into the air between them. The night lay heavy overhead, still and odorless. They sat silent for awhile, at slight angles to one another; Matthew frail and beautiful, smooth-limbed and soft skinned, Gary with a strong yet ill-fitted body and eyes too harsh and too close together.

"Say something," said Gary.

Matthew tilted his head back a little, looking at the roof's wooden frame outlined by the fuzz of a barely half moon. He looked over the small trees, and bushes, until they met larger trees, and beyond that, a road or houses or something, he thought—and he faintly heard Gary's echoing voice saying, "Matthew, I don't know why I did it, but it has been torturing me and don't think that it's you, it's just that I can't live that way in . . ."

"Sin," said Matthew, "why did you call it sin?"

"If it wasn't then I wouldn't feel so small when my father or anyone else looks at me. I feel dirty, Matthew, and there's not anything I can do except keep from getting dirtier. I'm not as strong as I thought, I guess; I can't fight the world and its shit. At least not like that. It's wrong, Matthew. Not glorious or

consequential, just wrong."

The crickets seemed to be echoing that word, 'wrong,' in their noisy celebration. Matthew's mind was confused and frightened as he looked into Gary's dimly lit eyes. The flame shined steadily into those distracted eyes, like some yellow dagger, until it would bend and slither.

"Don't feel dirty, Gary, please."

Gary looked at Matthew, annoyed and hurt by the pleading.

"We're criminals, Matthew. I cannot look at you and think otherwise."

"Not criminals, don't say that. Outlaws perhaps—yet, yes outlaws . . ."

"Outlaws, criminals—the same thing."

Matthew wanted to tell Gary of outlaws and their delusions and their eventual happiness in flight from this world and inhabiting a distant, different land of fertile dreams and unchained survival. Yet these words had already been spoken; then, that wondrous night—only to be replaced by new words: 'dirty' and 'wrong.'

"Forget them. Screw the accusers, ignore their pointed fingers."

"I can't, Matthew. It's not anything to do with my mind. It's as if my nerves and muscles are revolted by it and punish me until I submit, until I accept things the way they gotta be."

Matthew leaned slightly forward, toward him, removing his arm from the steel chair's. But he stopped this sympathetic motion, just as the moon sunk below the porch's wooden roof. Matthew gazed at it as the mosquitoes continued their assault.

"I feel guilty. Matt. I am guilty."

Matthew sat for awhile, looking beneath the moonlight and the candlelight into those too-close-together eyes.

"I cannot continue," said Gary, "it's not you, don't think that. But I cannot live in sin."

A light appeared through the backyard brush, faint and distant. Matthew spoke almost indistinguishably before he rose to leave.

"I am innocent."

The minister had been speaking for quite awhile, yet his intonation had crested so as to chase Matthew's reverie. Matthew moved his neck slightly, listening to the preacher.

". . . and yet sin is not irreconcilable with salvation. I read from Luke 8, verse 47, wherein Jesus is challenged for forgiving the sinful woman. He responds, 'Therefore I tell you, her sins, which are many, are forgiven, for she loved much . . .'

His feet would occasionally kick broken pieces from the antiquated sidewalk as he walked quickly through the darkened morning. The houses and their lawns grew from the damp streets as symbols unto themselves, with loud colors and sweet decorations. Children's cars and tricycles jutted into the walkway from behind dark and oiled trees, and Matthew would weave between these absently, and hair darkened and engraved with wetness, eyes down and ahead. The streets were empty save for an occasional car which would startle him with the sound of rubber violating puddles, or a huddled student on a bicycle riding by rapt in motion and destination. Matthew's thin legs continued over the marred cement. A car slowed beside him, and a boy in a school jacket leaned out.

"Hey Matthew, are you crazy? Hop in, man."

"No thanks; I want to walk the rest of the way."

"Come on. It's gonna pour any minute."

"No, really Carl, thanks anyway."

The large boy shrugged, smiling dumb and friendly and innocent.

"All right, but I think you're a stupid queer."

The friendly accusation pierced Matthew. He looked at the

car as it drove away. His mind soon exploded with that word and that hopeful night.

"I was strong enough to kill you, Gary, and yet am too weak to bury you for I keep resurrecting you and your words in my mind, in my heart, not allowing guilt and worldly complicity to rule you alone, but insisting that it be I who am lord, sinner, forgiver, possessor. That is what we had to do that one night when the darkness was so soft and cool, and that is what my poet's voice would say, that we had to possess one another—heart, body, soul. We bit the apple of complicity or at least despair, and over the noise of good people we did sin. Possession—it was enough. Gary, I knew it after, when I walked home through the low bushes which cut and stung my bare arms. I thought it would be the world that would jeer and accuse me, not you. To you, we had consummated grief. To you, we were two maggots attracted to a rotting piece of sewage which we so poetically called hope. To you, it was a crime—not in its meaning, but in the simple physical fact that it happens and it lives. It lives, it kills you, and it batters me until I am too weak to bury you. A crime. My crime. What was it? Thoroughness, harmony. What a crime! What can I do now, what can I hope to do? Return to the world, the law, confess not with a pen or mouth but with the gesture of a heart abandoned-tramp those halls, and live with those who would permeate me, infatuate me with old and withered hearts, too weak to conquer themselves, too willing to conquer me. And when I say 'I am innocent, forgiven, for I did love much,' they will spit on me and treat me like they did the author of that lament. 'Thorough love?' they'll say, those men and women, 'Who has ever heard of such a thing?' Or they'll lean out car windows and

accuse me with that word, but it is not that either! How can I tell you it is harmony—that the heart is good and the mind is good and the body is good? And yet you just want to be buried. I am too weak. I said we shall live in a way unknown to men and women and queers, we shall deny those old withered hearts and those loud houses and green lawns and be outlaws in a new land where confession is unnecessary, for sins are forgiven for we did love much. And all you could reply was the death screams of 'guilty' and 'dirty' and 'sinful.' So be it. I tried to break away from the world, to take you with me and transcend everything. But the flight frightened you and you returned to the world with its easy morality, and frightened souls. We tried. I tried. I failed, we failed. I killed you and whatever hope you had of true life. But I cannot bury you now . . .

He went into the school, through the day, until the time when he knew that he would see Gary. It had begun to rain. He pressed his cheek against the glass, gazing indirectly at the rain. Behind and beside him were the sound of footsteps. Quickly went the lonely; even, slowly went the assured; shuffling went the beautiful. Matthew rolled his head until his hair pressed against the glass. He moved his eyes, his distant gaze, from pretty shoes to polished faces to an orange painted wall. Gary walked by with some others. His eyes darted over to Matthew.

"Hey Matt," he said, then turned away.

Matthew looked after him and wished that the killer could bury the dead.

Warmth on Cameron Street

by Mary McNeil

She lived on Cameron Street in a three story townhouse with red bricks and an aluminum door with a green screen which covered the top half and was all metal on the lower, a metal that was streaked with black shoe marks from where it had often been kicked. The door ruined the quaint effect of the house. Last Christmas she had put a magnolia wreath over the ripped screen to hide its unseemliness, yet the door continued to irk her. Next time the landlady came to check if she was running the heat too high she would demand that a new wooden door with glass panes be installed. The aluminum contraption simply must go.

Her apartment was the height of every design that she had carefully planned out to the final detail. After riding home in the carpool with three married men, who talked constantly of their children's vast accomplishments, she would burst out of the car and trudge up the two winding flights of stairs to her rooms at the top. Her apartment was the one thing she "had" and it was perfect and hers alone.

She glanced through Mrs. Wittman's lace covered door as she passed on her way upstairs. Mrs. Wittman on the first floor never came out, so she had not seen her since moving in two years ago. Once she thought she had glimpsed the cold metal of a wheelchair through the tightly stretched white curtains that covered the French doors that opened into her apartment. Was Mrs. Wittman an invalid? This weekend, she thought, I will go down and visit her. Perhaps she was lonely. Her husband was dead, Esther knew, but her grandchildren often came to visit.

She had seen them scatter in through the aluminum door, heard them laugh as they rummaged in the alley behind the townhouse.

It gave her a small shiver each time she turned the key to unlock her door and stepped inside. Her place was perfect, even though not large enough to do any entertaining. Her younger sister, who had a cheerful way of keeping herself busy, when she had brought her two sons over to help her move in, remarked how cozy and warm it seemed.

"This would be perfect for two people, Esther. And you look out right over the street. Perfect place to sit and watch the parades—they have one through here every St. Patrick's Day. Did you know?"

"Oh, the boys love this place," her sister had chirped as she lugged a large box up the stairway. "And those bookshelves, think of all the books you'll be able to keep. I would love to have my own little place like this. Just think only having to clean up after one person."

Esther had a better knack for decorating than her sister, it was a known fact that she cooked better and her parties were the feat a less "voguish" person could never accomplish.

"I can't get Martin to get rid of those tacky high school friends of his," her sister had exclaimed one day when they met for lunch in Georgetown.

"Why get rid of his friends, Cheryl. Accept them as being part of Martin," Esther had calmly replied.

"Oh, you are so steady and level-headed, Esther."

"Cheryl, Martin loves you."

"Well, yes, I suppose he does," Cheryl replied as she dusted fallen crumbs off her lap with her napkin.

Esther walked over to the window ledge to snap on the electric heater. Outside the wind blew damp and cold across the street. Esther looked out the window to see Cathy coming down the road on her bicycle. Her small plaid tam was cocked

over her red hair and her basket was filled with grocery bags. Cathy lived on the second floor. She was not married, yet did not live alone. There was a tall, at least 6'3 or 6'4, man, Esther thought, with brownish curly hair who left every morning from Cathy's apartment as Esther waited for her ride to work to come. He always issued out a cheerful good morning with his cheeks puffing up into small pockets under his eyes as he grinned his ebullient smile.

It did not bother her that the man tromped up to Cathy's room to spend each night. She was good friends with Cathy, for Esther had many friends. Friends who called her up for advice, came to her parties, and continuously told her how good she was.

Esther watched as Cathy pulled up on her bike, lifted the small blue fenders of her wheels over the curb and skated the frame into the alley at the side of the house. She saw Cathy open the metal screen door and as she did so walked over to the antique coat rack near the closet to deposit her coat and muffler. She would go down and talk to Cathy tonight. Always careful not to impose, nonetheless, she felt tonight would be all right and her room had a chilling quality, like a musty closet that contained nothing but old and used clothes, that for some reason everyone feared to enter because of its deserted and empty atmosphere.

She knocked quickly three times on Cathy's door below, after tromping down one flight of stairs. She raised her hand to her head to straighten her now dirty hair before the hinges creaked and the door moved backward.

"Esther, hi, come on in." It was Cathy with her light red hair, in boots and a blue shirt that reached below the knees.

"My apartment is so cold tonight and I hadn't seen yours yet so I thought I'd stop by real quick before dinner. Are you busy?"

"No, not at all. Jack won't be here for awhile and we haven't any plans for tonight, anyway. Come on in."

"Thanks, I just wanted to see your place."

The apartment was sparsely furnished and the prints on the walls were grouped together in an awkward way that irked Esther's sense of balance.

"My place is a little larger than yours, I think," said Cathy. "You see how the kitchen extends back farther," she continued drawing Esther by the arm through the kitchen that had no curtains on the window, yet a huge bowl of fruit on the wind-drawn sill, succulent and warm.

"We also have a dining room, not much of a dining room, it's all right for just the two of us," she said as she pointed to a small room to the right of the kitchen.

Esther was disappointed in the apartment. True, it was fresh and homey, but it lacked the fine things she had in her apartment, the 100% cashmere blanket from Scotland thrown over her sofa, the prints from the *Jeu de Pommes* she had mounted and framed in thin gold, the Persian rug she had paid a small fortune for and couldn't bear to see dirty in any way.

"Your place is bigger," hesitated Esther and was about to go on when Jack startled them both by barreling in the door, wound up in a grey scarf and hat pulled low, breathing hard.

"Lord Almighty, it's cold out tonight. Thought I was never going to make it down the street without freezing to death. Cath, did you ride your bike from downtown today?"

"Jack, Esther is here to see the apartment. You know, don't you—she lives upstairs."

"Sure, how are you, Esther?" Jack replied. "I've seen you out front in the mornings, but never seemed to find the time to stop and talk with you. Nice to meet you," he grinned and his cheeks puffed up again as he sidled over to Cathy and casually

put his arm around her.

"How do you like this place? Tell me, where do you work? Cathy mentioned something about a managerial consultant," he vivaciously replied, his energy lighting up the room.

"Yes, for the government, I teach how to manage offices efficiently," Esther responded.

"Oh, one of those people who are organized," answered Jack. "Cath, maybe we should get to know Esther better so we can get some order started around this place."

"I'm really not an expert at all," answered Esther and she looked past Jack to see Cathy move towards the small fireplace and light a match to the paper and wood piled in just the right way to get a good fire going.

"Jack, I'm glad you were a boy scout," joked Cathy, "Or I'd freeze to death trying to build a fire that wouldn't burn out in five minutes. Esther, would you like a drink?"

"No, I'd better be going," Esther answered. She was aware of the feeling she often had when around couples, that they really only wanted to be alone with themselves, to exchange intimacies she knew little about. She had always thought she would feel that way if she had someone, a perfect companion that would exist just to hear about the trivialities of the day. She began to move toward the door with a self-conscious air when Jack came toward her.

"Say, Esther, do you live alone? I mean we've got some nice guys down in the office—"

"Jack!" declared Cathy as she looked at Esther with a hopeless air as if she were apologizing by giving her a sad, doleful look known only between woman and woman.

"Well, I mean don't take it wrong," responded Jack. "I just thought you might get lonely—I mean not that you probably don't go out quite a lot already."

Esther looked at Jack and then avoiding Cathy's compassionate stare, she grabbed the small brass door knob and gently pulled it towards her.

"No, thank-you, anyway," and she looked around the apartment and her insides suddenly felt scooped out as if everything had been drained away, a dam that had been built up inside of her to store composure against insensitive attacks because she was an old maid had burst wide open and her store was suddenly drained away.

"Goodby Cathy, Jack. You have a lovely place," she finally struggled out, walked through the doorstep closing the door softly behind her and trudged up the narrow flight to her rooms one flight above.

She opened the door, unable to face turning on the lights, and went to her bedroom. Laying on her bed, she stared out the window directly across at a starless night. She did not think, nor explain to herself, nor glance at the perfectly furnished room that surrounded her for comfort. She simply lay there emotionless and alone on the high double bed that housed her body alone and would forever more. A slow tear welled at her eye's corner and gracefully dripped down to the satin pillowcase, but she did not move to wipe it away. She stayed like that for a long time.

The next morning she arose early and slowly walked down the two flights to Mrs. Wittman's apartment on the ground floor for a pleasant chat. It was true, she was an invalid and her husband had died five years ago. But her grandchildren came to visit weekly and she was not alone.

Catwoman

by Elizabeth Russell Wakefield

For the longest time when I heard those yells, I thought she was saying, "No rain! No rain!" And I thought that was odd. But that's about as strange as the pink of the evening next to the real story. I lived here almost two months before I figured Miss Hattie out. Of course it took a little detective work and a keen ear for the current gossip, but now I know her story whether she likes it or not.

They're all called Noreen. All three thousand of them, I guess. And when she feeds them, she's sure not to forget to call that name three thousand times. I wish somebody would tell me why I keep on living across the yard from a lunatic that screeches, "Noreen!" continuously so long that sometimes I forget I'm hearing it. Seriously, I don't know how many stinking cats she's got in that house. They all look alike to me. Stink alike, too.

There used to be a person, Noreen. Her sister, I hear. This Noreen took care of Miss Hattie and kinda kept her derangement under covers. No one I've met in this town so far has had a mean thing to say about Noreen. But if you ask me, anyone who'd stay holed up with a nut like Hattie couldn't be too smart. Well, anyhow, Noreen passed on close to five years ago, and Miss Hattie was left alone with the house and the family fortune—which I suspect is in a bank upstate somewhere. Cause Lord knows she hasn't spent a lick of it on anything worth buying. Here's me with a house full of beautiful furniture from the family in Beaufort, lots of nice vases and things, and a genuine Oriental rug. And she lives in a mound of tuna cans. That's no joke. In the last four days they've taken six garbage trucks full of tuna cans, dead rats, and cat crap out of there. And this morning Hattie came out of the house herself, screaming that somebody'd broken in there during the night and raped her (she's always yelling that), and Preacher Sellers came by and carried her to the hospital. I swear, Hattie'd climb a tree to tell a lie. She knows as good as me that nobody would walk into that stinking house but her and all those Noreens.

Nobody took much concern about Hattie until the Noreen population started getting out of hand. Why, the neighbors started complaining that those cats were coming up under their porches and having kittens. I never have cared one way or the other about cats, but a sticky mess of just-born kittens has got to be the most nauseating sight on earth. Mrs. Fleming down the street went to the Mayor and asked to know if she could start up a petition to get rid of some of those cats, and the Mayor said he didn't know anything wrong with it but he didn't want to sign it. So Mrs. Fleming took that petition up and down both streets and didn't get but two signatures, and one of them was from Leonard Percy who can't read anyway. I tell you, if I'd been here then, I'd have put my name on that petition enough times to match every one of those Noreens. The people in this town just don't have the guts I do.

So everyone lived with those cats prowling in their yards in the day and whining in their windows at night and doing nothing about it until Preacher Sellers came to the rescue. Miss Hattie came to his Baptist church regularly, but it seemed that the parish had started to complain about the odor she carried in with her. I haven't been to church in about a decade myself, but I can just imagine the agony of having the Tuna Queen herself praying right behind me. So Rev. Sellers took her aside one Sunday noon and talked to her with all the understanding he

had about the "increasing number of cats." The Lord had to have given that man his patience because no real person could ever get down to that idiot's level. It's beyond me how Miss Hattie ever agreed to the solution he offered, but then you never know what to expect out of that woman. Imagine! She said it would be all right for the Police Department to set traps for the cats that strayed—but only if the traps were off her property. She must have known what she was talking about, though, because they only caught three Noreens in six months' time before people stopped being interested and the kids learned to take the traps apart and hook them onto their bicycle spokes to make a lot of clatter.

It wasn't long after this that I moved in next door. I used to live in Beaufort with the family, but I left because the kids were making lists and divvying up all my cherished possessions for when I die. I probably would have died, too, if I hadn't gotten away from all those people. This house here belonged to an aunt or a cousin or somebody. Miss Hattie must have driven them away.

The lies she tells are about as wild as those cats. She's always coming out of that trash bin saying she'd been robbed or beaten up. Once she showed Mrs. Fleming an old dress she claimed had been purposely burnt by a vandal, and when Mrs. Fleming told her she'd been sitting too close to the portable heater and scorched it, she started telling about how they'd thrown her down on the bed and taken advantage of her and had peeled the wall paper off the walls. And you ought to hear her boast about the fabulous meals she fixes for herself. When they left those garbage men in there this week, they said all she'd been eating was cold canned stew and hot Pepsi-Colas. She didn't even have a refrigerator.

Right soon after I got settled into town here and began catching up on Miss Hattie's story, I heard the part about Preacher Sellers trying to help out with the situation. So I went to him one afternoon and introduced myself as Miss Hattie's next door neighbor. We talked awhile and he volunteered to get back to working on the problem. A couple of days later when I was sitting out on the front porch watching a couple of Noreens chew up the lady across the street's flowers, I see Preacher Sellers come walking up towards her house. There were paper plates that Hattie had fed the cats on blowing past his feet, and he was all dressed up and looking like an official Reverend. He stopped to scratch the necks of a couple ugly little brown cats and knocked on her door. She came out, walking like she always does, with her bent head sticking off her shoulders like a crooked finger. He went in with her and I bet it wasn't two full minutes before he came running out of the door, retching and getting sick all over the front walk.

Something had to be done, and it had to be quick because nobody has a right to live like Hattie. Preacher Sellers went to the Mayor the first thing after he recovered and said they had to get the housing inspector or the Police Department out there to clean up Miss Hattie's house because she couldn't do it herself. There were cans piled three feet high in just about every corner of the house. She'd made a little path through the trash in the kitchen so she could shuffle back and forth to feed those cats. There wasn't a clean spot left on the dining room table because she had those tuna cans piled high there, too. And you could hardly see or hear for the flies living in there with her. They were as big as golf balls. And Miss Hattie had thrown those cans all over her bed. She told Preacher Sellers she hadn't slept there in a year, and he wanted to know where she did sleep. So she took him to the TV room and showed him a big pressed down pile of cans that had a strip of floor showing through so that she could get up to change the channel. That lunatic had

actually slept on a stinking mess of five-year of tuna fish for a solid year. No wonder her head bends over like that.

I went back to talk to Preacher Sellers after I'd given him a chance to see the Mayor, and I asked him what they proposed to do about it. He said they wanted to get the city cleaners in there one day, get the place cleaned up, and then get Miss Hattie to hire someone to pick up after her. One day! I knew right then that even a whole field full of goats couldn't get rid of that much trash in one day.

So Preacher Sellers was the one chosen to go back to Miss Hattie's the next day to ask her permission because he had a stronger stomach than any newcomer would have. She agreed to the part about the garbage men since she was too lazy to pick up after herself, I guess. But then she said she wouldn't have any kind of cleaning lady in her house that she would have to look after all the time. She claimed that she was the one that had to take care of Noreen the sister and didn't want to go through that again. Well, if that didn't beat all. I swear, that woman's as tight as a tick and a flat-out liar, too.

It was four days ago when the garbage truck pulled up for the first time. And three big niggers with shoulders as wide as the tires on their truck got out and started to gather all their shovels and brooms together. I was watching from my breakfast room table and knew they didn't know what they were getting into. I thought maybe I should go warn them, but you can't trust a nigger as far as you can throw a stick, and I didn't really want to be seen talking with them anyway. But I guess if you make a living in the trash business, you aren't as prone to get sick over old tuna cans and cat crap as much as real people.

They started hauling all that junk out of there, and all those Noreens would follow them in and out of the house and back

and forth to the truck. I don't know if those cats went to the trouble for the lack of nothing else to do or because they were sorry to see it go. I never saw Miss Hattie all day, and I was just dying to see what she was doing in that house.

Close to four o'clock they'd filled that truck as much as it would fill, and they all squashed up in the front seat. There were six to eight cats sitting on top when they drove off, licking at that old tuna.

They came back the next three days and got five more truckloads. I guess now they have to get some wall and floor cleaning niggers to do the rest. But with Miss Hattie in the hospital, it might be a few days before they come in.

I woke up this morning feeling miserable because it had rained all night and was still raining. I laid there in bed long enough for the wrinkles the sheets had put on my arms to go away, and then I got up to go in the kitchen to fix some breakfast. I could hear Miss Hattie carrying on next door about something so I went over to the window to see what I could see. She came running out of the house, tearing her dress as she ran, screaming they'd raped her. She just kept twisting around, yelling, "Rape! Rape!" until she tripped on the edge of the front walk. A whole batch of Noreens just looked at her from her porch with that stupid look cats have, like they'd just figured out she was crazier than Hell. At least they were smarter than to go scrambling out in the yard when it was pouring down rain. And Miss Hattie was rolling around on the grass, yelling, "Noreen! Noreen!" and trying to stand up. She had pieces of grass stuck to her face, and the rain had plastered her hair to her head. I remembered when I used to think she was saying, 'No rain! No rain!' and I thought how silly that was.

Not A Wake

by Tommie O'Toole

It was a good wake. Everyone thought so. Only the few who were surprised cried. He was fairly old and had lived long enough. He looked good. Except he was a bit pale. No one noticed. They all said, "Oh, doesn't he look good." And then they filed past with somber faces and folded hands and lowered eyes.

It all went smoothly. They had expected it to. He had lived his life smoothly and there was no reason why he should not live his death in a similar manner.

His wife was there, exuding all the wifely courage expected of her. A strong, quiet Polish woman, she contrasted incredibly with him while he was alive but seemed not unlike him now that he was dead.

All his friends were there and even some out-of-town relatives. One of his nieces from Philadelphia, a sophisticated-looking girl who, besides her mother, was the only female not wearing black, kept trying to tell everyone that "It's not a wake—it's a viewing." No one paid any attention. She hadn't even been born in Branchdale.

The pallbearers gathered in one official-looking group at the rear of the home. They had all been bearers before and they all knew the routine. Dark suits, white shirts, dark ties. No hats. If possible, no white socks. A few had to borrow a pair of dark socks.

The bearers were his friends in life. They thought they still knew him in death; although, they spoke of him in the past, as

if three days of death had made him into a figure of history, a long-forgotten thing they knew years ago and were not concerned with now.

The bearers spoke in whispers until one of them, the tallest and heaviest, suggested they move outside into the unusually warm, late-November night. The moon was full but misty as if covered with a thin coat of dust from the coal mines of the Pennsylvania mountains which were silhouetted below in ominous splendor.

"We had some times together," the tall man said when they were settled. "We sure did. Knew him since we were—since as long as I kin remember."

So did the others and they all knew that each other did; yet, they chimed, "Yeah, we had some times," as if responding to a prayer at mass.

"It's too bad," a short, stocky Irishman said. "But, I'll tell youse something. If and when the good Lord takes me from this here place I wanna go just like Dinny did: peaceful. In his sleep with not much suffering and no damn woman cryin' at yore bedside and no damn doctor laborin' o'er yore head all night. That's how I wanna go."

The rest smiled and thought hopefully in a similar manner.

"That would be nice wouldn't it, Andy," the big man said. "We'd all like to do it. I know for certain I would."

The rest agreed and the talk, which could have disturbed some of them, ceased while Andy and the tall man lit cigarettes. The silence was shattered by Andy's cough, not a throat cough from a cold, but a chest cough from the black dust.

"You ought t' quit that damn smokin' Andy," one of the bearers said. "You know what Doc Richards said." Andy didn't answer. He just blew smoke toward the home and looked out beyond the mountains and at the moon.

The tall man began to laugh, not a giggle but a laugh through the nose as you do when you are laughing at something no one else knows about, usually something from the past. "Member," he said, "that time 'bout 20 years ago when we got drunk and Andy passed out 'fore we even left, but we drug him along anyways and left for Gibbssville and that house up to Market Street by the brewery and ol' Dinny didn't know what was in there—"

"Sh!" one of the bearers said. "Some women's comin' and one's yore wife." The tall man abruptly ended his memory and the group became silent as the women filed past.

"You comin' home or goin' out?" one of them asked the tall man.

"I think we's goin' down to the hosey for a while. I'll be home later."

"What about you, Andy?" she asked. "Alice said she didn't want you running down to the hosey cause of the doctor."

"Well," Andy said. "I'm goin' down fer a little bit. You tell Alice don't worry."

The groups parted. The women headed toward more-than-familiar homes, not unaccustomed to being without their husbands, while the men, not unaccustomed to being together, marched in solemn ritual to the fire house.

"Finish the story."

"Nah, everybody knows what happened."

"Yeah."

They walked farther and slower until the fire house rose up to meet them on their right. They entered the familiar door and acknowledged the presence of a few acquaintances.

"How's she taken it?" the man behind the bar asked.

"Not bad," the tall man said. "She's strong. She knew it was coming."

Everyone did by then. Once, they wouldn't have thought it. He was smooth and things were smooth. Nevertheless, he had prepared them all.

The bearers took a seat in the corner and three pitchers were ordered and quickly brought. Andy picked up the tab. No one thanked him. They had all bought their share.

Patterned conversation abounded and they wondered why certain people had not been at the wake and why certain people had. The stories and reminiscences began and the mood lightened.

Andy was quiet, sipping on a small glass of watered down beer and absorbing the words. He looked around the dingy room with its old wooden tables—older than he was—the beaten, battered bar, the relentless clock, and the small blackboard used as a scoreboard in the summer to keep track of the Phillies' games. In the far corner were the restrooms. He had gotten sick for the first time in the ladies room of the hosey. He couldn't use the men's room because Dinny was getting sick in there.

Soon he was getting sick in a lot of bathrooms, Dinny along with him. After a while, Doc Richards told him to cut down, preferably to stop, or else he would die. Richards told Dinny the same thing. That was ten years ago when they were only 45. Andy listened and cut down. So did Dinny, but not as much. Then, one night Dinny lost his job. A back injury he suffered in the army acted up and he took time off and when he tried to return they told him to take more time off until finally they told him to not come back at all and take care of his back and maybe an office job at the breaker would open up in a few years and he would be the first one they called.

But they didn't call and Dinny started getting sick again. A few times Andy did it with him because he felt sorry for his oldest friend and because ever since little league baseball they

had always been alike or tried to be.

"Do youse remember," the tall man said, "when ol' Bob Donne died and Dinny was drunk and found out about it and went to tell Bob's wife because she was his cousin?"

A few remembered; a few didn't; all listened.

"Well," the tall man went on, "she was workin' down at the fabric factory, the old one down at the center of town which they tore down a few years back—my wife worked there too before we was married but after we got married I says to her 'Youse ain't workin' now . . . I have to support ya and you're gonna stay home and take care of our kids'—anyway, Dinny went down there to see Bob's wife; he had dropped dead up at the Mount Carmel bank right when he was makin' a withdrawal. Well, Dinny walked into the factory all concerned and drunk and worrying that she'd be upset and—he told me this later—he decided that the best way would be just to go in and tell her the truth. So ol' Dinny just walks up to her where she's sittin' at her sewing machine and he taps her on the shoulder and she turns around and he says to her, 'Doris, it's all over—Bob's dead!'"

The room erupted in rehearsed, oft-repeated laughter. Then, more stories were told and everyone melted into slightly-drunken relaxation.

After a few moments, Andy, with a sudden movement, attacked his beer with something not unlike vengeance. Soon gone, the beer retaliated with a blast of hot air which made a frog-like sound in Andy's throat.

"Damn," Andy said. "There's nothing like a goddamn beer."

"Yeah," someone said, "except a goddamn woman, which can make you feel good or sick or both—good and sick." The others laughed and Andy laughed and the others drank and Andy drank some more and soon everybody was quiet, absorbed in their own alcohol—prompted reveries while an invisible radio blared a country song about lost love and beer with no foam.

"Andy," the tall man said, "you were his closest friend—"

"That's right."

"—well, what do ya think he was thinkin' about those final few minutes? What was going through his head?"

"I don't rightly know fer sure. But, probably he was thinking about those bastards at the mine and how they wouldn't let him work after he went and hurt hisself. Ya know, he was never one to hold a grudge but he did against those damn mine people—and I don't blame him."

"Neither do I," the rest said.

"Boy," Andy said, "Dinny used to love to work the mine. Yeah he used to love it. My God, he used to enjoy going down there. That's one thing I couldn't never figure out about him. Most people hate it—dark and cold . . . cave-ins . . . explosions . . . youse guys know what I mean. But he loved it and when they took it away from 'im he couldn't stand it. We used to sit and talk about it fer hours . . . about the mines and cave-ins and he weren't never afraid of the cave-in. My God, that Dinny had guts. Once he was trapped up at Ringgold fer a couple hours and he spent the time doing push ups and sit ups. Christ, what a man!"

"I still don't know how he got along with his wife," one of the men said.

"Oh, she's a strong one, she is," Andy said. "She is the only person I ever knowned that could control him. He listened to her every word except after he lost the job and started drinking. She used to get madder n' hell but he wouldn't listen. He'd never yell at her, just ignore it and come down to the hosey."

It was in the fire house that Dinny got drunk for the last time,

the time his heart gave out, the time the doctor had predicted. They helped him home. He was in great pain and they all admired him for it and suffered with him. He still told jokes and cursed the mine people right up to the end, which came with less suffering than they thought fate would allow but still more than he deserved. He was, they thought, a victim, like all the rest who, in confinement, tried with his hands to improve his state but knew in his heart that things would never change. They would sleep restless at night, the dark, forboding mountains which swallowed up clean, forlorn men in the morning and regurgitated dusty, dirty creatures in the evening. And always they would listen for the rumble, the devil's roar that came swiftly and ruthlessly. And, even at night, when they were in their beds, clouds would gather above the mountains, thunder would rumble, and hearts would beat a little faster.

But none of this had happened to Dinny. He hadn't been scared off by the rumble. He hadn't been scared off by anything. He had killed himself and took a weird pride in it. He had done it and no one had done it to him although everyone blamed the mine people.

A rumbling stomach brought Andy back to the harsh comfort of the dingy bar. Blurred voices gargled in the background. Andy took another sip of beer. It was warm and stung the back of his tongue. He put the glass down on the table and pushed it away. Then he folded his hands across his lap and crossed his legs. He felt good. He felt relaxed. He smiled lightly, quietly. His eyes lit and he tried to rejoin what was left of the conversation.

Soon the men, with psychic-like communication, rose to leave. A few departed together, a few by their ponderous selves. Andy walked alone out of the bar and into the brisk, cloudless night, stars shining above like dim lights throughout seemingly endless mine tunnels. Andy watched the moon and shivered as a cool breeze whisked down from the mountains, engulfing him in a wave of invisible discomfort. He began to walk, watching alternately the moon and then the houses, ones

that had been there for what seemed like forever. His pace slackened and he gazed at the dim, two-family structures as if he had never seen them before. And he wondered what the people inside, in their unwanted imprisonment, were doing or plotting. Or, had they, too, given up . . . ?

The rough Pennsylvania winter morning arrived impolitely, awakening rudely all who had let the coal run out of the furnace. The bearers were up early, dressed and ready for the day's event, an event which they knew would someday honor them.

Dinny's wife had only enough money to securely rent two limousines, one for the family, the other for the priest. The bearers assembled at the top of the steps outside the church and awaited their friend's final entrance. Silently, they smoked cigarettes, puffing in individual groups, making sure no smoke seeped into the church. Fifteen minutes before the service was to start, Andy had not yet arrived. The bearers weren't really worried; he had never been accused of being on time for anything. But, as the final hour approached, they became apprehensive.

"Where do you t'ink he is?"

"He'll be here. You can depend on him."

"Ya t'ink so?"

"Sure."

"We kent wait much longer."

"Don't worry. He was Dinny's best friend."

"Yeah."

"But, he better get here soon, dammit!"

"If it was his, he'd probably be late too."

"That ain't funny."

"Sorry."

Almost unnoticed, Andy walked, hands in pockets, head lowered, up the street. When he reached the base of the steps the conversation above expired. Andy stopped and looked upward, a sigh becoming visible in the cool, confining air. And then with a shrug of his shoulders, he slowly ascended the steps . . .



THE TRAIN

A piercing blast shattered the silence.
The earth began to tremble,
fomented by the speeding train.

Wheels rotated,
circled,
churned,
pushed . . .

adamant in their conviction to move.
Dingy cars peeked from behind
the dusty haze, and
dirty windows looked out longingly
at the passing world.

Then,
a dull red car appeared,
and,
like a mother,
chastised her children for lingering,
and hurried them on their way.

—JULIA MYERS

Ernest Hemingway was born in Oak Park, Illinois, a suburb of Chicago, on July 21, 1899. He was the second of six children born to Dr. and Mrs. Clarence E. Hemingway.

Hemingway was educated in the public schools at Oak Park where he played high school football and learned to box. During his childhood, he acquired his father's enthusiasm for guns and fishing in the Michigan north woods where the Hemingways vacationed at their summer home. Hemingway edited his high school newspaper, twice ran away from home, and on graduating from high school at the age of seventeen headed for Kansas City to enlist in the army despite his parents' objections. Rejected by the army because of eye damage incurred during his high school athletic career, Hemingway got a job as a reporter on the *Kansas City Star*, a national newspaper.

Finally, Hemingway succeeded in joining a volunteer American Red Cross ambulance unit as a driver and was seriously wounded at Fossalta on the Italian Piave. After recuperating from several knee operations, he received two Italian decorations and served as an infantryman with the Italian army. Many of these World War I experiences later provided background for *A Farewell to Arms*.

Following World War I, Hemingway returned to northern Michigan to read, write, and fish. He began writing for the *Toronto Star* and moved to Chicago where he met Hadley Richardson who was visiting a friend. They married in 1921 and settled in Paris where he was a correspondent for the *Toronto Star*—while still in his twenties Hemingway had interviewed Lloyd George, Clemenceau, and Mussolini.

Those first years in Paris were years of hunger and discipline; but, more importantly, they were productive years in which Hemingway began to develop his distinctive style and made his entrance into the world of working authors and artists which included Gertrude Stein, F. Scott Fitzgerald, James Joyce, Sherwood Anderson, and Ezra Pound. Hemingway and his bride Hadley were happy as well: They skied in Switzerland, hiked to Italy, and with Hadley carrying their child, watched bullfights in Pamplona, Spain. Deciding to return to Canada for the birth of their baby, the Hemingways left Europe in August 1923.

John Hadley Nicanor Hemingway was born in Toronto on October 10, 1923 and on January 19, 1924 the little family sailed from New York for Paris. There the Hemingways again settled, this time in an apartment over a sawmill where Hemingway had a workroom and they played with their son whom they nicknamed Mr. Bumby.

In 1924, the Paris edition of *In Our Time* was published and in 1925, Sherwood Anderson's publisher, Boni and Liverwright, published the book of short stories in New York. Although Boni and Liverwright refused to publish Hemingway's next book, *The Torrents of Spring*, a satire of Anderson's *Dark Laughter*, Charles Scribner's Sons published the rejected manuscript and in the same year issued his first successful novel, *The Sun Also Rises*.

The Hemingways were divorced in 1927 and Hemingway married *Vogue* writer Pauline Pfeiffer. In 1928, they moved to Key West, Florida when Hemingway was struck with the news of his father's suicide. Pauline gave birth to their first son Patrick in 1929 and in 1932 Gregory was born.

Between wars and books, Hemingway spent much of his time hunting and traveling and pursuing other sports. His interest in bullfighting provided material for *Death in the Afternoon* and his African safari in 1934 yielded material for *The Snows of Kilimanjaro* and *Green Hills of Africa*. *For Whom The Bell Tolls*, published in 1940, grew out of Hemingway's personal interest in the Spanish Civil War during which he served as a correspondent.

In 1940, Hemingway and Pauline were divorced. He married writer Martha Gellhorn and they toured China before settling in Cuba. At the outbreak of World War II, Hemingway volunteered his fishing boat, *Pilar*, and served with the U.S. Navy as a submarine spotter in the Caribbean. In 1944, he was a forty-five-year-old war correspondent barnstorming through Europe with the Allied invasion troops.

Following his divorce from Martha in 1944, Hemingway married Mary Welsh, a *Time* magazine correspondent whom he met in London. They made their home in Cuba where they spent a major portion of time entertaining guests, consuming enormous quantities of Papa Dobles (double frozen daiquiris minus the sugar), and fishing aboard the *Pilar*.

In 1950, *Across the River and Into the Trees* appeared and was not a critical success, but his 1952 work, *The Old Man and the Sea*, received the 1953 Pulitzer Prize. In January of 1954, the Hemingways went off on an African safari and survived two near-fatal plane crashes. That same year, Hemingway received the Nobel Prize for Literature for his "mastery of the art of modern narration . . . in *The Old Man and the Sea*."

In October of 1957, the Hemingways left Cuba for Chicago, and drove to Idaho where they spent much of their time hunting. In 1961, Hemingway, plagued by high blood pressure and mental depression, was hospitalized for two lengthy confinements at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota. Ernest Hemingway died July 2, 1961, at his home in Ketchum, Idaho as the result of self-inflicted gunshot wounds and was buried in Ketchum.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS



PUBLISHERS

597 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK, N. Y. 10017

August 5, 1977

Ms. Mary L. McNeil
12104 Whippoorwill Lane
Rockville, Maryland 20852

Dear Ms. McNeil:

I have received your letter of July 29th requesting a brief tribute from me to Ernest Hemingway, and I hope the following will be helpful to you:

Ernest Hemingway was one of the most gifted and celebrated authors it was our good fortune to publish. The first book of his with the Scribner imprint was a short satirical novel entitled The Torrents of Spring which we published in 1926, and in the following thirty-five years of his life he gave us all of his books to publish.

His editor and friend at Scribners was Maxwell Perkins, and after Max's death my father and he also became close friends. Occasionally the company would incur Hemingway's wrath, but that was usually as short-lived as it was fiery. On one occasion he left fly-fishing rods in our offices in the safe-keeping of Mr. Perkins. When the tip of one of these was damaged Hemingway was furious, and for a time it was "too wet to plow."

Many years later when my father died in 1952, Hemingway wrote me one of the most thoughtful letters I ever received. I was in the Navy at the time and had never met him. So it was all the more generous and kind on his part to have written me that I need never worry about his loyalty.

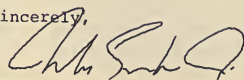
For nine years before his death in 1961 we corresponded about his earlier works, which we were bringing out in paperback editions, and his new books including The Old Man and the Sea and A Moveable Feast. He was the most considerate author I ever worked with and was unfailingly appreciative of the smallest thing we did in his interests.

Although most of my contacts with him were through letters, I met him once or twice when he visited New York. Once he visited me in my office, and in order to make the visit seem less formal he sat at my desk and I sat on the window-sill.

During his last illness and before his death I wrote him a letter in which I quoted the French motto he had inscribed for me in a copy of The Old Man and the Sea: "Il faut (d'abord) durer" ("The most important thing is to endure.") "I've sure tried," he replied. It was a characteristically laconic response. He was a brave man, a great writer and a loyal friend.

With all best wishes,

Sincerely,



Charles Scribner, Jr.

CSjr:js

Excerpt from *The Old Man and the Sea*

A small bird came toward the skiff from the north. He was a warbler and flying very low over the water. The old man could see that he was very tired.

The bird made the stern of the boat and rested there. Then he flew around the old man's head and rested on the line where he was more comfortable.

"How old are you?" the old man asked the bird. "Is this your first trip?"

The bird looked at him when he spoke. He was too tired even to examine the line and he teetered on it as his delicate feet gripped it fast.

"It's steady," the old man told him. "It's too steady. You shouldn't be that tired after a windless night. What are birds coming to?"

The hawks, he thought, that come out to sea to meet them. But he said nothing of this to the bird who could not understand him anyway and who would learn about the hawks soon enough.

"Take a good rest, small bird," he said. "Then go in and take your chance like any man or bird or fish."

It encouraged him to talk because his back had stiffened in the night and it hurt truly now.

"Stay at my house if you like, bird," he said. "I am sorry I cannot hoist the sail and take you in with the small breeze that is rising. But I am with a friend."

Just then the fish gave a sudden lurch that pulled the old man down onto the bow and would have pulled him overboard if he had not braced himself and given some line.

The bird had flown up when the line jerked and the old man had not even seen him go. He felt the line carefully with his right hand and noticed his hand was bleeding.

"Something hurt him then," he said aloud and pulled back on the line to see if he could turn the fish. But when he was touching the breaking point he held steady and settled back against the strain of the line.

"You're feeling it now, fish," he said. "And so, God knows, am I."

He looked around for the bird now because he would have liked him for company. The bird was gone.

You did not stay long, the man thought. But it is rougher where you are going until you make the shore. How did I let the fish cut me with that one quick pull he made? I must be getting very stupid. Or perhaps I was looking at the small bird and thinking of him. Now I will pay attention to my work and then I must eat the tuna so that I will not have a failure of strength.

"I wish the boy were here and that I had some salt," he said aloud.

Shifting the weight of the line to his left shoulder and kneeling carefully he washed his hand in the ocean and held it there, submerged, for more than a minute watching the blood trail away and the steady movement of the water against his hand as the boat moved.

"He has slowed much," he said.

The old man would have liked to keep his hand in the salt water longer but he was afraid of another sudden lurch by the

fish and he stood up and braced himself and held his hand up against the sun. It was only a line burn that had cut his flesh. But it was in the working part of his hand. He knew he would need his hands before this was over and he did not like to be cut before it started.

"Now," he said, when his hand had dried, "I must eat the small tuna. I can reach him with the gaff and eat him here in comfort."

He knelt down and found the tuna under the stern with the gaff and drew it toward him keeping it clear of the coiled lines. Holding the line with his left shoulder again, and bracing on his left hand and arm, he took the tuna off the gaff hook and put the gaff back in place. He put one knee on the fish and cut strips of dark red meat longitudinally from the back of the head to the tail. They were wedge-shaped strips and he cut them from next to the backbone down to the edge of the belly. When he had cut six strips he spread them out on the wood of the bow, wiped his knife on his trousers, and lifted the carcass of the bonito by the tail and dropped it overboard.

"I don't think I can eat an entire one," he said and drew his knife across one of the strips. He could feel the steady hard pull of the line and his left hand was cramped. It drew up tight on the heavy cord and he looked at it in disgust.

"What kind of a hand is that," he said. "Cramp then if you want. Make yourself into a claw. It will do you no good."

Come on, he thought and looked down into the dark water at the slant of the line. Eat it now and it will strengthen the hand. It is not the hand's fault and you have been many hours with the fish. But you can stay with him forever. Eat the bonito now.

He picked up a piece and put it in his mouth and chewed it slowly. It was not unpleasant.

Chew it well, he thought, and get all the juices. It would not be bad to eat with a little lime or with lemon or with salt.

"How do you feel, hand?" he asked the cramped hand that was almost as stiff as rigor mortis. "I'll eat some more for you."

He ate the other part of the piece that he had cut in two. He chewed it carefully and then spat out the skin.

"How does it go, hand? Or is it too early to know?"

He took another full piece and chewed it.

"It is a strong full-blooded fish," he thought. "I was lucky to get him instead of dolphin. Dolphin is too sweet. This is hardly sweet at all and all the strength is still in it."

There is no sense in being anything but practical though, he thought. I wish I had some salt. And I do not know whether the sun will rot or dry what is left, so I had better eat it all although I am not hungry. The fish is calm and steady. I will eat it all and then I will be ready.

"Be patient, hand," he said. "I do this for you."

I wish I could feed the fish, he thought. He is my brother. But I must kill him and keep strong to do it. Slowly and conscientiously he ate all of the wedge-shaped strips of fish.

He straightened up, wiping his hand on his trousers.

"Now," he said. "You can let the cord go, hand, and I will handle him with the right arm alone until you stop that nonsense." He put his left foot on the heavy line that the left hand had held and lay back against the pull against his back.

"God help me to have the cramp go," he said. "Because I do not know what the fish is going to do."

But he seems calm, he thought, and following his plan. But what is his plan, he thought. And what is mine? Mine I must improvise to his because of his great size. If he will jump I can

kill him. But he stays down forever. Then I will stay down with him forever.

He rubbed the cramped hand against his trousers and tried to gentle the fingers. But it would not open. Maybe it will open with the sun, he thought. Maybe it will open when the strong raw tuna is digested. If I have to have it, I will open it, cost whatever it costs. But I do not want to open it now by force. Let it open by itself and come back of its own accord. After all I abused it much in the night when it was necessary to free and untie the various lines.

He looked across the sea and knew how alone he was now. But he could see the prisms in the deep dark water and the line stretching ahead and the strange undulation of the calm. The clouds were building up now for the trade wind and he looked ahead and saw a flight of wild ducks etching themselves against the sky over the water, then blurring, then etching again and he knew no man was ever alone on the sea.

He thought of how some men feared being out of sight of land in a small boat and knew they were right in the months of sudden bad weather. But now they were in hurricane months and, when there are no hurricanes, the weather of hurricane months is the best of all the year.

If there is a hurricane you always see the signs of it in the sky for days ahead, if you are at sea. They do not see it ashore because they do not know what to look for, he thought. The land must make a difference too, in the shape of the clouds. But we have no hurricane coming now.

He looked at the sky and saw the white cumulus built like friendly piles of ice cream and high above were the thin feathers of the cirrus against the high September sky.

"Light brisa," he said. "Better weather for me than for you, fish."

His left hand was still cramped, but he was unknitting it slowly.

I hate a cramp, he thought. It is a treachery of one's own body. It is humiliating before others to have a diarrhoea from ptomaine poisoning or to vomit from it. But a cramp, he thought of it as a *calambre*, humiliates oneself especially when one is alone.

If the boy were here he could rub it for me and loosen it down from the forearm, he thought. But it will loosen up.

Then, with his right hand he felt the difference in the pull of the line before he saw the slant change in the water. Then, as he leaned against the line and slapped his left hand hard and fast against his thigh he saw the line slanting slowly upward.

"He's coming up," he said. "Come on hand. Please come on."

Reprinted by permission from *The Old Man and the Sea* by Ernest Hemingway, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1952.



Bill Brown

HIGH TIDE

Crabs, peelers, follow the severed fish down
a congregation of mourners hired cheaply
and then eager for a reading of the will

bound by lunar ropes
the sea digs her heels into the trenches
tiring, dragged ashore
like a harpooned whale
ravaged it wanders in shame
back to her deeper home
the crabs, a retinue of gossips and mockers, follow.

C. J. ROBBINS

Mary Hemingway: HOW IT WAS

The editors of *The Student* magazine interviewed Mary Hemingway in her Manhattan penthouse on Saturday, October 8. Mrs. Hemingway was on her way to Frankfurt, Germany to negotiate the German translation of her autobiography, *How It Was*.

She met us clad in a light green warm-up suit and sat in a small rocking chair as we talked for nearly two hours. Midway through the conversation she poured us champagne, "to make things easier," and graciously allowed us to take pictures.

At 69, her liveliness and understated down to earth attitude about her own life and her husband's that she brings fourth in her book also displayed itself in our conversation.

"I'd think you'd be tired of all this by now," she said after hearing we had read her book. Quite the contrary, we were fascinated.

MARY MCNEIL
MARK LEUCHTENBERGER
SUE ELLEN FARMER

Mark HEMINGWAY Do you mind if Sue Ellen pulls up a chair?
No, no. Certainly not. Anything, anywhere. Oh, that big thing is there. We can move that.

Mary HEMINGWAY Do you know where Wake Forest University is?
What?

Mary HEMINGWAY Do you know where Wake Forest University is?
I haven't the faintest notion.

Mary HEMINGWAY Well, it's in North Carolina. Do you know where Winston-Salem is?

HEMINGWAY North Carolina State University—that's where Matt Brookly is, Professor Matt, Dr. Matt. Pretty country. I flew over it. I had to go down there for something. So, no, I've never heard of it before. Is it privately endowed? And, mostly, are you all from that part of the country?

Mary HEMINGWAY No. I'm from Washington, D.C. and there are a lot of people from that area down there.

Sue Ellen HEMINGWAY And I'm from Radford, Virginia.

Mark HEMINGWAY I'm from out on the Island and my family lives in Lima, Peru right now.

HEMINGWAY Nice town.

Mark HEMINGWAY It's getting a little big.

HEMINGWAY I haven't been there for years.

Mark HEMINGWAY The last time on the Marlin Expedition?

HEMINGWAY Yes. I took time off and went down because it happened that our ambassador, the American ambassador down there, was an old friend whose name I can't remember, I'm sorry to say.

THE STUDENT Mary mainly want to talk about your book.

HEMINGWAY My book?

THE STUDENT We would also like to talk a little bit about your relationship with Ernest. We've all been diligently reading your book. A lot of it came from your journals, is that correct?

HEMINGWAY Yes.
THE STUDENT Did you, as you were keeping them, do it with the intention of writing a book?

HEMINGWAY No. I remember that in my book I said that I kept all these endless things, especially in Africa, because I should have known better.

I thought that it might sometime be useful to Ernest in some of his writing, that is specifying dates and things; but, he had a recorder in his head, a tape, a thing with specific conversations and specific dialect and choice of words.

THE STUDENT Did he ever keep a journal at all, like in Africa, other than what he was working on? He didn't keep a day-by-day thing?

HEMINGWAY No. He wrote all the pieces and parts, condensations and excerpts which we published in *Sports and Field*—no, *Sports Illustrated*—quite some time ago, several years at least; but, that was just all out of his head. And that was fictional.

THE STUDENT Was that kind of a new experience for you, to go on safari for the first time?

HEMINGWAY Isn't it a new experience for anybody?

THE STUDENT Yes, but had you done much hunting before that?

HEMINGWAY Had I? No. I'd hunted deer in Idaho one year. We were awfully broke and we had invited some people out and we needed the meat. We really did, and we invited some friends up from Cuba. The arrangements that Ernest had made with Mark Hellinger to make films of several of his short stories fell through because Hellinger died suddenly, unexpectedly. So whatever financial agreement they had, Ernest couldn't pursue



Mark Leuchtenberger

THE STUDENT it, and he sent back to Hellinger's wife something that Hellinger had deposited.
HEMINGWAY *Twenty-five thousand dollars.*
HEMINGWAY Something like that. Yes. She didn't even acknowledge it.

THE STUDENT *Didn't she remarry a millionaire after that?*
HEMINGWAY Yes. (Laughter) It left us much broker than we expected.

THE STUDENT *May we just go gradually, chronologically, asking you approximately the progress of the book, going through your childhood, your days before you met Ernest, and your relationship with Ernest?*
HEMINGWAY Haven't you read enough of that?
THE STUDENT Yes, but we still have more questions.
HEMINGWAY (Laughter) I should think you'd be sick of it.
THE STUDENT No. It's fascinating. It always has been. The more we read, the more questions we have.
HEMINGWAY Yes. O.K.

THE STUDENT *Both you and Ernest seemed to have happy childhoods, in some respects. Dostoevsky said that the most important thing one could have in his life is a happy childhood.*
HEMINGWAY I don't remember that in Dostoevsky; but, there's a great deal of Dostoevsky that I don't remember. Anyway, he did say that.

THE STUDENT *Do you agree with that, because once you have it, you are set up for life?*
HEMINGWAY I don't know because I don't know how people who've had an unhappy childhood feel. How can you make a comparison? Really, I'm trying to think of any friends of mine who had miserable childhoods and are still miserable. (Laughter) Offhand, I can't think of anyone. It's really a difficult question to answer.

THE STUDENT *Do you feel that you and Ernest had a lot in common?*
HEMINGWAY Oh certainly. He liked the outdoors and I absolutely adored getting out in Cuba where we could and did live outdoors so much, because I'd been cooped up in London for so long in offices.

THE STUDENT *What caused you to go to Chicago and get into journalism with the big-city type atmosphere?*
HEMINGWAY I really wanted to be a journalist primarily. My parents often had guests for dinner and among the most interesting guests they had was the man who ran the local newspaper—the editor—not necessarily the owner, but the editor. They always seemed to have the most lively conversations and talked about things that were more interesting than most of my parents' other guests. That was when I decided that I wanted to be a journalist. I was about ten then, something like that. That's why I persuaded my parents to send me to Northwestern. I didn't take the full journalism program. I took mostly liberal arts, but a couple of journalism courses, and then I got a job. I learned more in two or three nights editing for the magazine than I had learned in a couple of semesters. I'm serious. Don't tell any of my professors.

THE STUDENT *At Northwestern, you...*
HEMINGWAY I just came back from making a speech there a couple of days ago.

THE STUDENT *For commencement?*
HEMINGWAY No. They have something called "N.U. Day" now, but it used to be a Women's Day with lectures. It's for women graduates—women and alumni.

THE STUDENT *At Northwestern you had a roommate named Helen Vind whom you described in the book as "go-getting." Looking at your account of your early life, you seem to be the "go-getter."*
HEMINGWAY Oh, I was a lazy slob.

THE STUDENT *Were you? Why do you think that you were?*
HEMINGWAY Oh, yes. Helen was very industrious and an awfully nice girl, too. I don't know what's happened to her, but she worked all the time and we somehow lost touch. She was ever so much more conscientious than I was. She was always absolutely prompt for everything and did her homework more seriously than I did. (Laughter) I managed to get by

Mark Leuchtenberger



Mark Leuchtenberger



Mark Leuchtenberger



- THE STUDENT with nothing more than a B. Helen almost always got straight A's.
- THE STUDENT *What changed you? Leola Allard? Do you consider her the main source of driving away at the sloth?*
- HEMINGWAY (Laughter) You couldn't hang around. You couldn't be employed by her and be slothful. She was one of the world's greatest bitches—really supreme in that field—a really tough newspaper woman.
- THE STUDENT *Did she play you up against each other?*
- HEMINGWAY She tried to. Miss Allard, Leola, had been first, of course, and she was the girlfriend of Frank Knox, who became the Secretary of the Navy under Roosevelt. When he bought the paper he installed Miss Leola Allard as the Women's Editor. But when Knox got into politics, he had to shove her in the back-ground.
- THE STUDENT *Is that why she became such a bitch?*
- HEMINGWAY No, I think she always was a bitch.
- THE STUDENT *You spoke of her as isolated. It seems odd that she would have a boyfriend.*
- HEMINGWAY Don't ask me how this thing got started, but when Knox, as I say, got into politics, he dragged his wife in from New England or somewhere.
- THE STUDENT *He had a wife?*
- HEMINGWAY Oh, sure! Oh, yes! Well, I didn't want to publish anything sordid. That's mean and unnecessary. But Leola was not accepted by the society crowd as a whole, because everyone knew that Knox was married. This was a side thing, a side issue you might call it. Even before the Colonel bid her farewell she was, in a sense, very unhappy.
- THE STUDENT *Is the ring you have on your finger the Brazilian diamond that Ernest got for you in New Orleans?*
- HEMINGWAY Yes.
- THE STUDENT *Did you have it surrounded by diamonds?*
- HEMINGWAY No. It was always like this. He just bought the whole thing. There was a ring there, he saw it in the window, and went in and bought it. It was his first engagement ring, or something like that. (Laughter.)
- THE STUDENT *With this ring I pledge thee my troth?*
- HEMINGWAY No. It was a couple of years after we were married. (Laughter.)
- THE STUDENT *About your marriage to Noel. . .*
- HEMINGWAY Noel Monks is dead: may he rest in peace. Yes. He died years ago when I was in Australia, which was a long time ago. It must have been seven or eight years at least.
- THE STUDENT *Did he go back to Australia?*
- HEMINGWAY No. No. He stayed in London and continued working on whatever paper it was and married a British girl. She is no longer living, as far as I know.
- THE STUDENT *Did you think that your and Noel's marriage was kind of unorthodox—running in and out of London and then catching each other.*
- HEMINGWAY Well, yes. I haven't the faintest idea what year we were married, but the war started and he was down in North Africa for a long,
- long time. He then came back and was quickly sent to Turkey for quite some time. I don't know what they thought was going to happen in Turkey, but nothing much did happen.
- THE STUDENT *Did you ever think of giving up your journalism to go along with him in any way you could?*
- HEMINGWAY Did I want to tag along on his assignments? I would have beat the Jesus out of him on any assignment! (Laughter) He was a good reporter, but I was a better reporter I think. It's a terrible thing to say, but . . .
- THE STUDENT *No. That's a good attitude.*
- HEMINGWAY . . . truthful.
- THE STUDENT *It was different from your marriage to Ernest in that you spent much more time apart. Was it a warmer relationship than the one you had with Ernest?*
- HEMINGWAY It was entirely different. They were just two entirely different people. Noel was good-looking and nice, but he had maybe one-twentieth of Ernest's wit. He also had about one-tenth of Ernest's general knowledge and education. Ernest was a reader. He didn't go to college, but he read—everything. Constantly. Noel was not dumb, but intellectually he was nothing to compare with Ernest at all. Of course, I don't suppose I felt the need to know more than I did then.
- THE STUDENT *You say in your book that you like older men because of their wit.*
- HEMINGWAY I've got a button somewhere that says that. The next time I go and visit an old man, I'm going to wear it.
- THE STUDENT *Was Ernest's wit what initially attracted you to him? Was it his charm, being an older man, although he wasn't that much older than you?*
- HEMINGWAY No, he was only nine years older than me. So do you think it was his wit?
- HEMINGWAY Oh, anybody would be attracted to Ernest's wit. I saw it a million times. Ernest was like a nice warm stove in a coolish room to someone who'd come in from really bitter cold. People would just gravitate to him; he charmed them totally. Do you want to know about how I started to write this book?
- THE STUDENT Yes.
- HEMINGWAY The Overseas Press Club is a standard thing. It used to be for only those people who'd been foreign correspondents and had then returned to America. Anyway, they have a book out now called *I Can Tell It Now*. I haven't got my glasses on, so you'll have to read that. When was it published?
- THE STUDENT *It was published in sixty-four.*
- HEMINGWAY Sixty-four. Well, anyway, all these people are revealing things that had been censored or they couldn't send during the war. It was stuff people couldn't reveal because of censorship during the war. They assigned to me the year 1940, which was the Blitz, so I did that piece for this book. Then I realized that there was a lot more that I would have liked to have done, so I redid it. That was the first chapter I did on the book of mine. Then

I wrote the next bit in Africa in either fifty-three or fifty-four before we left. They asked that I do a piece, and I suggested that I do a piece about my childhood. I entitled mine *My Father and Me*. I remembered that and went back and looked it up and rewrote it. I thought I might as well go on, but it was totally haphazard. I didn't say, "Now I'm going to write my autobiography." It just happened. The first part of my book was all about the Blitz, and then I went back and forth between northern Minnesota and London, and I went on from there. It was very simple and haphazard.

THE STUDENT Ernest asked you to marry him the third time he saw you, when you were going out to dinner with Brent. At that time were you at all attracted to him? Had you thought about him?

HEMINGWAY No. A lot of hot shots came up, including Martha Gellhorn, wife number three, and Ernest and a lot of other people; but, we newspaper people from the *New York Times* Bureau, INS, UPI and AP, who'd been there the whole time, and who had gone through the whole thing, and knew the whole circumstance, and knew the admirals and the generals and the dub and the censors as well, generally felt sort of cool. Inez Robb was the first. She was a star reporter. She came over so many times on some sort of assignment or another. These people would ask questions which indicated their ignorance, and lots of times we let them stay ignorant.

THE STUDENT Was Ernest ever one of those?

HEMINGWAY Yes. The first time he took me to lunch I was appalled at how little he knew about the whole circumstance—the general British strategy, air strategy especially, and what he knew of tactics. He was understandably very poorly informed, like all the others.

THE STUDENT Would you say that people gravitated to him?

HEMINGWAY In general, that's true.

THE STUDENT But . . .

HEMINGWAY I ignored it all. There were other big shots much more important than he—he was an American novelist. I'd read most of his books and short stories. But I knew a lot of other people. I knew H.G. Wells, he was also a writer, and I had met Mr. George Bernard Shaw—people like that. So, another American novelist coming along didn't mean anything to me, particularly.

THE STUDENT In regard to George Bernard Shaw, what did he say to Isadora Duncan about having children?

HEMINGWAY Maybe I didn't explain it. I think they never met. This was only a correspondence. She thought that they should have a child, with her beauty and his brains, and Shaw replied, "What if it turns out that she's a boy with your brains and my beauty?" (Laughter.)

Anybody want a nut? Would you guys like something? How about a glass of champagne?

THE STUDENT That's The Farm, by Miró, right?

HEMINGWAY Yes.

THE STUDENT Is that the one that he bought for Hadley for an anniversary present?

HEMINGWAY I can't tell you that. I knew he bought it when they were engaged.

THE STUDENT In *A Movable Feast* Gertrude Stein said that you can have either nice clothes or you can have nice paintings, so Ernest bought the Miró for Hadley.

HEMINGWAY Something like that. Yes. It was when he was married to Hadley, when they were young, but I don't know whether it was a birthday present or what kind of present or if he just bought it.

THE STUDENT How did the relationship grow? Was it fostered by the letters that he wrote? He was gone a good deal, after you both went to Europe and after he went away from London, and you sort of caught each other then. You went away then you came to Paris, and visited him there. Or was it the other way around?

HEMINGWAY When the Allied forces dropped, Ernest was sort of running advance because he spoke French very well. Ernest was going along on the way in toward Paris, talking to the farmers, finding out where the Krauts, where the Germans were—things like that. He went into Paris and headed straight for the Ritz Hotel, which had been for years one of his favorite places. He was just up there sometimes, and, I gathered, on his way to and from the plane when he was covering the Spanish Civil War. When I got to Paris, a couple of weeks earlier we had said that we'd make a rendezvous. I got there so late at night that I went to the head of the Press corps, but the next morning I went around and saw Ernest and asked the concierge if there was any space for me and he said, "Bien sûr, Madame." I'm going to go back, I called him this morning and said, "Could I have Quatre-vingt six—room eighty-six?" They said, "Unfortunately that's booked for this date."

THE STUDENT Ah, non bien sûr.

HEMINGWAY Non, bien sûr. No.

THE STUDENT While you were apart but in Europe, he was writing you these seemingly fantastic letters. Did those letters play a part in building the romance? In keeping the fires burning?

HEMINGWAY They certainly didn't hurt. (Laughter) He wrote terrific letters. They went on and on and on and on.

THE STUDENT Did he ever look down on journalistic-type writing?

HEMINGWAY At one point he read about somebody wanting to do a piece and he said, "It's too good to waste on journalism. I want to save it for a book." I can't remember what the subject was or anything.

THE STUDENT Yes. Maybe his three African short stories.

HEMINGWAY Perhaps, perhaps. I don't remember what the subject was but someone wanted it. A piece for one of the magazines.

- THE STUDENT *When you were in Paris and you were writing stories, you mentioned how you didn't like him to do your stuff for you and that you thought you were a good enough journalist to know what you were doing. Did he ever make any kind of hints as to how you should go about writing, or did he read what you wrote?*
- HEMINGWAY *Usually he read what I wrote and then boasted about it to everybody. But then, I never pretended to be a writer, that is a writer with a capital "W." I am perfectly content to be that. I was having a lot of fun being a journalist, so it didn't offend me at all to remain just that. No, there was one tiny little instance. He was talking to Wertenbaker. Wertenbaker had called me at my room at the Ritz in Paris. Ernest was telling Wertenbaker something about the potential I had. I flew off the handle. RRRR! I wanted him to stay out of my business, because it was my business, not his.*
- THE STUDENT *Sometimes you had pretty big spats.*
- HEMINGWAY *Oh yes. Sure! I put 'em in.*
- THE STUDENT *Once you were having dinner with some of Ernest's friends from the 22nd Regiment whereupon they insulted Clare Boothe Luce and you, being infuriated, gave Ernest a piece of your mind. Was that the only time that he ever struck you? Did he learn his lesson?*
- HEMINGWAY *It was just a slap; it couldn't possibly have hurt me. But the idea infuriated me so that I went screaming around, "You son of a bitch! Knock my head off and take it on a silver platter back to your drunken friends." (Laughter) Things like that.*
- THE STUDENT *Did most of the quarrels end with him coming back first to make up?*
- HEMINGWAY *Ernest forgot. Yesterday's thing or last night's was absolutely vanished from his memory. He woke up cheerful.*
- THE STUDENT *Was it difficult for you to forget that easily?*
- HEMINGWAY *Oh no. They were really always about almost nothing, not of any consequence at all. On matters of principle, we agreed on almost everything—politics, music, art—that kind of thing. Once I had brought down from New York a batch of those round-neck, tightly-knit things that he used to wear. They used to be very smart. For example, on French yachts the sailors wore them, and Ernest bought them as a comfortable thing. I had washed them and stretched the necks. So he accused me of buying the shirts with the necks too big. You can make a big fight out of a thing like that.*
- THE STUDENT *But at the same time you were flying off the handle, you knew that it wasn't a serious kind of a fight.*
- HEMINGWAY *I suppose. Sometimes it was really an exercise in elocution.*
- THE STUDENT *You mentioned your parents a lot in the book, particularly your father. You said that he told you or you learned from him that a man and a woman could be friends without worrying about the sexual side of it. How did that apply to you and Ernest? Were you really friends in that respect?*
- HEMINGWAY *Yes. Yes. My father taught me that it was possible to be close friends with a male without having any sexual interest. Ernest and I were close personal friends, quite aside from la cama.*
- THE STUDENT *Back to Ernest flying off the handle and his bad temper, you described several instances in which you had arguments. There were less or very few instances in the book in which he would fly off the handle at someone else. Is it because of his emotional attachment to you that he felt he could fly off the handle and not have you forgive him?*
- HEMINGWAY *And have me forgive him. Yes.*
- THE STUDENT *In How It Was you said that Ernest wrote something about men and women—that a woman will forgive you almost anything if she loves you—maybe that would have something to do with it.*
- HEMINGWAY *Could be. If he said it, I've forgotten it but it's quite possible.*
- THE STUDENT *This is a somewhat delicate subject, but what about the unsuccessful pregnancy?*
- HEMINGWAY *I blew it. It was called an ectopic pregnancy—We were on our way, driving, and happened to be in Casper, Wyoming for which I was very thankful because Casper had a hospital and many of the places we stayed in were one-hundred to two-hundred miles from anything. One can drive hundreds of miles between small villages and certainly a hundred miles between hospitals, so I was lucky.*
- THE STUDENT *You were lucky that Ernest was there—*
- HEMINGWAY *Yes, he really did save my life, no doubt about it.*
- THE STUDENT *Did you ever have feelings of guilt about the child?*
- HEMINGWAY *Yes. I subsequently found out I couldn't have a child because the other Fallopian tube was shut tight and I don't know how other women feel, but if you love somebody you somehow or another want to see if you can't make some kind of a reproduction, as it were. And I did feel guilty, but then, I noticed how many of my friends' children turned out to be pretty awful (laughter.)*
- THE STUDENT *It seems that Ernest had a really close relationship with his sons. When you came into the picture how did you get along with them?*
- HEMINGWAY *Well, when I went to Cuba, I was well aware of the fact that Ernest had been married many times before (laughter) and I thought it would be absolutely ridiculous for me to adopt any sort of maternal attitude toward them, they were semi-grown. Therefore, I simply tried to be like a newcomer in the household but certainly not to assume any of the—what do you call them—proclivities of a mother. How could I possibly be a mother? Subsequently, I became close friends of wife number two, Pauline. And the kids and I have always gotten along just*

- fine. Still do.
- THE STUDENT HEMINGWAY *Was it difficult becoming friends with Pauline?*
No, it was easy as anything. She was such a charming, delightful woman. Of course, I had absolutely nothing to do with the breakup of her marriage so she couldn't be resentful or unhappy about me. And we got on very well. Once in a while I'd get tired of running the Finca and I would just call Pauline and say, "Could I come over for a couple of days, I'm sick of it."
- THE STUDENT HEMINGWAY *Did you ever meet Hadley?*
Oh yes. Hadley's husband, Paul Scott Mowrer, was the Editor-in-Chief or something like that of the *Chicago Daily News* before I quit to go to London, and they used to give an occasional party for the staff and Hadley was there. They lived on Lake Shore Drive and had a very nice apartment, so I met her that way.
- THE STUDENT HEMINGWAY *You met her then, before you knew Ernest?*
Yes, but of course I didn't know that she had been married to Ernest because she and Paul had been married for so long.
- THE STUDENT HEMINGWAY *You spoke of your giving up your newspaper work, yet you didn't give it up entirely—you were still writing during the marriage—*
Oh, the odd piece, the occasional piece.
- THE STUDENT HEMINGWAY *When Ernest asked you to marry him he said, "Sooner or later, we'll have to take up on Combined Operations." Did you feel at any time that it was less than "Combined Operations," that you were less a partner after you gave up your journalism?*
You know it's a strange thing, I've been making speeches all over the country plugging this book and that's one of the questions I'm frequently asked, "How could you give up your marvelous career as a journalist just to be a housewife?" Well, for goodness sake! I didn't know it was going to be as interesting as it was, but I certainly would never have had six months in Africa, I wouldn't have learned about the sea, I probably would not have learned half as much about Spain, not only about bullfights but Spain itself, and Cuba, of course. Oh, it was a much more interesting life than if I had gone ahead with just being a seasoned reporter.
- THE STUDENT HEMINGWAY *With Ernest being as well-known and famous as he was, did you ever feel that you were being shoved into the background?*
Once in a while. I remember a couple of times when we were entering rooms and Ernest, eager to get in there, would go ahead of me through the door. One time he went ahead of me and I turned around and walked back and then he came wandering around looking for me, (laughter.) It was simply his interest in meeting whoever he was going to meet, it was not lack of courtesy really.
- THE STUDENT HEMINGWAY *Was he outwardly affectionate?*
Oh yes. Pattings on the head and pattings on the behind and (laughter) you know.
- Smoochings and what not. He liked to be kissed on his ear.
- THE STUDENT HEMINGWAY *He did?*
Yes, I must've kissed his ear about forty times a day.
- THE STUDENT HEMINGWAY *Didn't he have to bend down for that?*
Oh well, he usually was seated but certainly if he were standing, he had to bend down. My nose came to the hair in the middle of his chest.
- THE STUDENT HEMINGWAY *In regard to helping him with his writing, you mentioned that you made suggestions and pleaded with him on certain issues; most notably, The Old Man and the Sea where you asked him not to kill the old man.*
That's really almost the only time, no one should ever have the impression that I helped him because I didn't. It would depend. On that particular one I read every night from the beginning, but a lot of times he'd write weeks on something without suggesting that I look at it. And of course if he didn't suggest it, I didn't ask him. It was a very casual thing, we didn't ever discuss rules of behavior or anything like that.
- THE STUDENT HEMINGWAY *In his writing, did Ernest ever ask anyone for their suggestions?*
I don't remember him ever asking anybody except maybe one of our friends. We had friends to lunch in Cuba almost every day. We went, one time, something like fifty-four days without lunching alone together. And for example, among our friends was a doctor by the name of Luis Herrera. Ernest might ask a medical term for something but nobody knew what he was really doing as a rule.
- THE STUDENT HEMINGWAY *Were you aware of him and his writing—the genius at work?*
No, he wasn't a great writer to me, he was the man of the house— whom I bossed around, (laughter) as much as I could. None of his friends considered him a writer. You know, he was Ernie or Hem or Papa.
- THE STUDENT HEMINGWAY *About the several liaisons he had with people like Adriana or Valerie Danby-Smith, you seem to have adopted a policy of laissez-faire. When did you first decide that this was how you were going to deal with it? Was there ever a time when you felt differently?*
No. It would take a very odd man who had a very pretty girl looking adoringly at him saying, "I adore you, you're so wonderful, duhduh-te-duh"—well, what kind of a man is not going to say, "You're very nice too." You know. And it seems to me that jealousy is a most worthless exercise. It couldn't achieve anything. I didn't blame those girls: I adored him and could understand why they adored him. I just knew that the best woman to be his wife was me. But certainly, I couldn't blame the girls and I couldn't blame Ernest's reactions to them like that. It was really quite simple in the end.

- THE STUDENT *Was Jigee Viertel the first woman who sort of reacted to him in this way?*
- HEMINGWAY You mean, after I married him? Well, he and Marlene were pals but Marlene never made any passes at him, as far as I know. Nor he towards her. And so I guess, maybe Jigee Viertel was the first. Could be. So, you know—so what?
- THE STUDENT *Was Ernest ever possessive of you?*
- HEMINGWAY He adored it. He adored to have fellows fall for me. Whenever we were on a ship he expected the captain to fall for me, and captains were always very nice to me. And Ernest would go around boasting sometimes. "Of course, natch," he'd say, "this fellow shows his good judgment, he's fallen in love with Miss Mary—and that just shows how smart he is."
- THE STUDENT *What about that first mate on the ship?*
- HEMINGWAY Gregorio?
- THE STUDENT *No, the first mate that made the rude remarks about you owning the bourgeois automobile.*
- HEMINGWAY Oh, that guy. Yes, he was a Pole, he wasn't a first mate, he was an engineer. Chief engineer. Well, I think I had that little scene at the bar in my book—Ernest saying, "I'll kill you in the morning." He got his second in on this whole thing and they were going to meet at seven o'clock in the morning on the deck.
- THE STUDENT *The times you thought about leaving him, was it because you felt like he wasn't appreciating you?*
- HEMINGWAY I think I wrote it truthfully in the book but I don't remember what it was.
- THE STUDENT *Did you ever reach the point where you thought it would just not work or did you always have the attitude that you knew you were the best woman to be his wife?*
- HEMINGWAY Yes, I think so. I may have put too much about spats in the book, I don't know. But it would seem to me if you have two fairly strong characters some kinds of differences are inevitable. I don't know anything about other people's marriages basically—I mean the interior of other people's marriages. I would assume that those marriages which are the most tranquil are just because the people aren't very bright or very animated. But I don't know. I say, how many people tell you the true inside story of their marriages? I don't know. Where was it? I was reading somebody's autobiography not long ago and it was all sweetness and light. Everything was charming, sweet—
- THE STUDENT *and dull*
- HEMINGWAY *and courteous and I would think, (laughter)*
- THE STUDENT *dull. Pretty dull.*
- THE STUDENT *Did you ever find Ernest boring?*
- HEMINGWAY No.
- THE STUDENT *What about the time when he was working on Across the River and Into the Trees, speaking about the army and it was getting tedious living with him. He was talking about troop movements all the time and you were*
- bored with his war, I think that's the way you said it.
- HEMINGWAY I suppose, yes. Momentarily. And if he was fascinated by a subject he would go into it at great length.
- THE STUDENT *Did he ever have to—did he have a photographic memory?*
- HEMINGWAY He had a, he had one of those machines in his head recording absolutely perfectly terms and phrases in whatever language it might be, French or Spanish, people's favorite words, the whole bit just went right onto his recording machine—built in.
- THE STUDENT *Did he have that same acuity when it came to remembering data, numbers and figures and things like that or was it an emotional sort of attachment to the world?*
- HEMINGWAY Dates and places, for example, I remember one time we were at the Floridita when—this happened many times—I was particularly struck one time when somebody came up to him with that phrase I really detest, which is "You don't remember me?" My reaction is to say, "NO, I'm sorry I don't. Who are you?" Well, this guy came up and said something like that and Ernest said, "Oh sure, we were on the boat from Africa in 1934 and you got off at some burg." The guy got off and that had been at least 20 or 25 years before. A fellow passenger on a boat—he remembered where Ernest disembarked—Ernest and Pauline, but it was at least 25 years earlier. He did, he had a marvelous memory for names and faces and dates and amount, figures.
- THE STUDENT *How was he as far as technical things go? Was he a good repairman, for engines and things like that?*
- HEMINGWAY Not anytime, not at anything as far as I know. He was too—Gregorio would be fixing the motor for the *Pilar* and Ernest would peer down as if he knew what was going on. Also he was a bad driver. He'd get to thinking about something, you know, and wander around, making me nervous.
-
- HEMINGWAY: *How about some more champagne. . . Whoops! I'm giving myself the most.*
- THE STUDENT: *Go ahead—you deserve it, really.*
-
- THE STUDENT *It seems like you had an awful lot of accidents throughout like breaking you ankles, shattering your elbow. How did you cope with them all?*
- HEMINGWAY All since I met Ernest. (Laughter) What do you mean? There's no point in going around moaning. This elbow still hurts when the weather changes. It was a terrible mess. And I was thankful too we were in Sun Valley, where they know about broken bones. Had we lived in some small place the doctor would've looked at this mess when he x-rayed and said, "Chop it off." Do you think, towards the end of Ernest's life, that his physical ailments had a lot to do with

- HEMINGWAY *the way—did he get carried away and his temper get shorter?*
No, his temper didn't get shorter. I think they finally—these idiots—I have no respect for psychiatrists and psychoanalysts—primarily because they didn't do a thing for Ernest.
- THE STUDENT *It seems like he almost outsmarted them. He almost knew when to act a certain way.*
- HEMINGWAY *He did. But this was manic depression. And it's most noticeable in that he had disillusion about the state of his finances, and he kept thinking the FBI was after him. Also unrealistic delusions of persecution and that sort of thing. It just made him quiet. He was just exactly, almost, the opposite of what he had been before—outgoing and exuberant and articulate and full of life—and this was all inward and quiet and inarticulate.*
- THE STUDENT *How was that for you to see him change like that?*
- HEMINGWAY *Terrible, just terrible.*
- THE STUDENT *Did you try to help him get out of his depression?*
- HEMINGWAY *I did absolutely everything anybody suggested. You know, the doctor at the Mayo Clinic, Chief of Psychiatrists, said, "Give him a sense of security." Well, I could make our life as comfortable—make his life as comfortable as I could—feed him, I cooked whatever he liked best, have his close friends around; then he got to the point where he didn't want to see his friends.*
- THE STUDENT *About the manic depression, he always used superlatives, it seems from what you've said in the book, that he would say "This is the best birthday I've ever had in my life, this is the finest week I've ever lived in my life, this is the worst day I've ever seen." Did he really believe each time he said that this was true or was it just a habit of speech?*
- HEMINGWAY *I don't know. And I would never presume to intrude on his private brain. All I could say is what he said: whether or not he meant it is another matter. I would consider it bad form to presume anything about what really went on inside his head. Take the usual social gathering, how many people really say what they think? Not very many, I assume. So I would never speculate about what Ernest was actually thinking when he said something—I always assumed of course that that's what he meant. But it could be that he was saying something that he didn't mean.*
- THE STUDENT *During his breakdown when you were getting letters from him that seemed to be the normal state of unhappiness, but not abnormal unhappiness, as you said in the book, you took him to just be having a bad time in Spain, but it was nothing out of the ordinary with the way he was feeling emotionally?*
- HEMINGWAY *Well, he wrote me one letter from Spain saying he was afraid he was going to crack-up—I'm pretty sure I quoted it in the book—and I was in Idaho, what could I do?*
- THE STUDENT *Do you think the publicity that he received, especially after the Nobel prize and the Pulitzer prize were awarded to him, had anything to do with his crack-up?*
- HEMINGWAY *No, the Nobel prize was fifty-four and he didn't begin to behave strangely at all until fifty-nine. No, I think that that had absolutely nothing to do with it. It was just some kind of deterioration which obviously psychiatrists, presumably the best people, could not—they might have been able to analyze it—but they certainly couldn't cure it. Parenthetically, Josh Logan who had himself committed to mental hospitals at various times, Josh told me not long ago that there is now a—current thing is that it is an imbalance of body chemistry and there is some kind of medicine that people can take to cure that imbalance.*
- THE STUDENT *Is that true of schizophrenics too?*
- HEMINGWAY *(Laughing) I haven't any idea. I don't want to have anything to do with the whole subject.*
- THE STUDENT *How about your business, did he sort of give those affairs over to you after he married you? He said he was always a very soft touch with money and tips—gave tips that were twice as large as normal. Did you feel a need to watch for him and save him from bankruptcy?*
- HEMINGWAY *No, it was his money, he could do whatever he wanted with it, I didn't care. And I didn't record everything. He always saw to it that I had everything I required. I didn't require much. Many of my rich sugar and tobacco friends in Havana wore Dior, or whatever designer was popular. I went to the village dressmaker.*
- THE STUDENT *How was Cuba when you were there, this summer wasn't it?*
- HEMINGWAY *For three days. My first impression is that physically it had changed enormously. It's got so many high rise buildings and eastward, toward our house, where we lived, there are great long maternity hospitals and orphanages and—I don't know—all sorts of things like that, none of which existed when we lived there. The Cubans, children on the streets, looked as though they didn't have that air of being oppressed that I noticed lots of times in Russia. It seemed—maybe because all I have to compare it with is Russia—that the children were ebullient, very cheerful and outgoing, and as far as I was able to observe, they seemed to be the same. We went down primarily to look for things we could use for the film, sets for the film. I didn't have a chance to talk with anyone on the street.*
- THE STUDENT *When will that be released?*
- HEMINGWAY *The scriptwriters are at work, but they're not going to start filming for about a year.*
- THE STUDENT *Will you be involved with that, with the script writing or anything?*
- HEMINGWAY *I don't want to get involved with that.*
- THE STUDENT *Margaux has said that she would like to play Hadley in the film. Will she?*

HEMINGWAY (Laughter) I haven't the faintest idea. I've had several letters from girls enclosing photographs of themselves saying they'd like to play me.

THE STUDENT *Does that bother you?*

HEMINGWAY No. I don't care. It's their business. I sold them the book and that's it, I don't want to have anything to do with the film.

THE STUDENT *No screenplay, or anything like that?*

HEMINGWAY No, I'm not a screenplay writer. They've got a very good guy doing the screenplay.

THE STUDENT *Will they go completely through the entire book?*

HEMINGWAY Oh no, I don't think so. I think they bought my book in order to get some examples for the spats, fast or re-written dialogue, that sort of thing. Or whatever they think is photogenic. Certainly it will not be a chronological film of my book. It won't be centered on me, it will have all four wives. You know, it will be about Ernest, basically.

THE STUDENT *They have not negotiated with Mrs. Sokoloff on her book on Hadley, have they?*

HEMINGWAY I don't know.

THE STUDENT *We'd like to ask you some questions about the books you helped to put out after Ernest died. In A Moveable Feast you said that there were two irrelevant chapters that were cut. Can you tell us a little something about what those chapters contained?*

HEMINGWAY I can't tell you because I can't remember. . . there was one chapter about . . . I can't remember the name of the guy, well, he earned his living by covering those races that have horses driving little carts. But he was a poet, he and Ernest had been friends for years. They met in Key West.

THE STUDENT *Do you think Ernest patterned any of his characters after you?*

HEMINGWAY Nah, what would he write? No, I don't think so. He did a piece for *Look* or *Life* or something in which he wrote flattering paragraphs on me, but never put me in a character that I know of.

THE STUDENT *Are you going to Frankfurt Monday?*

HEMINGWAY Yes.

THE STUDENT *Why? Are you just going to travel or. . .*

HEMINGWAY No, I can't remember the name of the German publisher . . . anyway they're bringing out the German translation of my book. They have the Frankfurt book there on trust, and I guess they want me to come over there and maybe sign the books.

THE STUDENT *How's your Kraut?*

HEMINGWAY I don't know any—"bitten."

THE STUDENT *Do you have any big plans for over there?*

HEMINGWAY I'm going to stop in Paris on the way back. The Ritz did say they'd give me a room.

THE STUDENT *About Islands in the Stream, you also said there was a long chapter cut out of that.*

HEMINGWAY It was this long drive through Florida with one of the earlier characters with a girl. It's a bore. It's a total detour from the rest of the book, you see. It's on file in the Kennedy Library. It was to follow the Bimini part. I have only two rules about fiction, one of

which is we may not add or re-write, anything past the absolutely necessary comma or the essential "but," otherwise no re-writing whatsoever. But cutting, we can cut what seems irrelevant, out of place and unnecessary. And we cut that big hunk out of *Islands in the Stream*. The other principle, as I said we may not re-write or add, the other principle is that we won't publish anything that seems inferior to that which was published during Ernest's life. There's a lot of manuscript left.

THE STUDENT *How about the two books you said still needed work? Garden of Eden and The Dangerous Summer? Do you feel that those will come out soon or anytime?*

HEMINGWAY Scribner's and I are beginning now, well, as soon as I get back to work on them. I took him three big shopping bags of unpublished manuscript. We will publish something else, but what I don't know. He'll go over it and then I'll get together with him to work on it.

THE STUDENT *Of all the places you traveled with Ernest, which brings to mind the fondest memories.*

HEMINGWAY *Anyplace in particular?*
Oh, I think really that Africa was the most fun of all. I don't think anybody who goes out there now could possibly have the good fun that we had.

When I woke up in the morning I had no obligations . . . except to get dressed or something like that . . . and I never knew what was going to happen, every day was different in one way or another. And of course being outdoors and being in among the animals as we were constantly, you see, was tremendous fun. There were no brackets on one's time . . . beautiful. We used to come back frequently especially in the hotter places, and have a siesta after lunch. It was just heaven to never have to be doing something at a certain time. And of course that's the way it was on *Pilar*. We fished as we wished to, we anchored and swam if we wished to . . . free.

THE STUDENT *Could I ask you about comparing *Pilar* and *Northland*? Which one has stronger emotional attachments to you?*

HEMINGWAY Indubitably *Pilar*. Because in *Pilar* we were doing fascinating things—we were catching fish. The *Northland* was a great place for a child to clamor around. Some of my dearest friends were the engineer and the fireman too—and the people that worked on the boat and the Indian kids. They all spoiled me rotten. They were all very kind and sweet to me—great fun, great fun.

THE STUDENT *This is a little bit off the track, but Ernest said "religion is superstition, and I believe in superstition." What should we make of that? Did he believe in God or in any dominant force in the universe?*

HEMINGWAY That's intruding on his mind. I don't know. That's trespassing. Our habit at some point or another in Paris, if we were walking past

Notre Dame, would be to go in and light a few candles and say a prayer for friends. It's a standard procedure pretty much. Or in any of the other cathedrals, wherever we went if we happened to go in to look at the architecture we'd do that sort of thing. I don't know.

THE STUDENT *We're just curious because in English classes you always hear about the "nada" theme—the nothingness—Professors always have something to say about that.*

HEMINGWAY I don't know. He would say a prayer for a friend, but prayer was certainly not a very important part of our lives. (Laughter) I think he probably regarded most religions as semi-formal, as I do, not that I wish to be rude about it. So many times when I'd go in churches and see all these women kneeling and praying, of course this is Catholic, I used to think it was a good thing. It must have been if they poured out their wishes and their desires, or they craved for something and it gave them some sort of consolation. I was entirely in favor of that if they felt somehow they were being helped. If prayer makes people feel better, then I'm absolutely in favor of it. I happen not to pray myself.

THE STUDENT *I'd like to go back to a quotation you made earlier in the book. You were considering going to Paris and this trip to Paris, as you recollected, would be the turning point of your life, because it was there that you met Ernest, and it was there that you gave up journalism when you married him. Mr. O'Flaherty, your editor, told you a seven word motto you never forgot: "Never reverse a decision because of fear." Do you still go by that?*

HEMINGWAY As far as I know, yes . . . sure. I can't ever imagine ever doing so because of fear. I follow it steadily now.

THE STUDENT *Would you give that advice to three young students about to leave college?*

HEMINGWAY That one's good, but I think even simpler, never let fear influence any decision. It's the most ridiculous thing in the world, it seems to me. If you want to do something then go ahead and do it . . . and the devil take the hindmost. That's a quotation of someone else, but I don't know who. Fear should not dominate any decision either reversing it or the other way around—making it. On the other hand I don't want to be responsible for someone doing something totally idiotic because it's the thing to do to avoid fear. Enough?

Mark Leuchtenberger



Mary Hemingway with *The Farm*, by Joan Miró.

THE FIRST MRS. HEMINGWAY: HADLEY

by Mark Leuchtenberger

Elizabeth Hadley Hemingway Mowrer, 86, was the first wife of Ernest Hemingway. She now resides in Lakeland, Florida, where the editors of *The Student* visited her in July of 1977.

We were hungry again from walking and Michaud's was an exciting and expensive restaurant for us. It was where Joyce ate with his family then, he and his wife against the wall, Joyce peering at the menu through his thick glasses holding the menu up in one hand; Nora by him, a hearty and delicate eater; Giorgio thin, foppish, sleek-headed from the back; Lucia with heavy curly hair, a girl not quite yet grown; all of them talking Italian.

Standing there I wondered how much of what we had felt on the bridge was just hunger. I asked my wife and she said, "I don't know, Tatie. There are so many sorts of hunger. In the spring there are more. But that's gone now. Memory is hunger."

... It was a wonderful meal at Michaud's after we got in; but when we had finished and there was no question of hunger any more the feeling that had been like hunger when we were on the bridge was still there when we caught the bus home. It was there when we came in the room and after we had gone to bed and made love in the dark, it was there. When I woke with the windows open and the moonlight on the roofs of the tall houses it was there. I put my face away from the moonlight into the shadow but I could not sleep and I lay awake thinking about it. We had both wakened twice in the night and my wife slept sweetly now with the moonlight on her face. I had to try to think it out and I was too stupid. Life had seemed so simple that morning when I had wakened and found the false spring and heard the pipes of the man with his herd of goats and gone out and bought the racing paper.

But Paris was a very old city and we were young and nothing was simple there, not even poverty, nor sudden money, nor the moonlight, nor right and wrong nor the breathing of someone who lay beside you in the moonlight.

—Ernest Hemingway, *A Moveable Feast*

The house was a small, one-story building surrounded by palm trees. It was made of brick covered with plaster and painted a dark beige. As we stepped out of the car into the brilliant Florida sunlight, the walls seemed to gleam white in the glare. Elizabeth Hadley Hemingway Mowrer met us at the door, a short, big-boned woman with rich brown eyes and a wide smile set in a worn face. Her companion Eva hovered behind her as we walked past the house.

Inside, a large living room was lighted by a picture window. In the center of the room, a card table and chair had been set up. The card table held newspapers and several framed photographs. Hadley sat down in the chair beside the "work table," as she called it, and we arranged ourselves around her with attention to the needs of cameras and tape recorders. Ernest Hemingway's first wife sat in her chair looking amused as we puzzled over light sources and searched for electric outlets. When we were finished and the tape was rolling, we explained to her that we intended to ask a series of questions about her life with Ernest Hemingway.

"First, I want to know where you're from, and what we're answering for," she said with a grin. We explained about our college and the magazine. "Lake Forest, Illinois? . . . Excuse me, I'm old, deaf and incapacitated; I didn't understand everything you said."

"I love to answer questions," she said, referring to our request, "It was about a thousand years ago . . . a long, long time . . . of course, he's been dead for many years."

"I think that the thing that impressed me first of all about Ernest was that he was an attractive male, and the second thing was that his mind was very quick and I had to hustle around to keep up with him. A very lively personality," she concluded. While she was speaking, one of the student interviewers had left his chair, and now knelt several feet from Hadley, camera pressed to his face, waiting for her to turn around. She did so slowly, dramatically, a smile beginning to crease her face as she realized what was happening, and perhaps even thought about how the photo would look. The shutter clicked, and Hadley gave a pleased, little laugh.

"Oh! Just as I turned—you got my smile," she giggled, a little girl's pleased vanity shining happily in her eyes.

"What did you like most about Paris?" someone asked.

"My God! That's the biggest question I've ever been asked." Hadley gasped. "Almost everything, except the terrible poverty. There was a terrible poor class that kept your heart broken all the time, and we lived in a very poor neighborhood—the big avenue in back of the Avenue Rue Fromage, and over a sawmill."



Kennie Liverman

Home in the Rue Cardinal Lemoine was a two room flat that had no water and no outside toilet facilities except an antiseptic container, not uncomfortable to anyone who was used to a Michigan outhouse. With a fine view and a good mattress and springs for a comfortable bed on the floor, and pictures we liked on the walls, it was a cheerful, gay flat.

"As Ernest was a very interesting character, people finally began calling on the sawmill," she said, laughing, "of which I got a great deal of the benefit. It was a very interesting time. Ernest hadn't exploded publicly yet, and every little success was very important. Later on, they came quicker and quicker until everything finally just burst loose."

... we did not think ever of ourselves as poor. We did not accept it. We thought we were superior people and other people that we looked down on and rightly mistrusted were rich. It had never seemed strange to me to wear sweatshirts for underwear to keep warm. It only seemed odd to the rich. We ate well and cheaply and drank well and cheaply and slept well and warm together and loved each other.

"I think we ought to go," my wife said. "We haven't been for such a long time. We'll take a lunch and some wine. I'll make good sandwiches."

"We'll go on the train and it's cheap that way. But let's not go if you don't think we should. Anything we'd do today would be fun. It's a wonderful day."

"I think we should go."

"You wouldn't rather spend it some other way?"

"No," she said arrogantly. She had the lovely high cheekbones for arrogance. "Who are we anyway?"



Hadley Hemingway in Paris, 1929

"We had some very interesting connections in Paris," Hadley continued. "People were interested in us, some of them publicly, some of them just friends. Mostly, they were people who were very interested in the intellectual and the literary life. I'm very proud of Gertrude Stein and Alice B. Toklas; they were the godmothers of our son Jack. I think that they were quite famous lesbians."

They did not know just what to expect when they called on Gertrude Stein. A very correct maid in white apron and cap answered the door and ushered them in, through the small foyer, to a wonderfully long, comparatively narrow room. Alice Toklas came forward to greet them, looking, Hadley remembered, like a "little piece of electric wire, small and fine and very Spanish looking, very dark, with piercing dark eyes." Way over at the far end in the corner by the fireplace sat Gertrude Stein, a figure like the great god Buddha, as Ernest used to say. Hadley thought her head and face "absolutely beautiful," with the most wonderful eyes she had ever seen, beautiful brown eyes that saw everything. She was small but heavy, with enormous breasts, which intrigued Ernest and he wondered how much each one weighed. "I think about ten pounds, don't you, Hadley?" he asked.

—Alice Hunt Sokoloff, *Hadley*

"They were very much interested in Ernest, and pretended to be in me," Hadley smiled. "They were good friends of ours, but the thing that attracted them was Ernest's personality and talent. Still, everyone was very nice to me." She grinned slyly. Beneath the wrinkled skin, her cheekbones were still high and proud, and she was arrogant without being haughty.

"Besides the enjoyment of the atmosphere in Paris, we also had a great deal of Spanish enjoyment, too, because we were in Spain a great deal of every summer. We were both passionate about Spain," Hadley said. "That was when the big bullfighting season was on, and we were both quite crazy over it. Or rather, Ernest led me on to be crazy about it, and finally I was just as bad as he." She laughed. "We both became quite good at judging the bull."

"Didn't someone give you a bull's ear after one of the fights?"

"Yes! I kept it a long time and I meant to keep it forever, but moving out of Paris, or something, it got lost. He was one of the cute young bullfighters, and he presented it to Ernest's wife."

"Ernest's wife?"

"That was my standing." Again, the sly grin.

"Speaking of bullfights, I've been curious," another student stated. "At the moment when the bull is killed, the bullfighter has to—well, the best method is to jab at a point about five inches square under the bull's hump..."

"Yes," Hadley nodded.

"... And if you're very good you can kill it immediately. It drops to its knees and falls over. And that's the ultimate—to be able to kill it immediately without having to slash at it and gore at it. What did you feel when the bull was killed in this manner?"

"Well," Hadley replied, "It's always a shock to any female, I think, and to any male, too, when an animal is killed... but it had to be done. The whole scene was about the killing of an animal—the bull. So, I expected it, and it wasn't a shock, but it was fascinating."

"How can that fascinate you? It's not..."

"Well, in the first place, the skill of getting that sword in on this particular spot with the bull in motion and ready to charge... if you'd been sitting there, you would have felt the same way. You were worked right up to the pitch, and it is a very



Hadley and Ernest at Chamby

fascinating skill . . . The whole scene is so picturesque and full of color. The costumes are gorgeous; you've probably seen pictures of them. And the bravery is very great—so I really enjoyed it," she said cheerfully.

"Didn't Ernest do the first draft of *The Sun Also Rises* one summer while you were in Spain?"

"What was that?" Hadley turned to smile at the questioner. "*The Sun Also Rises*—do you remember anything about it?"

"Gee, I wish I could say that I did," said Hadley, a quizzical expression on her face. There was an uncertain pause while everyone digested this. Finally, the same student spoke again.

"How about the short stories he was writing while you were with him? Do you especially recall any one of them?"

"No, not really, I'm sure I read them all while he was writing them, but I don't remember any of them now," Hadley said mildly. She smiled again. "You're trying to carry me back to where I don't remember."

"I'm sorry," the student said quickly. *Memory is hunger*. We sat back in our chairs a little, thinking about the prepared questions on characters and places that were useless now. Someone noticed a photograph of Jack Hemingway on the card table, and the conversation shifted to "Bumby," as Ernest had nicknamed him.

Hadley and I had loved skiing since we had first tried it together in Switzerland and later at Cortina d'Ampezzo in the Dolomites when Bumby was going to be born and the doctor in Milan had given her permission to continue to ski if I would promise that she would not fall down. This took a very careful selection of terrain and of runs and absolutely controlled running, but she had beautiful, wonderfully strong legs and fine control of her skis, and she did not fall.

"I haven't seen him for three or four years, because he lives in Idaho—that's too far from Florida," said Hadley, "But I hear from him, and everything is good."

"How about his daughter, and your granddaughter, Margaux?" A student asked, pointing to another picture on the table. "A lot of people think that she has your vitality."

"So that's where it went," Hadley said with exaggerated thoughtfulness, her smile dwindling to a rueful pursing of the lips. The room burst into laughter, and she grinned again.

Someone brought up Ernest's affair with Pauline Pfeiffer, the cause of his and Hadley's divorce. "Later on, after you were divorced from him, he wrote a series of short stories, and in one story he said that he had never been able to kill the loneliness left after you were separated, that it was always there, and that he had never been able to cure it."

"He did love me," said Hadley, "And he was sorry to have that memory slightly obliterated. But I don't think it was completely obliterated. In either of us. Because we had such a—'good time' is not the right expression. But we had a great many good things in that relationship. And that's just what I don't forget." She looked at us.

. . . When I got back to Paris I should have caught the first train from the Gare de l'Est that would take me down to Austria [where Hadley and Bumby were vacationing.] But the girl I was in love with was in Paris then, and I did not take the first train, or the second or the third.

When I saw my wife again standing by the tracks as the train came in by the piled logs at the station, I wished that I had died before I ever loved anyone but her. She was smiling, the sun on her lovely face tanned by the snow and sun, beautifully built, her hair red gold in the sun, grown out all winter awkwardly and beautifully, and Mr. Bumby standing with her, blonde and chunky and with winter cheeks looking like a good Vorarlberg boy.

"I was very happily married afterwards [to Paul Scott Mowrer]. It was an oldish marriage for him, and an oldish marriage for me. We both had good sense," she laughed.

"You didn't have good sense in Paris?" someone asked jokingly.

"Oh, yes. Paris makes for very good sense."

There is never any ending to Paris and the memory of each person who has lived in it differs from that of any other . . . We always returned to it no matter who we were or how it was changed or with what difficulties, or ease, it could be reached. Paris was always worth it and you received return for whatever you brought to it. But this is how Paris was in the early days when we were very poor and very happy.

"Mr. Mowrer was also a writer, wasn't he?"

"Yes, he was a newspaperman—par excellence."

"So you were really attracted to writers, then. What in them attracted you; was it the internal power?"

"Well, what attracted me were the things they could say, showing a great deal of inside knowledge about other people. Personalities and so on. Paris was just bursting with personalities," Hadley said, and began to smile.

"Ernest was very good. I think I was, too. I can't help but think a lot of myself. I think I'm a honeybun," she said quietly, and then the eyes crinkled and the wrinkles creased as she laughed with us.

—Unspecified quotes from A Moveable Feast by Ernest Hemingway.

Memories of Papa

by Jack Hemingway

THE STUDENT *Probably one of the most obvious questions you have been asked is "What has it been like to live in the shadow of your father's fame?" Do you feel fortunate in having a famous name or do you feel it has held you back in any way?*

HEMINGWAY I've always felt it was a great advantage rather than a detriment and have usually so answered the oft asked question. If I were to try to see a negative point to it, it would be that it has made it difficult for me to view writing as a possibility for me because of the near impossibility of competing on equal footing. Comparisons would too obviously be odious. The great plus of course is the vast amount of contact and experience that has come to me through no effort of my own. (Maybe that's not an advantage?) Anyway, so far, it's been a hell of a good life and I wouldn't trade you any of it for another.

THE STUDENT *Obviously you share your father's love for the outdoors. Did you ever, when you were younger, consider taking up writing as a career? Did your father ever encourage you to write?*

HEMINGWAY There was a short period after WWII when I was a bit of a lost soul. I'd just got out of prison camp in Germany and had lost a lot of weight what with wounds, etc. and short-rations. I didn't know what I wanted to do and I certainly didn't feel I fit into any of the slots that most of my peers seemed happy to fit into. I thought about writing then. I talked to my father about it. He was not encouraging in the least. It's strange because he was often encouraging to young would-be writers who appeared out of the blue. He was often outright helpful to them. What he told me was that it was the 'toughest trade of all' and that I would be better off doing almost anything else.

THE STUDENT *Exactly what do you do "for a living?"*

HEMINGWAY I spent some ten years in the army and about twelve in the stock and commodity brokerage business. I retired to Idaho in 1967, suffered a heart attack and have restricted my activities to writing a weekly column for five years; being a Fish & Game Commissioner for six years and now I am planning to write and to do some work for television about fishing and conservation. I receive income as well from a trust Mary H. set up in which she and my brothers and I participate in the foreign royalties from my father's books. We started a private school here a few years ago and during the first year we couldn't afford either a French or a Spanish teacher so I was it. I taught two sections of French and one of Spanish.

THE STUDENT *Is there anything that you haven't yet done that you'd like to do? What, specifically?*

HEMINGWAY I suppose I have an errant gene somewhere that makes me want to write a good book some day. This is something I've assiduously avoided in the past.

THE STUDENT *Concerning reports of your father's growing paranoia before his death and his unjustified fear of losing all his money, you once said that you thought it important to "get the real story down." Do you think you would ever write a book, as your brother Greg has done, about your father?*

HEMINGWAY No, I would never write a book about my father. When I write a book, there will doubtless be some interesting anecdotes and possibly some new insights but the main topic will not be my father.

THE STUDENT *What was the purpose of your recent trip to Paris? Are you writing something yourself?*

HEMINGWAY Purpose of trip to Paris was as usual: to eat especially well, enjoy the company of two of my daughters, meet with friends, gather material for possible articles and book. Most of trip was down in the Languedoc where I parachuted during WWII. I also contacted French fishing experts and conducted interviews.

THE STUDENT *You were wounded and held in a German prison camp after parachuting into France for the OSS during WWII. Could you tell us something about your experiences and your life from WWII to the present? Have you decided to write a book about your OSS experiences? Does it scare you that with the name Hemingway, people will expect a literary masterpiece?*

HEMINGWAY Back to school at University of Montana, quit school to work in Sun Valley as bellhop then desk clerk. Quit to work in San Francisco in a department store. Quit to try hand at tying trout flies for a living. Quit to go to work for fishing line company. Quit to go back in army so as to be able to afford to get married. Stationed in Berlin, married in Paris in '49. Joan (Muffet) born in '50. Returned to U.S. to Ft. Bragg in '52. Airborne and Special Forces until early '54. Quit army to move to Portland, Oregon and enter brokerage biz. Margot born there in 1955. Sent to Havana by Merrill Lynch '56 and '57. Returned to San Francisco with ML in 1957. Mariel born in '62. Back to school at Sonoma State in '65, '66, '67. Moved to Idaho '67.

I will write a book. OSS experiences will just be a part of it. If they expect masterpieces they'll be SOL. I will make it entertaining. They will be warned not to expect more than that.

THE STUDENT *Which Hemingway novel is your favorite? Why?*

HEMINGWAY *The Sun Also Rises* because I think it's the best and because it was dedicated to my mother and me.

THE STUDENT *In the book A Moveable Feast, your father stated in reference to Hadley, "I wish I had died before I loved anyone else." Do you feel that your mother was most beloved of his wives?*

HEMINGWAY Not necessarily, though it's pleasant to have had him say it. There may have been more guilt than remorse in the statement. I honestly think he truly loved all of his wives and that changes in those feelings came about as a result of changed circumstances. *A Moveable Feast* is an obvious tribute to my mother and to a strong nostalgia for what must have looked like a better time. In the case of my mother he was thinking a lot about his youth and the early days when writing *A Moveable Feast* and it is natural to look back with some longing to an idyll. Also, my mother never showed him any bitterness and in fact, the strongest statement she ever made to me about him was only a few years ago when she told me that no longer being married to him was like the lifting of a great millstone from her back.

THE STUDENT *When you were growing up did you spend more time with your mother than your father?*

HEMINGWAY Before I went away to school, I spent school terms with my mother and vacations with my father. After I started to go away to school, I started splitting vacations with both parents.

THE STUDENT *Did your father ever talk about Hadley to you? Was there any bitterness in their breakup or any resentment shown towards you by his second wife Pauline? Your mother has said that "he (your father) gave me the key to the world." Do you feel your father opened up the world for you in the same way?*

HEMINGWAY This is a most amazing thing. I was made to feel that nothing out of the ordinary had happened. I never heard my father say anything against my mother and except for the statement about the millstone uttered by my mother years after his death, she never said anything bitter or recriminating about him. I felt sorry for kids who only had one set of parents. I'm afraid the same was not true of the breakup of his other marriages. Pauline, by the way, could not have been kinder or more loving to me than she was. She treated me as her own both before and after the breakup with Papa. Regarding the key to the world, that's a very fine way of putting it and very appropriate. Papa was a person of discoveries. He was always learning and always wanted to share anything good he had discovered with those around him and those he loved.

THE STUDENT *Your brother Greg has written about your father, "The man I remembered was kind, gentle, elemental in his vastness, tormented beyond endurance, and although we always called him Papa, it was out of love, not fear." Do you share Greg's feelings about your father? Did you love him more than fear him, or did you feel close to him at all?*

HEMINGWAY I believe we all three shared Gigs' feelings for Papa. We did not fear him though he could be very tough and domineering. When we were doing things with him we



Ernest with Bumby, Paris, c. 1925

always felt very close. He had a quality, perhaps ability is a better word, to make those around him feel close to him.

THE STUDENT *This past June, you and your brothers got together again for the first time since your father's death. Did you discuss your father? Are your memories the same of him? Do you have a close relationship with your brothers?*

HEMINGWAY That's not exactly true. It would be more accurate to say that a *People* magazine stringer thought it would make a good hook upon which to hang a story. We had actually gotten together (all three of us) the year before for fishing. With Patrick in Montana, he and I will see each other a lot and get together for hunting and fishing. Greg has gone back East. We often discuss our father. Sometimes we disagree and sometimes we see him the same way. We are agreed that he had a very complex character and personality. Though we haven't always been close over the years, I have always felt particularly close to Pat though I seldom demonstrated close feeling by writing letters. I have never known Greg as well since we have been adults.

THE STUDENT *Most boys idolize their fathers, wanting to be just like them when they grow up. Did you feel that way about your father? In what way? Did he ever disappoint you?*

HEMINGWAY I did idolize my father. He was my hero and as a boy I didn't detect any flaws and was seldom disappointed in him.

THE STUDENT *Author Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings once asked after meeting your father, "Why does a man with such a great talent continually deny his*

sensitivity and overprotest his masculinity? He is so virile and so vast—why does he waste his time roughhousing with playboys, trying to catch the biggest fish, to bring that fish in the fastest, to drink the most?" Was your father sensitive towards you, or did he "over-protest" his masculinity? What are your most vivid memories of the time you spent with your father?

HEMINGWAY This question would require an essay of some length to deal with it appropriately. I always felt that my father simply was very masculine and that there was no question of overprotesting it. I think that critics and literati have a strong penchant for trying to create flaws or magnifying whatever they find. As to vivid memories of time spent with my father, there are so many it's difficult to choose. I think perhaps the memories of long auto trips from Key West, up through the Everglades, along the Mississippi Gulf coast, through Texas, New Mexico and up through Colorado to the L Bar T Ranch in Wyoming qualify as most vivid. There were many of them over the years and, while I probably melt them together a bit in my mind, there are still many details that stand out. They were happy times and the excitement of the everchanging scenery made each incident stand out that much more clearly.

THE STUDENT You once said "There's a saying that a day spent not fishing is a day wasted—that's how I feel." Do you think this love for fishing, hunting, and being outdoors is the most important aspect you inherited from your father?

HEMINGWAY One of the most important.

THE STUDENT You said in an article for National Wildlife magazine that your father was twenty years ahead of his time as far as ecology was concerned. What concerned him most about the changing environment?

HEMINGWAY I didn't say that. The writer of the article did. My father lived in a time when you could always find a new place. He was, however, very conscious of the damage that was being done to the environment and that it would soon catch up with us. He did teach us to respect our environment and to try to take care of it. I think what probably concerned him most (I am putting thoughts in his head which isn't cricket) was the great decrease in completely wild places.

THE STUDENT What kind of formal schooling did you have? Was your father an advocate of formal schooling or, rather, did he encourage you to learn through real life experiences?

HEMINGWAY I had: kindergarten and first grade at the Ecole Alsacienne in Paris; second, third grades at Ecole du Montcel, Jouy-en-Josas; fourth grade at the Denny school in St. Cloud. Then returned to US where had five through eight at the Chicago Latin School, ninth grade at Lake Forest High School and ten through twelve at Storm King School,

Cornwall-on-Hudson, NY. Had one and one-half years at Dartmouth squeezed into nine months due to WWII. Then after War had two quarters at University of Montana. Then almost enough units to graduate from Sonoma State in the sixties. Though my father didn't go to college he felt that it had become necessary when it came my turn. I disagree unless the professions are your goal. He did say that he felt that you could educate yourself quite as well as any college could, given the time and desire to read and good luck in your choice of what to read.

THE STUDENT Did your father allow you to lead your own life without interference, and to choose your own career or did he push you in any one direction?

HEMINGWAY I think he was pleased when he thought I had chosen the Army as a way of life and displeased when I left it. He tried his best not to show it and was helpful as possible.

THE STUDENT Parents are usually loaded with advice for their children—can you remember any bits of wisdom with which your parents counseled you?

HEMINGWAY With particular regard to my father in this respect, he primarily gave me advice of a physical nature such as 'keep your bowels open'; 'don't lower your left except as a feint'; advice about the avoidance of VD, etc. He also gave advice about absolute honesty, always treating women way past their prime as if at the peak of their beauty, etc.

THE STUDENT As an infant, William Carlos Williams made up a diet especially for you. You were christened with Gertrude Stein and Alice Toklas for godmothers. F. Puss was often your babysitter. Have you any favorite "Mr. Bumby" stories?

HEMINGWAY I don't remember William Carlos Williams at all. My earliest memories of Stein and Toklas were of two of the ugliest creatures I could conceive. Stein was dead but Toklas came to our wedding in Paris in 1949. She was so different than I remembered her it was incredible. Was like a busy little bird and came through the reception line three times full of bubbly enthusiasm. Never saw her again.

THE STUDENT Did you find any of your father's friends, in particular, especially interesting?

HEMINGWAY In the early Paris days I was far too young to remember any specific people very well. I was always fond of the MacLeishs and the Murphys and—without remembering their names—of Papa's sporting friends with whom I was occasionally allowed to have a grenadine or a bit of a demi-blonde at the cafes. Later on in Key West, in Wyoming, Cuba, Idaho and the latter days in France there were many of his friends I liked very much. As is natural in such things with the young, I usually found those most interesting who were important figures in areas

which deeply interested me. Since this was monthly fishing from the age of six onward, I'd have to say that Charles Ritz, Van Campen Heilner and Skip Farrington were my particular favorites. I shudder when I think of the missed opportunities at overheard conversations because of my limited field of interest. Of course I didn't miss absolutely everything and there were many interesting stories told by friends from the Spanish Civil War. I also found Martha Gellhorn glamorous and exciting and was enthralled by her tales of war.

THE STUDENT *There are tons of things which have been written about Ernest Hemingway—do you think that most writers have been able to capture your father as he really was? Is there any aspect of his personality/lifestyle that has been overlooked?*

HEMINGWAY I think most writers have not. The more thorough the research, the less likely they seem to be able to capture any of his 'essence.' I believe the essential that is seemingly always missed is the great sense of fun he exuded and how much fun it was to be with him. His enormous appetite for life flowed over everyone around him. No one has as yet conveyed this feeling.

THE STUDENT *How much of Islands In the Stream is autobiographical? Have you seen the movie? What do you think of it? Do you feel that most of the biographies written about your father are consistent with your memories of him?*

HEMINGWAY Much of it is autobiographical. What isn't is the plot, i.e. the dead sons, the visit from the former wife, the details of the Sea Chase. Yes, I saw the movie. I had read the first script by Petitclerc and thought it great. They completely screwed up the ending sequences because some other movie had stolen the plot of the Sea Chase. It was a disastrous ending. I think that some of them are very accurate but worthless because they dehumanize him and others humanize him and are full of falsehoods and inaccuracies.

THE STUDENT *What do you think about Mary Hemingway's plans for the film based on your father's life?*

HEMINGWAY I have mixed feelings about it. Since it will be based primarily on the years he was married to her with (I understand some flashbacks to previous times) it doesn't deal with that part of his life which I personally feel was his 'best' period. It was, after all, a period of disintegration. I must say that I had the opportunity of discussing all this with the scriptwriter who is presently doing the work and I was very impressed with him and if the money men of the film industry don't do their all too frequent job of last minute panic-stricken botching, it may have a good chance of coming off well. I certainly hope so.

THE STUDENT *Did you see your father change much over the years you knew him? If so, in what way? Do you think he was afraid in his later years that*

his creative well had gone dry or that he had lost the virility he had as a young man? Do you think these were the major causes of his paranoia?

HEMINGWAY Yes. Like everyone in the whole world my father didn't remain at a single age. He aged as he should. I think he did resent getting older and the possible loss of some of his faculties and inevitable virility, but who doesn't. I sure as hell do. I'm fighting it like hell, but it's inevitable. I don't think it proper for me to speculate on the paranoia biz, I wasn't close most of the time it was happening and speculation is only that.

THE STUDENT *Do you remember your father actually spending much of his time writing? Did he ever discuss his work with you or your brothers? If so, do you feel he was satisfied with his writing? In which book do you think he reached his greatest feeling of accomplishment and satisfaction?*

HEMINGWAY Yes. He was very disciplined about his work. When in Key West, we were especially cautioned to be very quiet during the mornings until he was through. When he was through he played and hard. He did not discuss his writing with us (at least not with me) but sometimes in our presence with others. On principle, though, he didn't like to discuss his work and especially not work in progress. Part of it all was that he was not satisfied unless he thought his work was better than what he'd been able to do before. He kept reworking until he was satisfied. Although it's probably not completely true, he said that whatever he had done last was the best. He was continually trying to improve.

THE STUDENT *You once said, "My father gave me a fine example of how not to kill an interest in anything for a child. He allowed me only to watch him casting a fly until I was so intrigued that I started myself and haven't ever*



Bumby

stopped. He realized that you can't shove ideas or interests down a child's throat." In what ways have you encouraged independence in your daughters? Did your father encourage independence in you at an early age?

HEMINGWAY

To be honest, I made the mistake of 'pushing' Muffet into competitive tennis in California and she suffered the consequences of overcompetition. She revolted quite rightly against the whole thing and found her balance in such things all by herself. I learned a lesson and did not push the other two girls but did give them the opportunity to learn anything they wanted to learn. Both Margot and Muffet earned their independence themselves. Mariel is in the process.

THE STUDENT

How do you feel about the success of your daughters, particularly Margaux? Does the statement you made in Newsweek in 1975 that "Any fatheadedness will not be tolerated" in your house still apply? What aspects of your father that you feel made him such an internationally publicized figure do you see in Margaux?

HEMINGWAY

I think the success of daughters is fine, especially if it is what they truly want. I suppose the statement still applies. There is only one daughter, Mariel, left in the nest. She's quite level-headed for a sixteen year old. Margaux has a great deal of her grandfather in her. She is bold, outgoing and very instinctive and intuitive. Although it failed her on a couple of major occasions, she has a good shit detection mechanism. She works hard and plays hard. Her sense of form, beauty is highly developed.

THE STUDENT

Your own family has been described as one that "loves great wines, food, talk, merriment, and vast open spaces in which to ride, hunt, fish, ski, picnic, and just linger." Do you feel this accurately describes your life in Ketchum? What philosophies of your father's have you incorporated into your own lifestyle and into the lifestyles of your now famous daughters?

HEMINGWAY

I would say it correctly describes the ambience. However, life in Ketchum, or anywhere else for that matter, has its complexities. There are still taxes, bills to pay, letters to be answered, requests to be filled, questions to be answered, young minds to be educated, innumerable things to be repaired, given away, thrown away, replaced etc . . . illnesses to be cured or not, crank phone calls, crank mail, visiting photographers and magazine writers to spend time with when there isn't any and so forth. As to what philosophies of my father's I might have incorporated into my own lifestyle and those of my daughters, well, heh heh, that's pretty high falutin' talk for just getting along. I suppose we're all quite hedonistic and nature oriented. Outside of giving my girls the opportunity to learn

outdoor sports, I don't think I've created my daughters' lifestyles. I presume they have or will discard those aspects of their upbringing they don't like and keep those that fit them. They are each so completely different from each other that it would be awful to think of them as all trying to fulfill some sort of role. I suppose what my wife and I have given them is the opportunity of choice. Choice can be a difficult blessing.

THE STUDENT

There is an article (*An Afternoon with Mary Hemingway*, *America Review* World Mar. 25, 1972) which states that Ernest Hemingway's religion "was probably like horoscopes are today." What are your religious views?

HEMINGWAY

My wife goes regularly to St. Thomas Episcopal Church. I go sometime though I have served as both junior and senior warden. I enjoy sermons, they make me feel good. I have never had a 'religious' experience. I'm what I suppose you'd call a casual believer. All the girls took communion in the Episcopal church but none of them has kept it up.

THE STUDENT

What is your idea of utopia? Just for curiosity, what do you think about Anita Bryant's "crusade" against the gay movement?

HEMINGWAY

Utopia too hard and personal to define. Anita Bryant's Crusade? is a lot of balls.

THE STUDENT

You started college at Dartmouth and later transferred to the University of Montana. Was your college life a valuable experience? In what way?

HEMINGWAY

To be honest, I wasn't ready or mature enough for college when I first went nor immediately after the war at the University of Montana. I can't tell you how exciting it was to return to school 25 years later. Despite the slightly greater difficulty in retaining new found knowledge at 45, the advantages in appreciation and understanding far outweighed them. I found that the college experience later on helped make sense of the whole system of knowledge, history, art, science etc. . . I was fortunate in having a fantastic adviser and in going to Sonoma State College when it was just getting started and there were only about 2000 students most of them older with a median age of 35.

THE STUDENT

"When snows blocked Galena Pass and prevented Jack's crossing Sawtooths to see her (Puck), he promptly dropped out of school and went to work at Sun Valley Resort so he could drive back and forth to Twin Falls."—Hank Bradshaw, *Field and Stream*, Je 1970, p. 70. Obviously, you were very devoted to Puck. Are you still so devoted? What do you admire most about your wife? Is it true that "behind every great man, there's a woman?"

HEMINGWAY

The fact is that Puck went to work at Sun Valley and that's why I quit school to go to work there. Yes, I'm still devoted to her. I think that her ability to keep both feet on the

ground no matter the circumstances is one of her most admirable traits. I'm the dreamer and she's the realist.

I've no idea about that business of behind every great man etc. . . Where it is applicable, I think in many cases the woman may be out in front blocking.

THE STUDENT *Margaux stated in an interview with Glamour that you should do a Brut ad . . . would you like that?*

HEMINGWAY I didn't see that interview. Maybe because I don't read *Glamour*. If the ad had an interesting twist or a good touch of humor it would be fun and of course monetarily rewarding. Why not? I think I'd rather do a light beer ad or an American Express ad.

THE STUDENT *What's your favorite time of day?*

HEMINGWAY Like the trout, varies. In late fall, winter and early spring it is the middle part of the day. In late spring, summer and early fall it's the early mornings and the twilight. I like to

walk at night the year round no matter what the weather.

THE STUDENT *Describe a typical day—meaning a day out of your normal, everyday life.*

HEMINGWAY I have no normal days. It is abnormal if I don't get in some work and some exercise and some wine before and with dinner.

THE STUDENT *Your daughter Muffet once said in an article in Vogue, "The era in which he (your father) lived was one of the reasons for his success. But this is the perfect time for us. Our Grandpa was made to be then and we were made to be now. If you've got a good name, it's all right to use it to your advantage, as long as you do it with style." What kind of "style" have you tried to impress upon your daughters? What aspects of your father made him perfect for his time and what aspects of your daughters do you think makes them perfect for theirs?*

HEMINGWAY Answers to this question are self-evident.



Ernest, Bumby, and Hadley at Schruns, 1926

WILLIAM DODGE HORNE

260 Otis Road

• Barrington, Illinois

• DUNKIRK 1-0413

Sept. 3, 1977

Dear Sue Ellen Farmer,

Thank you for adding me to your list of helpers in putting together a team re your issue featuring Ernie Hemingway. It's mighty fast company, this combination of Hadley, Bumby and Carlos Baker! I'll try to answer some of your questions.

My first impression I remember very clearly . . . "He is like a wild horse!" Proud. Free as all outdoors. Head up, wary of strangers.

At that time I don't believe I had ever seen a wild horse. Nevertheless that was, somehow, the impression he made; those were the words he brought to mind. Since then I *have* seen wild horses, and I know that my guess-work simile was a pretty valid one. Big, strong, brave, handsome, free—and intending to remain free.

That's the way he stayed all the years I knew him. Those years of friendship, of mutual liking and trust, began in the spring of 1918, when we were together in New York preparing to sail for Italy to drive Red Cross ambulances. There were around a hundred of us from all over the U.S. and I think he was the biggest and best looking of the whole outfit. He was really a beautiful specimen of young manhood. He talked very well, using words of his own manufacture for many things and ideas and situations. It was fun to be around him.

We trained (rather less than more) for maybe ten days; marched up Fifth Avenue in a big war parade of all sorts of people, and sailed out of New York for Bordeaux somewhere April or May, 1918 (to do our bit to help make the world safe for democracy) on the S.S. "Chicago," a smallish, slow old French liner. The scuttle-butt was that the "Chicago" was safe from submarine attack because the German spies used it to travel back and forth. Anyhow, whether that was fact or fiction, we had an uneventful, slow crossing, steamed safely up the Gironde river, disembarked heroically, had an evening on the town and took the midnight train to Paris. We got there the morning after the U.S. Marines had stopped the German drive on Paris (at Chateau Thierry, I think it was) and our American uniforms were gallantly, gratefully saluted by all ranks, up to and including Generals!

A couple of days later we entrained at the PLM station for Italy, traveling with our baggage in dinky little French freight cars marked "Quarant Hommes, Huit Chevaux." Up and up into the high Alps, through Mondane and the Mt. Cenis tunnel, into the Alps of Italy, then down the long Lombard valley that leads to Lake Maggiore and finally to Milan.

At Croce Rossa headquarters our hundred-odd were assigned to the five Ambulance Sections along the Italian front lines. Ernie and I and maybe twenty others were to go to Section Four—headquartered at Schio, a rail-head city in Provincia Veneto about 25 miles east of Lake Garda, and north of Vicenza. This was the most westerly of the five Sections and lay at the foot of the Dolomite mountains.

Our headquarters was an out-of-production woolen mill a mile out of town, with an irrigation ditch running alongside it. On the ground floor a table-and-benches dining room—on the second, top floor an enormous room with thirty army cots around the four walls. Foot-locker trunks held all our belongings. Across the hall a games room where we could play cards or dice or read or just loaf.

On hand to make us welcome were maybe a dozen veteran ambulance drivers. They had come down from the French front some months before and were either Norton Harges or American Field Service men.

Our ambulances, parked in the garage-lot under our windows, were Fiats with big gray bodies to hold six stretchers—and with the American flag painted large on each side. I drew Fiat number 8, and as driving partner a wonderful guy named Carleton Shaw, from Toledo, Ohio. I don't remember which car and partner Ernie got.

The front line was up in the Dolomite mountains—perhaps fifteen miles to our north. Every day three or four of our cars would drive up those twisting, precipitous roads to the advanced posts and front line hospitals and bring down the wounded and sick from those sections, then deliver them to the base hospitals in Schio. Evenings we would usually walk up to town, sit around the tables of the open-front Three Sisters Saloon, make friends with the people and try to talk Italian. A fine life in a fine country!

In the main our end of the battle line was pretty quiet. I suppose the terrain was too difficult for anything short of a major offensive. The Germans tried one that fizzled out and things got quiet again. But down east along the Piave River there was action, so a Red Cross biggie named Guy Lowell came to ask our Section Commander to lend him several men to go down to the River and run front-line canteens for the

Italian soldiers. Ernie and I were two of the volunteers and Captain Lowell drove us down there one day toward the end of June. He dropped me off with the 70th Infantry at a hamlet called San Pedro Novello, then took Ernie on to the next town, Fossalta.

About a week later, somewhere around the Fourth of July, we learned that Ernie had been wounded while with Italian infantry men in an advanced listening post on the bank of the Piave. His post had taken a direct hit from an Austrian trench mortar. He got a lot of fragments in his legs. Nevertheless he dug himself and a worse-wounded soldier out of the wreckage, carried the wounded man back to the front line through searchlight's glare and machine gun fire. On the trip his legs stopped two machine gun slugs. But he made it! For that he later got Italy's Medal of Valor, . . . and a permanently gimped leg.

Also, he was hospitalized back to the Red Cross Hospital in Milan. There they took out of his legs the two big bullets, plus something over 200 pieces of scrap iron from the trench-mortar bomb.

And also there he met and fell head-over-heels in love with a wonderful girl—Nurse Agnes von Kurowsky.

After the war was over Ernie finished his leg treatments at the Milan hospital and returned to the U.S. on the Giuseppe Verdi. He stayed a day or so with me in my family's home in Yonkers, then took the train for a real hero's family reunion in Oak Park, Illinois. At that time he and Ag were engaged to be married. But some time later she changed her mind and broke the engagement by letter. Ernest was desperately hurt and unhappy.

But the happy ending came not too long later. By 1921, Ernie and I were rooming together in Chicago, in the apartment of Kenley Smith, brother of Ernest's old time Michigan pal, Bill Smith. Kenley and Bill had a sister named Kate Smith (she later married John Dos Passos). Kate had lived in St. Louis, had a favorite friend there named Hadley Richardson (nicknamed "Hash" by Kenley).

When Hadley came to visit Kate—and Ernie got a good look at her—why that was the end of the tragedy of Agnes.

No, I was not Best Man at the Hem-Hadley wedding. Carlos was wrong about that. Bill Smith was Best Man. Fever Jenkins, Art Meyer and I from Section IV were ushers. No, Ernie was *not* nervous. He was *triumphant*. They were just enormously in love with one another—a most happy wedding.

He was the best man friend I have ever had. Our gettings-together were of the from-time-to-time nature. Some were of maybe a month's duration, some for just part of a day. But always something joyous and precious to look back upon. I guess we liked and approved of each other—also had fun and understanding.

One of the best times in our mutual friendship was in 1928. Ernie, then married to Pauline, came back to America for Patrick's birth. While he waited for Pauline to recuperate after her Caesarian operation, he and I drove to Wyoming together in his Ford, from Kansas City. He finished his writing of *Farewell to Arms* at the Ranch we went to in the Big Horn Mountains.

A couple of years later, after I was married to Bunny, a wire came urging us to join him and Pauline at the Nordquist ranch on the Clark's Fork River just out of Yellowstone Park. We shared the other half of their cabin. The fishing was beyond description. We had the happiest imaginable vacation there! Ernest at that time was working on *Death in the Afternoon*. Morning after morning he would pass up that marvelous Clark's Fork fishing to sit in the sun and read the latest word about the Bullfights in Spain.

Several years later we were with Ernie and Pauline at the Dry Tortugas, southwest of Key West, fishing off his boat the *Pilar*. We also enjoyed being with them in their big block-square home in Key West. They were wonderful parents to small children. We remember Bumby and Patrick playing, and later the youngest, Gregory. On one occasion Ernest did bullfight cape sequences on his front veranda—we still have our home movies of it. He was a lithe, graceful Torero.

Then there was a long gap in our meetings although not in our friendship. With pride and affection we watched his brilliant career—as war correspondent, author of great books, figure of high importance in the world's literary life, winner of the Nobel Prize for literature. The fact that he had become one of the world's great figures did not affect our liking each other.

Finally (and it did turn out to be finally) we did get together again. In 1958, Bunny and I took our two prep-school and college sons to Cuba for Spring vacation at Veradero Playa, a lovely Cuban beach resort about fifty miles east of Havana. This was the spring before Fidel Castro took control of that lovely island. We telephoned Ernest, then married to Mary Welsh and living at their Finca Vigia, a delightful and comfortable farm-like estate a few miles outside of Havana. Ernie "ordered" us to come to lunch, which of course we did. Mary was most cordial and gracious to Ernie's old-time friends. A few days later, at the end of our stay in Cuba, we spent a night or so in Havana and they took us to Ernie's favorite restaurant, the Floridita, which he helped make world famous. Most graciously Ernest placed himself between our two sons—an unforgettable treat for two young school and college "English" students.

Thank you for the compliment of asking me for help on your Hemingway issue. I hope it will be a great success—Here's luck!

Bunny & Bill Horne

Bunny & Bill Horne

Africa

by Ruth Zultner

Ernest Hemingway, says Mary Hemingway in *How It Was*, went to Africa to escape from the western world's clock-worked tensions into the vast, exotic vacationland that provided a simple, direct pleasure: hunting the beasts of the land.

Peter D. Weigl, biology professor, went to Africa not as a tourist, but as a scientist trying to learn more about the ecosystems and the land. Accompanying him was a group of students he hoped to guide through a practical understanding of the habitat and ways of the diverse creatures they had studied in class, without disturbing or imposing images of Western culture on the African environment.

Ostensibly at odds, the attentions of both men, hunter and scientist, must survive in order for the habitat they deal with not to perish.

As the scientist, Weigl cites the scientifically significant fact that the African plains are able to maintain a biomass of wild animals four to five times greater than that of large domesticated animals such as cattle.

Its implications and the reality that "someday, the African phenomenon may not be around," pressed Weigl to lead his most recent expedition/study group through a sixteen week course in the fall of '76 to learn the biology of Africa's organisms and a sixteen day, 2800 mile journey across the central portion of East Africa during winter term.

"I like people to see things which I don't think will be around by the end of our generation," Weigl commented.

Changes in the African environment have already appeared since he first visited the same area as a graduate student in 1964. An increase in population and a rise in the standard of living create the strongest pressures for the conversion of government protected wildlife reserves into more economically advantageous farmlands that could help to feed the expanding population.

"The only thing that keeps the wild organisms alive is the fact that they are sources of income in most of the African countries, in terms of tourist and scientific dollars. If that money ever stops, the land probably will be taken over for agriculture, through private holdings, and the plains area will go over to large cattle-raising interests. The animals will just get in the way," Weigl predicted.

For these reasons, the tourism of the safari-hungry is less of a strain to the African wildlife environment than it would be for others: safari money keeps the wild penned in against an encroaching African civilization.

"The worst problem is that the tourists demand a standard of living that's entirely different than that of Africans," said

"Under the immense spread of the branches of our acacia tree we lived closer to the animals, I felt, than one could do anywhere outside an African national park."

—Mary Welsh Hemingway
How It Was



Weigl. So in preparing his students for the trip, he tried to avoid the psychological pitfalls of the tourist.

Beyond learning about the biology, archaeology and anthropology of the area, Weigl tried to alert the students to the cultural differences of a non-western country. Past journeys have taught him that entirely different living conditions, can be upsetting by their strangeness.

...“Also, I do not take a group unless I prepare them fairly well intellectually and scientifically, because the response is that when you get into the area you tend to be overwhelmed—I mean completely overwhelmed. Everything is new, everything is fantastic in the sense that it’s like nothing you’ve ever seen before. And if you don’t have basic ideas to order the jumble, it’s almost like a sensory overload,” he explained.

Weigl said that the trip gave the students a chance to test visually some of the ideas they learned during the seminar and to move beyond what he terms the “great, but superficial idea of ‘tourist.’”

Traveling by van with three African guides, the group spent time at the major game reserves in East Africa. They saw tremendous geographical variation, moving from fault-like depressions of the rift valley to slopes of mountains 19,000 feet high.

Weigl commented that by working together to cite and to compare notes on animals and their environment, the group managed to take in and to learn about a full diversity of organisms, even with the fast pace and changing terrain.

As a result, the students were rewarded with several of the rarer sights of African wildlife, which the average tourist or safari-goer may miss. At Samburu National Park they spotted “one of the most spectacular finds of the trip,” a pack of African hunting dogs. One of the most effective of all the predators, the dogs hunt in groups of five to thirteen, run down their prey and kill by arresting the animal and eating it alive. “Usually, the dogs don’t go for humans,” Weigl said.

While at the Ngorongoro Conservation area the group descended by land rover into a mile-wide crater for a day. Standing at the rim and looking down into the crater, said Weigl, “is like looking through glass into Pleistocene preserved. We could see the placid aggregation of wildlife as it was about one million years ago.”

At times, nature was startlingly close. With large scarab beetles and bats winging through the dining area at night and palm squirrels, hyraxes and mongooses wandering next to

Almost every night if we were awakened by some other noise and lay listening we could hear the swansdown-soft sound of elephants moving, like fisherman in waders, between our tents on their way to the water hole in the river, forty yards beyond us.

—Mary Welsh Hemingway
How It Was



Edgar Roberts

buildings, the students quickly discovered that the barrier in Africa between the civilized and the wild is slim indeed.

"You can sit indoors and watch jackals and hyenas. It's a bit



Edgar Roberts

"... the hyenas came by in full concert. They were very close and giving out high arpeggios, like a fire-boat siren, also girlish laughter, the low cooing, the staccato chuckle and the hysterical, "Don't do that." "

—Mary Welsh Hemingway
How It Was

disconcerting at first, but most disconcerting are the creatures that actually come in right where you are," said Weigl.

Insects and small animals enter lodgings easily and in almost all the hotels where the group stayed geckos (lizards with big bug-eyes) climbed through screenless windows and crawled on the walls and ceiling during the night to eat insects. "Occasionally, they fall," added Weigl with a chuckle.

But at least the geckos stayed to themselves. At Samburu Nation Park lodging, a troop of baboons reached in through the windows to pilfer clothing. "But they later dropped most of it," said Weigl. "I guess they figured it wouldn't fit. With

things like this going on, you know you're not in the big city," he remarked.

Weigl observed that the closeness of the animals per se was not upsetting to the group, although a few of the restrictive protective measures drew irritation. At some lodging areas, the students had to be escorted by an askari (guide) as they walked from building to building in the compound, in order to gain protection against cape buffalo.

"These animals move quietly in the shadows, and sometimes stalk people. They will tear or butt you with their horns, then trample you," Weigl said. "The students learned respect for the buffalo. To be attacked would be like getting hit by almost a ton of potroast," he added.

Weigl thought that on the whole, the group did well in adapting to the radically different environment, although near the end of the trip, individuals started to miss snack foods, chilled beverages, potable water and radios. In their places were tasty meals of zebra and eland, treacherous ice cubes made with native water and the sounds of the animals.

"You would lie in the sack at night and hear lions roar, or the cape buffalo beating their horns against the building... or the demented cackle of the hyena."

What Weigl said he hoped to develop within his group or within any traveler who faces this sense of cultural displacement is the ability to appreciate the strange aspects of another environment.

"The ability to accept a different culture without having to make it over is valuable to a person's growth," he said.

"Understanding the East African culture becomes all the more important," he added, "because it is one of the few great areas in the world where protection against an intrusive energy and material-consuming western lifestyle is vital if the natural systems there are to survive."

"Unchanging though the routine, every day brought us some unexpected surprise..."

—Mary Welsh Hemingway
How It Was



Edgar Roberts

BOOKS

UPDATE: Publishing in Winston-Salem by Bill Brown

Deep in the basement of Tribble Hall (go as far down the steps as you have ever wanted to go; descend one more flight, and then yet another) there is a randomly organized office, large by Wake Forest standards, which has as one of its functions the housing of the Wake Forest University Press. Much else goes on in that room to be sure: students confer with the two English professors who also work there; Q.P.R.s are made and broken as term papers go through the mill; and an occasional game of darts is undertaken. But it is the publication of books of Irish poetry which, if the room were to be acknowledged for the achievements of those it shelters, would bring to C-2 Tribble its greatest acclaim. Indeed, the achievements of the press have been notable, and the attendant acclaim, even if not reflected in the office itself, has been something more than modest. But there is a certain irony in that success which has come to the Wake Forest Press.

The irony is this: while book reviewers at *Saturday Review*, *Shenandoah*, *The Hudson Review*, *Elre-Ireland*, and the *New York Times Book Review* (where the first Wake Forest book was named an "Editor's Choice") have praised highly the efforts of the press, and while the five books now in print ascend from Tribble Hall's basement on their way to readers all over the United States and in Canada (with several copies even going to Europe), the identity of the press is a source of some confusion, both on campus and in Winston-Salem as a whole. The Wake Forest Press is not the place to go to get a poster printed for your next beer blast, nor does it have anything to do with the *Wake Forest Review* or *The Wake Forest Magazine*. The Wake Forest Press is also not associated with any other publisher in town—and the only name of the Wake Forest University Press is: the Wake Forest University Press. The press' obscurity on campus is understandable to a certain extent, and may even be partly self-imposed: had the enterprise been immediately unsuccessful, to remain obscure would have been easier than to become obscure once again; and the efforts of those involved with the press even now are best spent in seeking and publishing quality poetry from Ireland, rather than developing a well-defined image on campus. Local recognition, sought or otherwise, will come as the press becomes more firmly established. Nonetheless, by now everyone on campus should at least know what the Wake Forest Press is and what it is not.

At this point in its development the university's press is a publisher with only one goal in mind: to bring to American reading audiences the best of Ireland's contemporary poets. The need for such a press was discovered as several members of the English department—Dillon Johnston, director of the press, in particular—pursued research which led them to seek poetry which was difficult to obtain in the United States. By choosing to fill that void which existed in American publishing the press has insured strong reader interest and has allowed itself to introduce books which have merited the critical attention of the nation's leading reviews and journals. The first of the books to appear was the *Selected Poems of Austin Clarke*,

edited, with an introduction, by Thomas Kinsella. (Kinsella is widely regarded as the best poet now writing in Ireland.) Following the Clarke book were *A Slow Dance* by John Montague and *The New Estate* by Ciarán Carson. Response to all of these was enthusiastic, and Johnston immediately began plans to introduce other poets to his newly discovered audience.

This October 14 brought to Wake Forest two new selections of poetry from Ireland—and a festive group of Irishmen to ensure that the books "came out" with the spirit proper for such an event carefully observed. The books are *The Second Voyage* by Eiléan Ní Chuilleanáin and *Mules* by Paul Muldoon; the Irishmen were Minister for Education of Ireland John Wilson and his traveling party, Consul General Gearoid O'Clérigh, and the poet Ní Chuilleanáin. A fire in the fireplace took the chill out of the main ballroom at Graylyn as Ní Chuilleanáin read from *The Second Voyage* and traditional Irish music was performed on the Uilleann pipes on that fall afternoon. The day was one which saw Wake Forest enter confidently and with comfortable style its second year as a publisher of books.

Plans for the future have Wake Forest looking ahead to February when another book by John Montague, entitled *The Great Cloak*, is scheduled to appear. This volume, reviews of which Johnston expects to be strongly expressed, one way or the other, deals with the breakup of Montague's marriage, the love affairs which followed, and the beginning of a second marriage. In the meantime, the press looks forward to receiving another favorable notice in a major journal. A forthcoming review in *Parnassus* by Donald Hall promises to be complimentary (a hint has been given), making nearly complete Wake Forest's sweep of the periodicals from which a nod of approval was so much desired. Maybe now that the rest of the country is becoming informed, the campus itself can discover what it is that is done, and done so successfully, way down in C-2 Tribble Hall.

Located only about a block and a half from campus is the Jackpine Press, which sprang up on Timberlake Lane under the influence of A. R. Ammons when he was poet-in-residence at Wake Forest several years ago. The proximity of Jackpine to the school is appropriate: though the press has no official connection with Wake Forest, it depends greatly upon the entire college community for support and encouragement. The books which have been published so far are easily recognized on campus, and readings by Jackpine poets are well attended by representatives from all areas of the university.

The most recent of the Jackpine Press books is *Sidetracks* by Clint McCown. Published this fall, McCown's volume of poetry is the first of a series of books which will honor Professor Germaine Brée. (Here, then, are two more unofficial connections with Wake Forest: McCown is a 1973 graduate of the university, and Brée, of course, is our Kenan Professor of Humanities.) The other books which Jackpine has produced

are *Balancing on Stones* by Emily Wilson, a managing editor of the press; *Out in the Country, Back Home* by Jeff Daniel Marion; and *Orion*, by former Wake Forest poet-in-residence Jerald Bullis. Plans for new poetry call for additional books in the Bree series.

The most immediate cause for celebration at the Jackpine Press is the recent receipt of a \$3300 grant from the National Endowment for the Arts. The money will be used in the publication of the next book to appear, a collection of eleven short stories by Josephine Jacobsen. Titled *A Walk With Raschid and Other Stories*, the book, a gathering of fiction by the well known poet which first appeared in various journals and other periodicals, will be published during the fall of 1978.

A large measure of support for the Jackpine Press comes from the one hundred or so friends who are listed as "subscribers." Renewable once a year, a subscription is given to those who contribute the financial assistance without which most small poetry presses would be unable to survive. New subscribers are being sought now in particular, as Jackpine tries to match the \$3300 received from the National Endowment for the Arts. (That the grant be matched by the recipient is a condition with which it is given.) Moving ambitiously into its third year and its fifth book, the Jackpine press continues to reach out to and serve its audience in the area.

The oldest of the Winston-Salem publishers concerned primarily with poetry is the Drummer Press, which brought out its first book in 1968. Established at that time by Robert Shirley and Robert Moore Allen, who have been cooperating on literary projects since their days together at Furman University's student magazine, Drummer has a history of serving as the initial publisher for developing writers. Titles on the Drummer list include one by each of the editors—Shirley's *Another Window* and Allen's *Water, Weeds, and Love*; *Down Zion's Alley* by Emily Wilson; and *Little Chicago Suite* by Bennie Lee Sinclair.

The latest project undertaken by the press represents, in form at least, a departure from the publications which have come before. A set of five broadsides were produced earlier this winter, each one representing a poet who has published before with the Drummer Press. Illustration and design for the broadsides feature the work of Winston-Salem artists. The project, which seems an ideal one for Drummer to have published allows the press to pursue once again its interest in promoting talent from the Winston-Salem area.

Beyond this winter and the broadside set, plans for future publications at Drummer are unformulated. With that in mind, Allen is careful to stress that he and Shirley are always seeking and are delighted to receive manuscripts by new poets. So, undiscovered writers take note: there is a publisher out there who is anxious to read what you have written. Perhaps your publication "plans" and the plans of the Drummer Press should be moving toward the same end.

His operation being a forty hour a week (and more) endeavor, complete with an office, a warehouse in which are stored thousands of books, and a staff which includes several editors and a full time art director, John F. Blair is Winston-Salem's only "commercial" publisher. But in spite of the characteristics which demand the term, commercialization, as that practice is deplored these days, plays no role in the way Blair conducts the business of his firm; rather, stressed above all else is a careful attention to quality. Mr. Blair's insistence on monitoring every aspect of his business, that he may

personally ensure that quality, borders (refreshingly) on the eccentric. No piece of correspondence, no manuscript (regardless of how bad the editors insist that it is), indeed, no purchase order leaves the office without first having passed across his desk. That is no easy task to accomplish, either: seldom does the collection of papers on the large desk shrink to less than twelve inches in depth, and of late several piles have even spilled over to form large stacks on the floor. Plainly displayed, however, among all of that "disorder" is the admonition and explanation: "A neat desk is a sign of a sick mind."

Eminently healthy of mind by his own (and most other) standards then, the septuagenarian Blair steadily adds new titles to a catalogue which now contains almost one hundred books. Represented there is every literary genre which comes to mind, and a few which may not: novels, short stories, poetry, biography, autobiography, children's books, satire, philosophy/theology, essays, history, cookbooks, and on and on—even to the point of including a book of collegiate basketball statistics. North Carolina is well represented on the list (both through books by North Carolinians and through books about the state, her history and people), with the Outer Banks region receiving special attention, probably in proportion to Blair's own interest in that area of the coast. The Blair titles, even though several are of particular interest to people in the state, cover a broad spectrum of interests, and manuscripts continue to come in from, and books go out to, all parts of the country.

In his most recent books, Blair continues to explore new fields in which to publish. Two natural history books have come out within the past year, both employing page after page of color photographs, and both, for that reason, being fairly expensive (\$20 and \$25). *Winter Birds of the Carolinas and Nearby States* does just what you would expect it to do, illustrating and commenting upon the species of birds which winter in this region, and *Carnivorous Plants of the United States and Canada*, by Donald Schnell, is considered by some to be the definitive book in its field. Both books are selling at a gratifying pace.

The fall books at John Blair included *The Cherokee Crown of Tannassy*, a history of Sir Alexander Cuming's 1730 journey into Cherokee country, by William Steele, and an Outer Banks novel, *Children of the Sea* by James R. Nichols. Another of the new books, and one which should be of special interest to Wake Forest readers, is *Contemporary Poetry of North Carolina*, edited by Guy Owen and Mary C. Williams. Represented (among many others) in this large, broad anthology are Emily Wilson and A. R. Ammons, both of whom, of course, have strong ties with the university. Rounding out Blair's fall offerings is a first collection of poems from Nicholas Rinaldi, a literature teacher at Fairfield University, entitled *The Resurrection of the Snails*. Existing somewhere in the vast realm between surrealism and the comic, and incorporating some elements of both, Rinaldi's poems add yet another dimension to the varied list of books published by John F. Blair.

You have seen him on campus, certainly: wearing a sport coat, clinking between his teeth a very academic looking pipe, Stuart Wright walks briskly, with that ubiquitous armload of papers riding on one hip, hurrying (but casually) to where ever it is he is always going. No doubt you have simply assumed that he is one of those professors you will never know, from one of those departments you will never enter; something about the demeanor seems to insist upon that explanation. But the demeanor has you fooled. The equally plausible (though less simple) answer to the "riddle" of what it is that Stuart Wright does is this: he rises at 5:00 in the morning (he

claims—though no one, understandably, is anxious to verify the assertion); he teaches German at Forsyth Country Day School; he works with Richard Murdoch in the Rare Books room of our library; he teaches a course at Reynolda House; and he writes and edits books—four of which are complete this far, with three more in the works. Oh yes—to get to the point of all of this: he also manages/runs/is the Palaemon Press Limited. (And you thought that his brisk gait only indicated that he was still trying to get tenure.)

The projects to which Wright has committed the Palaemon Press—whenever it is that he finds time to do that—are interesting ones, and they reflect Wright's own interest in the literature of this area, as well as of the South as a whole. The immediate effort with which the press is engaged is the preparation of an anthology taken from the Blue Ridge Writers' Conference. Scheduled for publication sometime this winter, the collection will be composed of two poems from each of the poets who participated in the conference, which was held last summer at Critz, Virginia. Beyond that book, the more distant plans at Palaemon (the name itself makes for an interesting footnote; it is that of a freed slave from antiquity who was known for his "arrogance, evil ways, and unusual learning") include a tribute (in pamphlet form) to Robert Penn Warren, which will be written by William Styron; a folio of five or so poems from Jesse Stuart; and a tribute in celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of Allen Tate's biography of Stonewall Jackson.

As if Wright has not already found enough to keep him busy—whether he rises at 5:00 or not—he is involved with yet another project at the Palaemon Press. A series of broadsides was started this fall, with a different writer represented on each broadside by a single poem. ("Broadside" obviously is a term we must learn to use in Winston-Salem. Technically any piece of paper printed on only one side, the broadside enjoyed its greatest popularity during the sixteenth century, but the form also was widely used in the 1700s, especially as a means of

distributing the verses of lesser known poets. Our century has seen interest renewed once again in the broadside, beginning primarily with the Cuala Press in Ireland, with which Yeats was associated. Today the broadside usually represents the highest achievement of the printer's art.) The first of the Palaemon broadsides is "Patrick County Virginia" by Emily Wilson, with illustrations by Bob Dance. To follow will be "Dream of a House" by Reynolds Price; "All is Brillig (Or Ought to Be)" by Allen Tate; and "Old Flame" by Robert Penn Warren. Richard Murdoch (who spent six months at the Cuala Press last spring and summer) will print by hand the broadsides on hand made, one hundred per cent rag paper, with each edition being limited to one hundred copies, and each copy signed by both the poet and an artist. In this project, then, the Palaemon Press will try consciously to merge (with meticulous care) three crafts which the publisher must employ: that of the printer, that of the artist, and that of the poet. To do so successfully is an achievement more rare than it should be.

With an academic press which is attracting national acclaim, a well established commercial publisher, a bibliophile-publisher whose interests extend to the printer's art, and two presses whose editors are poets themselves, Winston-Salem is finding itself a place where the publication of literature serves a wide range of purposes. A town of this size is fortunate in that respect: to be able to represent well our local and regional writers while also gaining recognition from the publication establishment in New York and other major centers is no easy feat to accomplish. But Winston-Salem publishers have done that. Books produced here are of interest to others as well as to ourselves, and they display a careful attention to quality in all aspects of the publisher's trade that would shame many large presses. There is good reading—sophisticated and sophisticated reading—to be found coming from our own city itself. It would indeed be a shame to overlook that fact just because we happen to live here.



Bill Brown

A Conversation with Jay Meek

by John Knight

Jay Meek is not a difficult man to interview. The current Poet-in-Residence is open, helpful, and articulate; in talking with him one senses that he is a man who wants his ideas about poetry and life to be understood by those who are sincerely interested in them. Meek and I both happen to be early risers and our interview was conducted at his apartment early one October morning. Sunlight streamed through his open windows as we sipped steaming coffee and discussed such diverse topics as American dreams, the late Robert Lowell, Meek's wife and daughter, the aesthetics of commuting, the mistakes of young poets, and aspects of Meek's book of poems *The Week the Dirigible Came* and his forthcoming *Drawing On The Walls*. Excerpts from our two and one-half hour conversation follow.

—John Knight

THE STUDENT: What moves a man to become a teacher of writing?

MEEK: It begins, I suppose, with the discovery that the act of writing is central to one's life. And teaching is one of the few professions that not only is honorable but also encourages a life of the mind. A student once told me he'd discovered a way of finding out where to live. "Walk inland from the coast," he said, "and carry an oar. When someone asks what you've got, you'll know you've gone too far." When I was a boy, I wanted to work on the ore boats on the Great Lakes. I've come inland since then, but I don't think I've come too far.

THE STUDENT: What teachers have influenced your writing the most?

MEEK: I've been fortunate to study with some fine writers who were also dedicated teachers: Philip Booth, Donald Nall, Delmore Schwartz. In more ways than I can say, I've learned a great deal from each of them. And continue to learn. But in a poetry workshop, despite the fact it's a writing class, one doesn't so much learn to write as he learns to enact a practical criticism, and each of my teachers was able to encourage a sense that the critical act takes place as part of the imaginative act, and the kinds of questions a teacher might raise after the fact of a poem are just those questions the writer needs to confront, and ask himself, in the act of writing it. But writing takes place in a world of ideas; in a world of hamburgers and used cars, too, and the discoveries one makes outside a writing class are often the important ones for the material of the poem. But the tough-mindedness one needs for writing, that develops initially in a workshop, by submitting poems to someone who's both a "playing-coach" and "courage-teacher." And someone who can be generously honest.

THE STUDENT: Are there any mistakes that are common to most young writers?

MEEK: I suppose that often beginning writers tend to break lines at strange places or write lines that don't quite earn themselves, more a broken-up-prose than poetry. Then, everything goes wrong: cadences go flat, the diction gets abstract and general. The whole thing blows up. But I think what most often happens, and I say this as I recall my own beginnings, is that the poems have difficulty locating a world outside the writer's sensibility. And that's a continuing battle for each poem, even now: how to keep the "I" in touch with a life outside itself, in the human and tangible world we're all condemned to live in.

THE STUDENT: I recently finished reading your first collection of poems, *The Week the Dirigible Came*, and was impressed by the sense of a pulse of a country living in the collection as a whole. Were you seeking a feeling of national identity in the collection?

MEEK: I don't know how accurate a reflection of American life the *Dirigible* is. I'm probably the last person to be able to say, for sure, but I hope there's something of that accumulating sense as one reads the collection. I do know that in writing some of the earliest poems in the book I was interested in the photographs Walker Evans made for the Farm Security Administration in the mid-1930's: by how he confronts his subjects, by his eye for detail, by how any number of individual photographic images might add up to a general landscape. And that was something I'd hoped for in arranging this sequence of verbal images. Beyond that, the poems take their energies, I think, from distinctively American speech patterns, from American settings, from moral crises that are particularly American. But I'm also concerned here, as the last poem

in the collection, "Defector," suggests, with the defections from the best possibilities in oneself which might be collectively our own.

THE STUDENT: *Some of your poems are concerned with the American childhood. How is the childhood associated with the final defections from self?*

MEEK: If we insist upon the eternal charm of boyhood, insist upon Huck Finn, then we hold up a model for ourselves that seems pleasing to us and redemptive of our worst possibilities. So long as we hold the model, so long as we continue the notion of a life that is innocent simply because it is natural, then the more freely we can corrupt it—the more junk we can dump into the Mississippi, and still say, "This is not who we really are."

THE STUDENT: *Is this the same idea that shapes "Only-Children in the Midwest?"*

MEEK: Something like that. I see the poem as being about the falling away from the possibilities one dreams of, about the tension that exists between a life as it's lived and the life one imagines for himself.

THE STUDENT: *Are there any poems in the collection that you regard more highly now than you did when you wrote them?*

MEEK: Yes, the title poem, for example. After I'd finished the poem I didn't like it. I hid it from myself, shoved it in a drawer of my roll-top. Finally, I got it out and showed the poem to my wife, who's always my toughest and best critic. She liked it. I'm lucky to have good friends and colleagues who are sure readers and who can point out the strengths and limitations of a poem. For me, most poems discover themselves through revisions—20 to 30 typed pages of drafts for each manuscript page—and many of my final revisions come about as a result of the readings and responses of others.

THE STUDENT: *Are there any poems in the collection that you are particularly fond of, all critical reasons aside?*

MEEK: There are several. I'd think immediately of "Two Garages," written in conjunction with a project my brother-in-law, who is a photographer, and I were doing together. He made photographs based on several of my poems, and this poem was one I wrote from a photograph he'd already taken. His is a delightfully witty picture, and I suppose my interest in "Two Garages" goes beyond any purely critical response I have to the poem.

THE STUDENT: *There seem to be similarities between such poems as "Defector" and "King Hunger." How do these similarities fit into the pattern of the book as a whole?*

MEEK: The strategy for each of these poems is pretty much the same, and, of course, each poem

ends the section it appears in. Both conclude with images of self-consumption, and the book as a whole, I think, has a cyclical motion to it: affirmation and negation, advance and retreat, a coming to grips with absences again and again. The figure that closes the first poem in the collection, that of trying to get clothes clean, ends "Defector," the last poem in the book: "he had hold of his chest like an old suit he was going to have cleaned." The book is an instance of how poems are meant to be read in a sequence, as parts of a collection. While a weak poem can't be saved by the poems around it, the sense of a particular poem can be enhanced by the context it appears in.

THE STUDENT: *Turning to your more recent work, I was wondering how your new poems differ from those found in The Week the Dirigible Came.*

MEEK: I think they are different, these poems-in-progress. They're included in a book I've tentatively called *Drawing on the Walls*, which will be published next year by Carnegie-Mellon University Press. I'm still fascinated with the idea of a coherent collection in which the poems are all of relatively equal size and weight. But, individually, the short poem is restricted in the world it's able to reflect. I hope these new poems will be able to risk more, reach for more, and try to meet their imagined worlds more obliquely, not quite so head-on. They're longer poems on the whole, narrative, historical, more ambiguous, more open. I hope they'll continue to be new for me. I'm sensitive to the dangers of self-imitation; often a writer can fall into the trap of imitating past successes. When that happens, when the writer fails to distinguish between the success of his work and the act of writing it, the imagination dies. And with it, the writer.

ABOUT OCTOPUS

Daughter what we know
of them
are our own lies don't

frighten them
they hide in tin cans
under ledges

poor boneless things
little
clumps of fear

when they die they turn
white
as grandfathers no more

alien no less strange
daughter
let them go
from what you fear

they come
to friendship slowly

shy as your father once was

—JAY MEEK

MARVIN COATS: ON MAKING ART

by Chris Sweet

Marvin Coats came to Wake Forest in September 1976 from Humboldt State University in northern California where he had been an assistant professor of Art. As gallery director at Humboldt, he felt limited in teaching solely gallery related courses and wanted a return to sculpture where he felt he could better direct his creative energy. While looking to teach sculpture, Wake Forest offered him a position.

Coats finds Wake Forest students interesting, intelligent and sometimes even challenging. Coats feels the structure for liberal arts makes a full program in art impossible here. He feels students tend to be inexperienced in art and are generally aiming toward lucrative careers which preclude art as a field of study. Studio courses are introductory, and Coats sometimes misses dealing with more experienced students.

As an adolescent Coats had regarded artists with awe and respect. The romantic image of the artist appealed to him, but it wasn't until his sophomore year at East Texas State University that he made his first move toward art by enrolling in a ceramics course.

After getting married he dropped out of school for a few years and worked as a truck driver. He went to school at night trying to work out an economics and then an accounting major—something that would make him some money. Hating business courses, he signed up for a design course.

"I'd been thinking for a long time that I wanted to be an artist, but I was kind of afraid to be an artist because I didn't think that my friends and my family and my wife and everyone would accept me being an artist. Artists were supposedly real weird. So I wouldn't do that. So then I took this other art course, the design course and just loved it. By that time I was 24 or 25 years old. I was more mature and looking at it from a different viewpoint. And I decided that regardless of what any one thought that's what I wanted to be and that was what I was going to do. The next semester I quit my job and went back to school and started as an art major."

Coats went back to East Texas State and later graduated in 1969 with a Bachelor of Science degree in Art. He went on to the University of Oklahoma for graduate work, finishing up in 1971 with a Master of Fine Arts in sculpture. "I went into sculpture because I always liked the physical aspect of sculpture. I think of myself as a physical person. I tried painting, but it was very boring to me because it didn't have enough physical activity, whereas sculpture did. I was using my hands and building things. And I've also kind of thought that some people are two-dimensional people and some people are three-dimensional people and I think I was a three-dimensional person. It was easy for me to think in three-dimensional terms. I could draw the front side of a piece of sculpture and I always knew what the other side would look like . . . Also there was a little bit of a macho attitude about being a sculptor that has nothing to do with it now . . . that left real quick."

As a student, Coats' awareness of art outside the Midwest came from contemporary art publications. His sculpture at the time was individual yet clearly related to the mainstream art particularly that which was coming out of New York. Not long after graduate school he noticed a shift in his artistic direction. (He had a position at the University of Wisconsin—Whitewater at the time.) Coats quit making mainstream sculpture and began to move toward a more personal

style. "I wanted my things to become more about me, more about what I was involved with as a person. As an artist you're an expressive person and I felt I should be expressing me. I started trying to do that and it took a good while to accomplish. To totally quit making one kind of sculpture and start making a new kind of sculpture that I didn't know anything about was hard. I didn't know what it should look like. The only art I knew was what I'd seen and made myself . . . so it's real hard to just suddenly begin making a new kind of art. I was always asking questions like, 'Is this art?' Because I didn't know."

"I think I'm really aware of what I'm about, I think I understand myself and I like myself. And I just wanted my art to be related more to me. I think a lot of times I'm successful in doing that."

Coats' work is characteristically clean and neat and fairly simple. There is always a high level of craftsmanship involved.

As a student Coats took art very seriously. "I thought art was supposed to be serious," he said. "Sometimes I'd give a work a humorous title (that's just part of me) but I thought of the title as only an identification for the piece. It had no direct relationship to the piece. I didn't feel that it had to. Now, usually, the titles come first. It is oftentimes humorous or relates to me in some way—an experience or about a friend. It generally has multiple connotations. I think about it, what the words mean, what they mean visually. I think in visual terms. I try different images together, juxtaposing images and forms. I try to keep the humorous quality if it is important to the piece. But I also try to keep and maintain the literal and ambiguous relationships between the title and the work."

"When I was a student I used to know exactly what I was going to do before I did it. I was working as if from a blueprint. It got to be like factory work—just doing it; executing the plan. It got to be really boring and I hated it. Now sometimes I don't even have an idea when I start."

Marvin's most recent work has been a series of "platform pieces" which began to develop while he was in California. They involve a platform, usually with a frame, set up on the surface into a stage, almost a proscenium situation. His first platform sculptures were Texas map pieces: "Stacked Deck" and "A Slanted Point of View."



Marvin Coats



"I didn't realize then that they were platforms. It was an image I was using because I was a Texan in California and that's a conspicuous thing to be. Also the shape of Texas is a readily identifiable one and there is a certain mystique about Texas--the macho attitudes, money, and the bravado." The map pieces do not include a frame. Two other works which he began in California but did not complete until last summer were the first in the platform/frame format. There have been four more since then. Those first two "are not the best ones but they're the beginning ones and that's why they're important, because that's where the idea began. The first platform pieces went through changes over a couple of years. When working on a new idea it might take two or three months for it to come together. Sometimes I don't even have an idea, or with the platform pieces I might think about the platform or I might make a frame. Or I think about the title, and try different things. Other times I'll just make a platform. Like right now I have two or three platforms made with nothing to go on them. I have a visual vocabulary with me—which I keep adding to—and that's where I start. Sometimes I might have a real specific idea or title and develop it mentally and know the elements and then just go about putting them together. Some pieces take a couple of months, some a few weeks, the last one took three or four days because I've gotten used to working on these things. (There is more mental activity involved in the process than in the actual construction of a piece.)"

"All you see in magazines and in exhibitions is an artist's best work. This can be inhibiting sometimes—you become afraid to make a bad piece. There's also another problem in making each piece totally new. I want each piece of sculpture to relate to the last one, but at the same time to be an individual creation. It's hard to do many pieces—you use all your ideas and you don't want to repeat."

At Wake Forest, where Joe King is the administration's Raphael, where the Simmons Collection hangs as prominently as the College Union's collection of contemporary art, and where Robert Timberlake attracted a larger audience than the Guggenheim exhibition ever did, the question that may well be asked of Marvin Coats' work is: "Is this art?" In the past he has asked it of himself. The problem for most people may well lie in the approach to an art object. For those who haven't seen much art, the range of what art is for them will be narrow. Not understanding an art object often leads to the question of meaning. For Coats, the sculpture he makes has a personal meaning . . . "Each viewer is not supposed to get the same message. It has a personal meaning for me so in some ways my

art is for a small audience. Since it can have multiple meanings it's also for a larger audience, but I don't expect to be communicating a message to viewers. By expecting a meaning one makes their ability to understand more difficult. The first thing that one needs to understand is that it doesn't have to have a meaning. Art can just exist visually. To me art is just visual symbols and images. You make your own meaning. I don't try to do that—if I wanted to communicate with masses I'd be a writer or a photographer. Art is visual and sense is visual. That's what the viewer should look for—those visual relationships, and they will naturally imply things."

Marvin Coats is an obscure artist. He cannot support himself making art, in fact he rarely sells a work. Teaching is his livelihood, but art is his life. "I enjoy teaching, but I would love the opportunity to do nothing but just make art, have a studio and make art and sell it and support myself doing it—that's what I think a complete artist is." Coats is an optimistic man with a ready laugh and an easy manner. "I'm a real dreamer. I have delusions of greatness; I daydream a lot about getting grants and winning competitions. I don't think I'll ever reach the level of success that I dream about. I don't really think I'm capable of it. I still dream about it though . . . I hope it will happen. There is a negative side too . . . like just two weeks ago I was talking to myself, I said, 'Hell, I just think I'll quit making art, I'm not going to make any more art—what good does it do me? I ought to go get a job driving a truck the rest of my life—drink beer and drive a truck—that's it! I say to myself, 'I'm stupid. I'm never going to make it as an artist; no one is ever going to appreciate my work! Fortunately that doesn't last long. I get up easy in the morning and get back up on that cloud again. I'm real optimistic . . . I just enjoy what I do, I enjoy myself and my humor—I'm real egotistical; I like people around me and I like to entertain them. I learned a long time ago that it's easier to be happy and carefree and optimistic. . . Things are going to happen and you can control some things to an extent, but not everything. I don't want to worry about it—I just want to teach my classes, make art and have a good time. I want the rest of that to happen, the success, but I don't know if I can do anything about that or not. I'll do what I can, but I'm not going to slice my wrists one day, because it doesn't happen. I just try to be happy, entertain people and enjoy them, hope they enjoy me and that's good enough for right now," he laughs. "God, it sounds like I'm preaching."

"I need praise and acceptance. I need people around me that I like and enjoy, to be able to make art. I enjoy praise, but I also just enjoy doing it. I laugh out of enjoyment—and I like to share that pleasure."

POETRY

Three Poems by Erik Lounsbury

*Here one can neither stand nor lie nor sit
There is not even silence in the mountains
But dry sterile thunder without rain
There is not even solitude in the mountains
But red swollen faces sneer and snarl
From doors of mudcracked houses—*

T.S. Eliot, *The Wasteland*

With your razor I have been cleaned.
Push your head out the window
And drink the water of the streets
That you have thirsted for,
I see your lips are parched.
A thin pressure is always dropping within us
But noticed only after it is gone.

We part the woods to look down the gap,
Pass down to a pond covered, becalmed.
I am held beneath the cold water, knee-deep.
Do not spread me thinner than I care to be.
Washed, the tide moves out.

She waves from her balcony,
I cannot tell who will catch her at it,
Soil her holy ennuï,
Blacken their hands
On her wrought-iron,
Confessing, spilling all they have.
I will call to her fallen lover,
He has been there before.
He holds within him the smell of the place,
The scent of the smoke.

Lift not the wind.
I lay exposed to fire
In an open boat,
Reading what is known:
The red in mountains to fall
Before they become charcoal
That blackens the drift.
Such a wooden baptism,
A hand, the sky, soot and ashes.

Hack away the vine,
Tear the fog and pour off the vapor:
The drink that cannot come
From your graded vineyard.

Tell the man you want a deep dive,
Then here is where we will lie,
Each of us an official courtesan, a contrast
That will reach the realm just a bit.
Contrasts that lengthen to contraries
And then absurdities,
The opposite poles of a unity.
We are like hermits tempted
By the inferiorities we see through glass.

Take me down from the tree,
I can feel you no longer.
A frost, a maze, a trap of steel
That makes one stand on the edge
Shifting from foot to foot
Trying to avoid a cut across the forehead,
Another lash upon the back.
I have had them all.

When a thief of time
There is thought in every snap,
There is a desert of uncertain time
Before it is caught, refined.
I plant diamonds by my grave,
Hearing the ticking of the guard's watch.
I chew his rifle butt.
I close my hand on the headsman's blade.

We stand the next morning for the departure,
Not caring to send the sitter regards
That press into the folds of untuned skin.
Water seeks its level
Which is where it gains its strength.
Above the falls, where there can be no recording,
There is a great distance
From the center of the flow.
No reproduction of the cold
That comes through the tissue.

The return from a journey
Is always difficult
Either to pick up or put down.
For the strong-benched ship
No emerald bays protected
For the laying of an anchor
For there is no communication,
No joining of mass
Where time goes without its precision.
The situation left
And the situation returned to
Bear not the same countenance.
The sacrifices made are held
Against the measures.
All men are shipbound
But few dare to kill the albatross.

Par cy me la taille

He puts the line down measured,
For someone other than himself
To run across, and add their pulse
To the dead emotion he has lain
That will last out the weather.
Two spots in time cross,
One taking the other.
Hiding out where no one calls,
The village thief harbors no terrace dreams.
His only high thoughts are of the rope
That will steal around his neck and rob his life,
And of the dogs that will bite at his shoes.
"And what does this mean to you?"
"Well, you know everyone has his opinions,
Whether it is moving along all right for you
Or not, or whether your wife is feeling the effects."
"I don't think I will mind
What he just said, I will be like the wind,
Something that passes away and yet comes back.
But at times it can howl louder
Than the cold-bitten wolf,
With nothing to ascribe
To its discomfort because it does not
Have the human passion,
No one to tell, like the master
Here is where you cut it for me.

Abner Wright



8:15—There is a slow communion In a landscape of red.

Here love is like a rain
Rescuing moisture from a drought.
As the clouds pass,
We need things made of cast-iron
That will stay the fire;
One has to scrub to stay the rust.
A practiced hand
Will press over a flaw in marble.
There will be nights
To watch candles,
But the temperature is getting hot,
The mist is burning.

NEAR PAWLEY'S ISLAND

I

She worked nut-brown, hard
and knew shrimp-men
who brought in the restaurant's dinners.
Caught in the nets of a man,
she could show you a table,
break into teeth
and taut and straight
head to the door again
if customers came.

II

Outside the boats pulled up
and her man and men
nudged each other when tourist women
in midrifts entered her place
for fried food.

III

If he touched her,
if she was touched,
her skin felt like a shrimp shell
and supper was more welcome
when the new young waitress brought it
and maybe stayed to hear how the waves were.

IV

Across marsh grass and down the inlet
a bed holds on to a man and his woman
till the day lets him fish through it again
for the stuff to keep her.

DEAR DEER

Deny doe-eyes, women.
Yet men see the deer and lay the fawn.
It is for you to
walk gentle into love
exit from a meadow for soft woods
holding all hurt in deep brown pupils
bored bottomless with forest pools from pain.
Stand and
catch and
hold
then
bury
bear
return
to the buck of your sorrow
Loving: giving again doe-eyes.



Abern Wright

PRETENSE

I have never been as far away
as when I leashed love to my ankles
and ran it through honeysuckle
dragged it under moonlight
rolling into position to feel right
in the bath
down in the gardens, on any given night.

Little princesses never find the spot
between the eyes
where the true spins out like a
third Socratic cornea
but fancy it pulses from the lips
and the wide firm thighs.
Lies.
It is down in the gardens,
love tears at its leash and moans a little
off into a frenzied search
and choking, beds in roses, weeds
and writhes.



LIVE AT THE MARQUEE

It was his bass, man, that carried the song
Through our gut. That buzz-thump climb
Of flat-wound Rotasounds on a long-
Necked fiddle beating all our time

At once. To our right stood pseudo-choir
Boy, slight bobbing anchor. Man,
His boot-point up-down, his bowl-cut hair
Puckered up front to tease our screams. How can

Anyone's fingers stretch so far to sus-
Pend the blues? In between stood
The silent youngest one who played us
Those 8-bar leads that got in our blood,

Man. We couldn't figure out why he was
So shy, cause he was fine. At
The back was ol' good-time big-nose
Double-cymbal single-snare hi-hat

Hound-dog drummer boy. We knew he loved
Us when he'd shake his head real
Fast and grin so proud that we all believed
In the sight and their sound and our feel.

They played for us, then left the stage for
Good. We stomped and yelled and cried—
But the stage stayed dark. We found the door
And walked out slow with rock-n-roll inside.

PANTOUM

You took my hand
My clothes were disheveled
Like a wrinkle in time
Your eyes were slow and brown

My clothes were disheveled
I turned up my stereo
Your eyes were slow and brown
My foot kept beating time

I turned up my stereo
You couldn't help your asking
My foot kept beating time
You reached and stroked a trace

You couldn't help your asking
My hair was mussed
You reached and stroked my trace
It quivered with memory

My hair was mussed
You took my hand
It quivered with memory
Like a wrinkle in time.

ONE REFLECTION

The moon blows upon the water
In a fast handwriting
And a level avalanche of liquid
Starts at a distant shore,
Wanting to push the panicking scrawl
Under the pier.

The bright script dodges the periodic lines of water
Which patiently, jealously submerge the brilliance,
Only to see the frantic reflection
Gather and reassert itself.

The moon is a compact power on earth
That signs its names upon the waters—
Declaring its presence
And reminding a friend
It is too naïve
To be alone.

LITTLE BOY WITHOUT A SLING SHOT

The face that saw me
Peered through the window
Of a double parked car.
His flattened-round cheeks
Were green where they touched
The tinted glass.
The eyes grew large and then
He squeezed his face into its center,
Like you would crumple paper,
Holding his features in wrinkles.
A green-brown hand crept up beside him
And clamped over the taunting face.
He grabbed the strange expression
And the face unfolded—
To become
A terrifying look of mock surprise.
The same hand flashed in front of his face
And flung that handful of past expression
Toward me,
Hurling me backward
Into puzzlement.



JUNIE, A RECOLLECTION

Aunt Junie? You must know she's gone now,
a rushlight, a black velvet lady. Stars have
winked since she scurried about the house.

My house is fairly fragile here in spring:
a noble house of character, grace, shrubbery;
Aunt Junie always said it had "mystique."

Please have a drink (an icepick, maybe)
and we can touch the cubes with the tips
of our tongues, no Eskimo's delight.

On this merry patio, I have felt the daylight
drown to the silver-footed queen. Junie felt
it too, in the wind, only much earlier.

Aunt Junie lived here when the Westinghouse
would purr like a lazy kitten and the sun
would hold the glitter in animation.

Junie could count the spots on the sun
and tell yarns which ended with "my my";
(oh yes, tipping the scales of exaggeration).

I remember now, the heat of the day
(how my eyes would water so and twinkle),
the cars like boats on a jam-packed lake.

It was a blowy afternoon, one considered
for many days by Aunt Junie, a reunion or
meeting she had said, face to face.

We were four and five and six (pick up sticks)
and being young screamed rhymes of broken
eggs and lonely spiders about the whey.

And all the while we laughed and played
and didn't guess. It was sad, like a
woman sprawled upon a cot, belly-rot.

(But know, she had always said, even a
shadow will not bleed in mud cakes
beneath the mossy-covered clouds.)

One imagines in times as these that mystique
has caught the air. It seems to move
without a wind, to die without a death.

LIGHTNING AND CATACOMBS

I fear lightning and catacombs,
only these. One can be plucked
from wide open spaces, lakes of
wire grass drowning buffalo.

The other shuts one in musty
corridors of canary stone as dead
faces stare. Comfort sets sail to
the wind bringing the tremble, chaos.

Thus lurks the discontent, nauseous
and burning. I like lightning and
catacombs, only these; to be content
at being discontent is frightening.

to m

the candles over our dinner are sputtering.
so are we, y'know?
we're stuttering too.
look how we're trying to say things;
such a battle to say things we hope make sense.
but that's not the problem.
i can remember a time when it didn't matter if
we made sense.
so we didn't usually, but we could,
and not so infrequently.

so how come you're stuttering like that candle?
is the wind blowing you?
and so how come i'm as silent as the dregs in that glass?
god knows i feel like those dregs.
exhausted.
not tired, but exhausted as a worn out fire extinguisher.
like i've shot out my entire contents to feed your fire.
back to the plant for replenishment.
eventually even the best of us have to be fed.

i mean,
we don't go on empty air,
y'know?

i feel as empty as
a child, locked in a dark closet
when the screaming has stopped.

i feel my emptiness as
a child feels with his tongue
the breach of a missing tooth.

when i was a child i was so sad
i did not believe they grew back.

the old woman smell is strongest here
in the windowless, dark-walled hallway
the stairwell, wants a light at midday
the kitchen of forty years baking
the bedroom most of all:
here is a dying smell
a medicine, lavender-handkerchief smell
from the last, long months she lay in the double bed
(half empty, now, these twenty years)
coughing out her life and lungs
far into each night.

the walls of my room are full of ghosts
my light blue, baby-blue, boy-blue room
she wouldn't suffer changed since i was ten.
and i was always ten.
the child's grown jowly in the mirror
his youth's hard stomach's gone fat with the years
but the Babe, still pinstripe-homerun-hero
smiles from the frame on my desk, gift of
my father's strong hands, tight smile through a moustache
gone all my waking days to
the factory where he breathed the fumes and died.
here the smell is faint of alcohol
as the child grew up to her failing health and tears:
so many lonely nights
hiding in his pillow
from Hail Marys whispered through the wall.

but i am going away now,
shutting up the house to must and memories,
leaving you to the rosary beads
of other old women.
and someday i'll return.
perhaps.
to visit your stone and mine;
bringing home a second bride
not so young as the first
when he carried you, teen-aged, big-hipped virgin, in
to both be carried out, forty years slipped by like a day
and perhaps, yet, children
playing in the shadows and dust
will make the walls forget the months of death
and years of dying
they have seen.

Two Poems by Mary White

Snowfall in Dublin

*Figures piled close at the thresholds
watch the darkness, wet and moving.*



Bill Brown

*You wetten and warm
my thoughts—
like cologne on the windowsill
in sun-yellowed Dublin—
for hours
past noon.*

POETIC LICENSE

The place is wrong, you say,
the time one of pessimism
—with an air of beer, not wine—
a stage for another play
than the one you've written.

But places can change
with the closing of an eye;
the opening of another.
Empty rooms seem strange
until, no longer forgotten,
filled with another reality.

And times reflect the mind
of those who must have one day
better than another;
of those who must find
their lives encased in the trappings
of still another reality.

A stage is set for one play,
then another, with no thought
but the writers' different eyes
Yet remains a moldable clay—
colorfully grey and always the same.

—JACK NALES II

THE FIRE FACES

Lit by flames from the dying house,
Nearby auto tires ruptured into flame.
The house was lost before volunteers arrived.

I looked for tearful eyes to identify the owners,
But all the faces looked the same.

Faces lit by fire.

—WADE HAMPTON

LONELY TIPPLER

Another Friday night alone
and everything's dead.
Everyone has a companion
except me.
They are all dancing,
talking and laughing,
and building bonds,
but I am having
an affair with my glass
and become delirious,
not from liquor, but loneliness.

—CHRIS JOHNSON



A VISIT TO EASTLAWN

Electric chimes
hover in the dead, still air
of a bright-hot afternoon

The flat green expanse before me
is broken by random spots of color:
the little brass containers at each site
are full of faded plastic flowers
that fall out continually
in the brief, stiff gusts of wind

Momma bends down
to sweep the sand away from the nameplate
as if she were brushing
pieces of lint from his lapel

Critically she surveys
the red imitation poppies
that Aunt Katherine has brought
she carefully rearranges them

fastening them with wire
like the flower arrangements
she makes at home
to sit on the bureau in the guest room

She hums softly to herself
as she works
at her domestic task

Looking out
I meet the grey, unseeing eyes
of an image of stone
cold marble arms outstretched:
"Come unto me
all who labor and are heavy-laden
and I will give you rest."

I turn away again into
the vivid blue of a Texas summer sky
everlastingly desolate

—SUSAN PARKER



Abner Wright

FROM THE GARDEN

Old woman
bent
over in the garden:
barefoot
on solid
hard-seared ground.

Picking vegetables.

Come up from the garden,
"Daughter, wash these for me please."

They go into brown paper sacks—
Tomorrow she will give them to Cousin Jane,
Old Mrs. Wilson, the cleaning lady.

A look inside:
string beans, red tomatoes, prickly cucumbers, green peppers.
A whole bag full.

Old woman leaning
over
vines in the garden,
feet hit hard
on the bottom,
this gravelly ground.

Bending—
Sacks: thrust forth the earth
and hanging
plump
as tomatoes

from the vine.
Not as firm as fresh-picked
but
ripe with age nonetheless.

Harvested by the old man who plants
the garden
year in and year out.

So carefully looked after

every day

though no one would know it
unless they caught him on his knees, early spring,
feathering rich brown dirt through his fingers.
Or summer evenings, after short, heavy rains—
come up from the garden
caked clay dirt
clinging to the soles of his sturdy work shoes.

Come up from the garden: clinging: old man and woman.

walking up the hill—
stamping his feet outside just before entering
the same as the year before and the one before that and . . .
even then silent

and then entering without a word.
Old and silent and even then clinging:
clinging.

—SUE ELLEN FARMER

COLD

Yesterday the cold
shocked the grass into straw.

From now on, squeezing a woman
can mean you're looking out

for her welfare. I stand here
at the frost's edge, raising objections,

my head a full book of tickets
from the local fair.

— MARK LEUCHTENBERGER

OPINION

FICTION

by Al Fitzgerald

Thomas Hudson, a painter from the States, awaits the arrival of his three sons. He is living now in the low house on the high hill back from the white beach. It is just up the coral-shell drive from the docks, nestled in low under the wind. It is a good house and strong.

Hudson is waiting for his sons. His boys come with the Caribbean summer. Neither the mother of the oldest one nor the mother of the other two will come with them. Thomas Hudson has learned to live with the loneliness. A man has his work and, for a while, he has his three sons and, if he is truly a man, he can plan his life around those good hard things and the loneliness will not defeat him.

Ernest Hemingway killed himself with a shotgun on July 2, 1961, leaving behind some 3,000 pages of unpublished work. The unenviable task of editing this mass of material fell largely to his widow and publisher friends. Any posthumous works would have to be assembled from an amorphous legacy.

His editors stated that it was their intention to release nothing "that would risk reduction of the author's stature." A *Moveable Feast*, a recounting of Hemingway's Paris days with a brilliant new literary generation (Fitzgerald, Pound, et. al.), received critical approval after its 1964 publication. *Islands In the Stream*, a project which probably occupied the author from 1947 to 1951 before he finally abandoned it, appeared in 1971. The critics were less generous this time.

They were almost unanimously agreed that it was a minor work, and more than a few thought it Hemingway at his worst. In "Nation" Irving Howe entitled his review "Great Man Going Down." Edmund Wilson criticized its condescending, exhibitionistic tone—surely one of Hemingway's most irritating faults. One

often has the image of a bearded, battered "Papa" pausing for a moment on a sunlit Paris sidewalk, or a smoky Hong Kong wharf, or the darkening expanse of the Serengeti—it doesn't really matter—and wearily tossing a philosophical crumb to his readers.

Islands In the Stream was, in fact, Hemingway's most complete attempt to review the conflicting elements of his own personality. He evidently failed to achieve the proper resolution, as his action in '51 would indicate. In the thinly-disguised figure of Thomas Hudson, Hemingway offers a recapitulation but not an explanation of his own life.

The novel itself is composed of three related novellas. The first, entitled "Bimini," is set on that small group of islands off the Florida coast and concerns a summer-long visit by artist Hudson's three sons. It is a happy time for Thomas Hudson, as it must have been for "Papa"; the long days are spent fishing, diving and learning, after father's fashion, how to be men. The rites of masculinity take many forms, whether the brutal fist fight between Hudson's friend Roger and a loud-mouthed stranger, or the epic battle between one of the boys and a swordfish, or the simple fact of Hudson's loneliness, conquered with hard work and liberal amounts of alcohol. Hudson's self-conscious martyrdom is occasionally affecting, often laughable. His sons, of course, adore him.

In a conversation between Hudson and his oldest son, Tom, Hemingway's own experiences in Paris are related once again. Tom asks his father if he remembers "Mr. Pound" or "Mr. Joyce" or "Mr. Ford" (Madox Ford). Not only does he remember them, he remembers everything about the city of Paris. A street map might be useful here.

Despite its faults, "Bimini" is partially

redeemed by a certain cinematic charm. (The chief merit of the recent film adaptation was, accordingly, the sheer beauty of the Caribbean scenery.) Some of its episodes are not without interest. The struggle between Hudson's son David and the swordfish, reminiscent of *The Old Man and the Sea*, is effectively told, if overly long. The section's resolution, the death of two of the boys shortly after they leave the island, derives its power from the author's terse style; it comes as almost an afterthought. The tragic conclusion is not, however, taken from Hemingway's real life. But death is a subject to which Hudson-Hemingway was inexorably drawn (as Wilson pointed out) and it is just the trick to cap his silent despair.

"Cuba" and "At Sea" pick up Hudson's story during the war. We find that Hudson's remaining son has been killed in action. Hudson is engaged in hunting down German U-boats in his own small vessel; Havana is his port of call. These segments are also based on autobiographical material. Hemingway did, in fact, equip his own fishing boat, the *Pilar*, for antisubmarine action in World War II.

"Cuba," which relates the on-shore existence of Hudson and his crew, is largely an exploration of boredom, a concept it conveys rather well. Hudson's capacity for self-pity is, if it is possible, even greater here. In the most infantile scene, he imagines himself loved only by a pet cat named Boise. Later in the section, however, Hudson's first wife (recognizable as Hemingway's life-long friend Marlene Dietrich) drops by, eagerly makes love with him, and just as quickly leaves. The reasons for their separation are never adequately explained; the quality of their brief liaison is only murkily developed. The episode is included, it would seem, to remind us that Hudson is still an attractive man.

"At Sea" is easily the most effective part of *Islands In the Stream*. In it, Hudson and his motley crew pursue a Nazi sub over the open sea, between islands, through treacherous channels and mangrove swamps. As one critic observed, Hemingway was at his best describing men in action; this section could stand on its own.

The claims of vanity, pride and ambition were complementary ones for Ernest

Hemingway. In a rash but forceful pronouncement, he once claimed he was out "to knock Mr. Shakespeare on his ass." Much of his work has this blunt forcefulness. His life exemplified the same qualities.

Islands In the Stream is a deeply flawed novel. Yet most of the critics who assailed it acknowledged that it was, nevertheless, the work of a master. If the author had been alive to do his own editing, it might

have been a good novel, though hardly a major one.

Despite the rather low standard of his last published work (and he, it must be conceded, would have been fearfully displeased with it), Ernest Hemingway remains for many the most recognizable name in modern American literature and a towering influence over each new generation of writers.

FOCUS

by Laura Elliott

The Wake Forest Artist Series had its beginnings on the old campus, under the direction of librarian Carlton West. In its purpose and philosophy, the series was not primarily entertainment. Instead, it was specifically designed to be a vibrant part of our liberal arts education, particularly before our own fine arts department began to flourish.

Beginning under the direction of Charles Allen, the series has traditionally been organized in four year cycles to provide exposure to the best artists in all fields of the performing arts for the student during his four years at Wake Forest. To reach this goal, programs have been extremely diversified, ranging from the traditional orchestras and soloists to the less familiar chamber and dance groups. Within these cycles, students have been able to easily taste many varying cultures and arts.

This year the Artists Series has come under the direction of Dr. William Ray, a 1966 graduate of Wake Forest and recent editor of Wake Forest Publications. Ray received his doctorate in English from Chapel Hill, and before returning to Wake Forest, taught English at the University of New Orleans and Memphis State. How-

ever, Ray began his career at Wake Forest as a music major and directed church choirs and played organ for several churches while at Wake Forest, Chapel Hill, and Memphis State. Ray returned to Wake Forest in 1975, and with this particular experience and background was eventually asked to take over the management of the Artist Series.

This year's season is a promising one. The programs include violinist Itzak Perlman; the Milwaukee Symphony; flutist Ransom Wilson; guitarist Christopher Parkening; opera singers Warfield and McCracken; and pianist Philippe Entremont. In addition this season has six concerts rather than the usual five.

The remaining concerts for this year should prove to be exciting.

This will be Christopher Parkening's third appearance at Wake Forest when he performs February 21. The young Parkening is one of the leading classical guitar virtuosos in America and first commanded national attention while still in his teens. According to Ray, Parkening will probably be one of the most exciting and interesting of the performers for students.

The operatic husband and wife team of James McCracken and Sandra Warfield

will perform March 21. Both very successful opera singers, the tenor and mezzo-soprano should give a particularly interesting and unique recital together.

Always containing a pianist in the season, the Artist Series will present Philippe Entremont for the third time at Wake Forest. Entremont first appeared as a teenager on the old campus. Also a conductor and recipient of many awards, Entremont has played with most of the major orchestras in the United States and Europe.

According to Dr. Charles Allen, former director of the Artist Series, a liberal arts institution "teaches you to appreciate the living you learn to make. It is understanding things, yourself and life, and gives you the background which will become the pegs in your philosophic mill." And as an integral part of our liberal arts curriculum, the Artist Series does just that. It is hoped, as this year's season includes singularly excellent performers, books will be laid aside on performance nights for a different kind of education—one told from the hearts of the performing artist.

FORUM

by Bill Roebuck

Beyond the uncertainty bred by liberal arts education and youthfulness in general, there is a deeper, gnawing uncertainty that strikes young people today. The young person educated in the West

today sees that many of the myths (the very basic and normally unquestioned assumptions upon which people construct their lives and civilization) which have made Western civilization "great" (pow-

erful, dominant) have been cracked as a result of radical disenchantment, or have been modified, and as such have weakened the traditional, collective myths. Both the arts and sciences, as

mirrors of society, have experienced radical transformations. Let us consider briefly the discipline of science. Both its claims for infallibility and progress, which are the metaphysical assumptions attached to its methodology have been unmasked and harshly criticized for lurking so long in the shadows. The methodology itself (its knowledge claims or epistemology) has also been seized upon for scrutiny.

As early as mid-nineteenth century the French mathematician Alphonse Cournot developed the theory of "the calculation of probabilities," in which he maintained that even after eliminating consideration of extra-natural forces, there was evidence of unpredictable and uncontrollable forces in the material world. The element of uncertainty entered uninvited into the scientific method. In a similar vein, the English scientist, Robert Brown, in 1827, discovered the "Brownian movement," the random, unpredictable movements of molecules, as well as larger particles and even animals, which could not be pre-determined but only charted. The work of Cournot and Brown has cast doubt on the validity of the claims made for the scientific method as a tool for absolute accurate knowledge of the physical world.

In the twentieth century, quantum physics, led by Werner Heisenberg, further undermined the validity of science's knowledge claims of the physical universe and weakened the validity of applications of science to philosophical or theological considerations. As Bertrand

Russell said in his book, *The Scientific Outlook*, published in 1931, "It is this quasi-religious aspect of science which appears to be succumbing to the assaults of skepticism," which is to say, physics, which is the fundamental science, is undermining the whole structure of applied reason and (is) presenting us with a world of unreal fantastic dreams in the place of the Newtonian order and solidity." Despite both its admitted epistemological and metaphysical shortcomings, Russell maintained a pragmatic faith in science—it works, so use it.

But the situation since 1931 has changed drastically. In view of Hitler and the "scientific" extermination of six million Jews, Hiroshima and the now ever-present possibility of nuclear holocaust, the development of nuclear energy as a primary fuel source and the corresponding resistance to such development from all segments of society, scientific included, and the spectacle of "disinterested" scientists creating evermore destructive weapons for the Asian slaughter, in view of such dangers, that daily appear in new forms, Russell's casual pragmatic faith in science seems a little naive.

More recent books like Thomas Kuhn's *The Structure of Scientific Revolutions* and Floyd Matson's *The Broken Image*, through careful study of the history of science, have proceeded much further with the unmasking of the scientific mythos. Along with an already large and growing volume of literature on the crisis in science, seen from a variety of perspectives,

these authors have popularized the crisis in the academic community and have given it enough credibility to cause a debate between science and its various critics, some of whom are scientists themselves. The range of issues is wide, varying from the highly theoretical to local citizens' protests.

The results of this upheaval are of central importance. Besides reflecting the basic intellectual heritage of the West, science has influenced this culture's thought, art, and politics. For example, scientific technology has given the United States the highest standard of living in the world, and the most powerful weapons system known to man to protect that standard. Science has become an overwhelming influence in politics. The uncertainty of the scientific community is translated into the political community without much delay.

The student, as he has been powerfully affected by the scientific "certainties" of the past, is being and will continue to be affected by the present uncertainties of science. The scientist is being forced to look up from the microscope, away from the telescope, to get off the podium, and take a good look at the "new world" he's helped to create. Students have already been getting a good look at this "new world," and it's no wonder really that so many are turning to the more narrow, secure world of business and professional education.

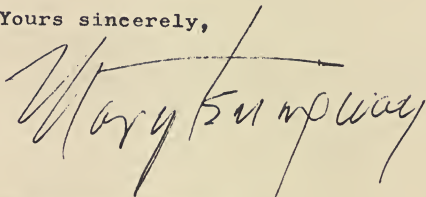
Dear Miss Farmer -

From a cursory flip-through, your magazine, The Student looks to me both more serious and more sophisticated than I would expect from a university publication.

As I said on the telephone, I expect to be at my flat in New York from Oct. 7 until Oct. 11, when I have to go to Frankfurt, Germany. And again in New York from Oct. 20, approx. throughout the autumn, with some short trips out of town. You have my number here. Call me at either place if you wish to confirm anything further. I have to make a couple of speeches in Chicago on Oct. 4 and 5th; but will be here until Oct. 1st.

To save time, I should appreciate it if whoever comes to interview me in NYC would have read my book.

Yours sincerely,

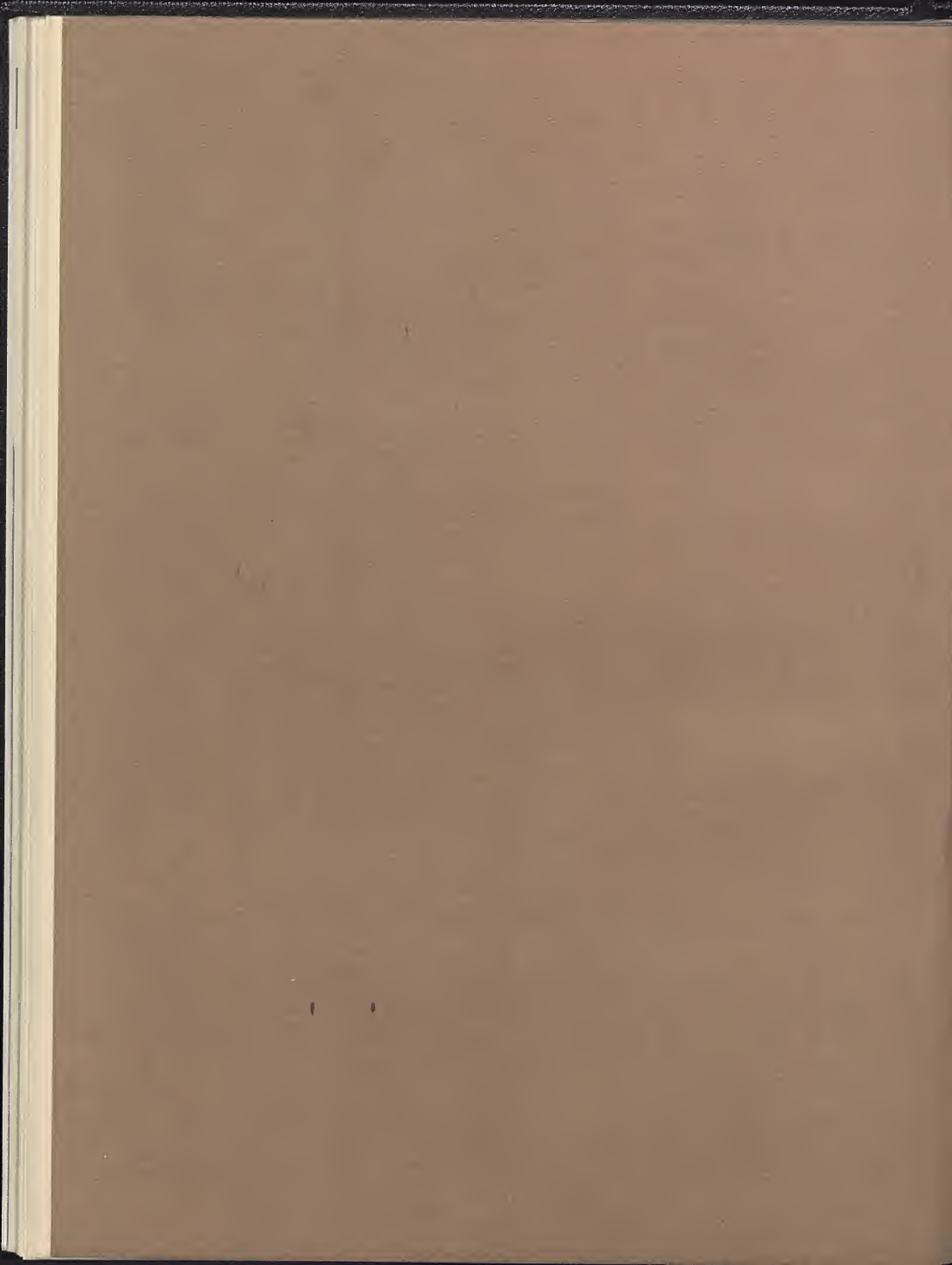


The editors of *The Student* wish to express their gratitude to the following people who were invaluable in the production of this magazine:

Jack Hemingway
Bill and Bunny Horne
Charles Scribner, Jr.
Dr. Carlos Baker
Bill Rivell

We especially would like to thank Mrs. Alice Hunt Sokoloff for her efforts and advice which provided the impetus without which this project would have remained a mere conception. We are grateful to Hadley Hemingway Mowrer and Mary Welsh Hemingway for allowing us interviews and particularly for their kindness and cooperation. We also recognize former editor George Mewborn and our advisor, Dr. Lee Potter for their support and encouragement.

Sue Ellen Farmer
Mark Leuchtenberger
Mary McNeil
Ruth Zultner





The Student

Spring 1978





The Student

Spring 1978

EDITOR

Sue Ellen Farmer

ASSOCIATE EDITOR

Mark Leuchtenberger
Ruth Zultner

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Mary McNeil

STAFF

Robin Byrd
Susan Parker
Ruth DeLapp
Wade Hampton
Jay Johnson
Kennie Liverman
Cindee Moore
Julia Myers
Jack Nales
Doug Norton
Lyn Tribble
Betsy Wakefield
Alyce Woody

PHOTO CREDITS

Cover photo by
Mary White
Bruce Cameron: 14
Beth Edwards: 2, 6
Andrea Epting: 25
Bruce Hopkins: 15
Betsy Wakefield: 20
Mary White: 18, 22, 23

FICTION

Wingo's Service Station	Elizabeth Russell Wakefield	3
The Toolshed	Sammy Post	7
The Twenty-Second Person	Tommie O'Toole	10
Lost and Gone Forever	Doug Smoot	17
The Party Life	Joe Santi	21
The Attraction of Mushrooms	John M. Benenati	25

POETRY

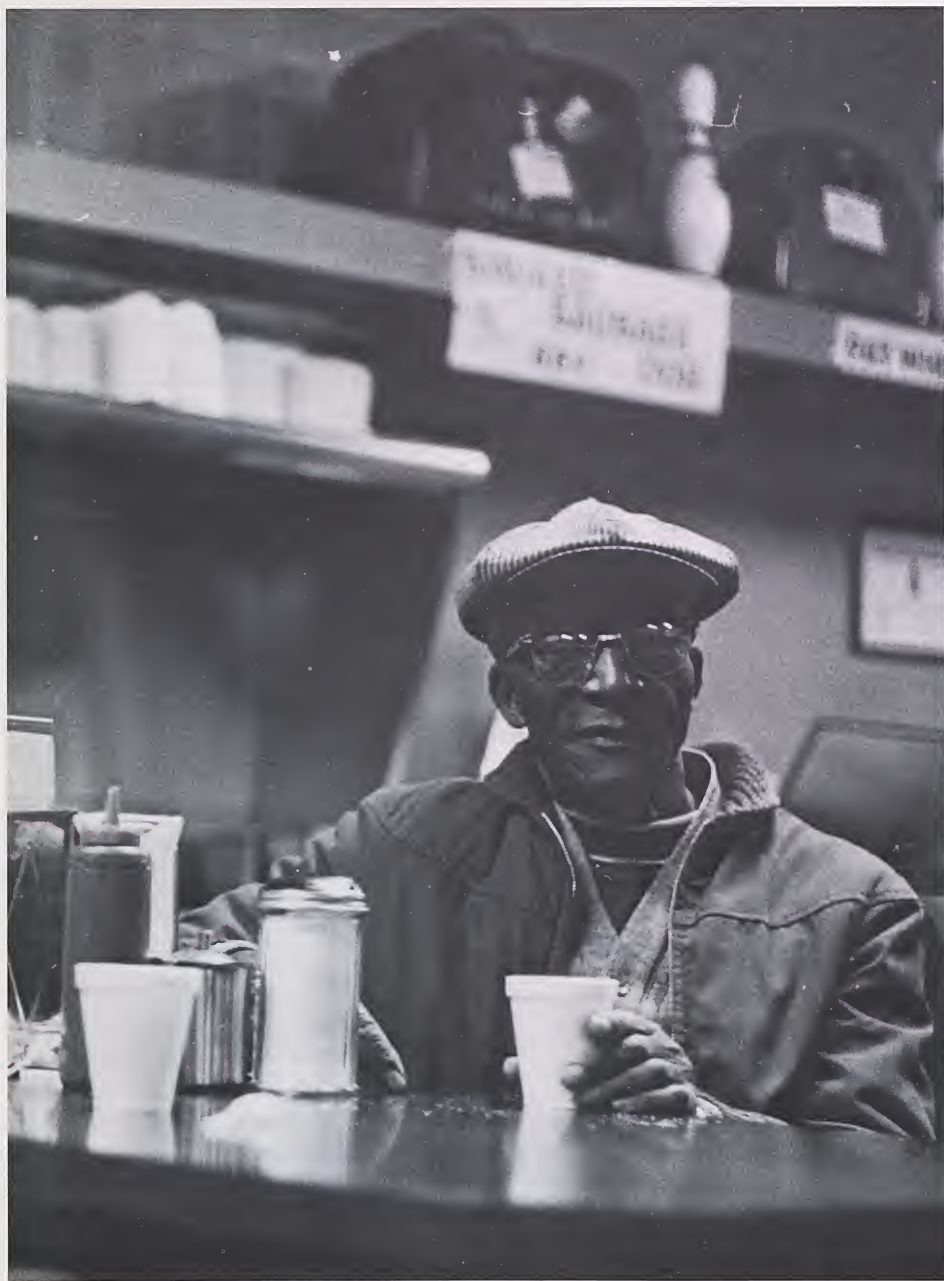
Wade Hampton	4, 5
Allison Biggs	5
Kenneth Pritchard	5
Amy James	6
Mark Leuchtenberger	8, 9
Tom Albritton	13
Jack Nales II	14
Jackson Marshall	15
Erik Lounsbury	16
Stephanie Coleman	18
Doug Smoot	19, 22
Brian Marshall	19
John Marrk	20
Sammy Post	23
Woody White	24, 31

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

32

The Student is published two times per academic year by the students of Wake Forest University with funds provided by the University. It is a non-profit organization existing by and for the Wake Forest community. Contributions may be submitted at the magazine's offices in Room 224, Reynolda Hall, or mailed to P.O. Box 7247, Reynolda Station, Winston-Salem, N.C. 27109. Opinions expressed herein do not necessarily reflect those of the editors. *The Student* is printed by Meredith-Webb Printing Company, Inc. of Burlington, N.C.

The editors of *The Student* wish to express special thanks to the Board of Trustees for their support of the magazine. We also recognize the Student Government Appropriations and Budget Committee for their assistance in making this issue possible.



Wingo's Ser. Sta.

Elizabeth Russell Wakefield

Noah walked slow because he didn't like the choking orange mist in his eyes and mouth. The path was so dry that when unnoticed trucks sped by, they coated his skinny black legs with a peach colored film. He picked at a splinter in the flatside of his palm and then spit into the cup of his hand, making a paste of his own saliva and the South Carolina soil to rub into the wound. He looked at it again with a shrug and wiped the elixer from his hand to his shorts. A voice in the back of a truck erupted from the buzz building in the distance and Noah raised his eyes through the dust-filled rush of air to acknowledge the shout.

It struck him on the shoulder, and his knees gave way in sudden shock as the two men in the fruit truck ahead collapsed in laughter. The first feeling was of pain and, then, of jubilant discovery. The watermelon lay beside him, broken and orange-dirty, but, perhaps edible, he thought. He turned the ruined fruit over and sunk his fingers into the gritty pink. His upper lip curled to a sneer, and he looked with disgust down the now quiet road as he held the trash-covered watermelon that dripped in defeat. Resting it carefully beside the path, he whined, "Why ain't you whole? I wished you was whole."

Noah ran the last stretch, and he reached Wingo's long before he was supposed to start. "What are you doin' here so early for, boy?" Wingo called from inside the station. "It ain't but quarter t'eight yet."

"Yassir. I knowed dat," Noah said.

"Well, I'm fixin' to go run this can of gas to Mr. Fields down towards Paxville. D'you reckon you can run these pumps whilst I'm gone? I won't be too long."

"Yassir," Noah said as he ran along behind Wingo who swung the can into the back of the truck. "I'll do a very good job, Mr. Wingo. I'll keep it straight for ya."

Wingo winked at the boy like he knew there wouldn't be anybody to come by at that hour of the morning. He had a smile that looked more like the angry mouth of a horse. He raised his upper lip and displayed the permanent tobacco coating on his teeth. It was most definitely a smile, though, and Noah laughed in return to show the man he felt at home. Wingo slid onto the seat, cocking his head and brushing the hair that stood out like shrunberry under his cap across the cabin roof. He wasn't an old man; he just moved like one. He liked to say he was kin to his grandfather—he inherited his old bones. His awkwardness confused Noah, and the boy's emotions clicked back and forth from pity to esteem. The exhaust blew warm on Noah's bare feet, and Wingo's truck pulled away from the boy standing alone by the pumps.

At once he felt mature and capable, and his face attempted to wrinkle in concern and responsibility. He wandered into the station, headed straight for the cash register, and leaned his elbow upon it. He stuck out his lower jaw and looked through the dirty window at the stark spread of concrete that seemed to demand order and stability from all the other parts of the station. He looked out at the pumps and down, across his shoulder, at the machine that carried the money and scoffed as if a contest had begun.

Time took its own time as Noah waited to display his compe-

tence. The thought never entered the boy's head that a customer before 9 a.m. would be unusual. He took for granted that duty would be flung in his face and his opportunity to perform would come.

There is a point between expectancy and discouragement that is a customary target for providence. Noah watched as an old but well-kept and hardly used green Ford picked up its left front tire to climb over the curb which the driver, obviously, had thought to be the entrance. It crawled slow as if it were a bulldozer trying to push the concrete past the pumps and the cash register and over the station. Noah felt his arms reach and his legs run, but he did not move yet. He wondered if he should go out and meet the car or linger a moment and have the car wait for him. The phone rang in front of him to further confuse the boy's decision. He lunged for the receiver as out-of-tune and out-of-place notes sang in his head.

The car outside honked, demanding attention as Noah tried to cut off the continuing monologue on the phone with his own voice. He mumbled quick apologetic words and hung up on the caller. At the sound of the door opening, the frightened boy slid off the linoleum floor and started to run across the concrete that was beginning to warm with the day. An extraordinarily tall woman stood up from her seat, directing her violent face at the boy. She took one step toward the figure dashing to meet her and collapsed with the simple twist of an ankle. The impatient, angry expression fell as she did and was destroyed as her face slammed against the curb in front of the pumps.

Her malleable cheeks, as pliant as putty, hung on her face, turning her mouth down so that it neither smiled nor scowled, but dug a sullen scratch into the flesh. Her lips were thin and dry; they looked unaccustomed to speech. She breathed, yet without fervor, and her exhalations were quiet and almost insignificant. Thick and heavy eyeballs bulged behind the eyelids that were now closed. Her forehead was folded, corrugated like folded cardboard—as if she was concentrating on the boy who leaned over her. The top of her head was transparently covered with muffled, milk-white hair that reached out now that the face was asleep.

He dared not touch her. He squatted close by, as still as she. Her anger had scared him, but the expressionless face that lay below him scared him more.

"Oh, Jesus Christ. Woman, don't be dead," he said as the words vibrated between his teeth. He sat upon the curb and was holding his breath without realizing it. He moved to touch her face but drew his quivering fingers back to his knee so slow that it was impossible to notice the motion. His hanging lips grew dry, and he was too afraid to think. "Oh, woman," he said without moving a muscle in his face. He knew not whether the sound came from his voice or from the horn honks lingering in his ears. He pulled his knees up in front of his eyes and pressed his arms into his ribs.

"I'm sorry, missus. I done all this. I knowed it." The warm air felt cold on his arms and legs. He heard cars in the distance, cars in front of the station, cars in the distance. He stared at the cracks below him in the concrete where ugly brown but living plants grew just like on the ground surrounding the station.

Noah lifted his eyes past the woman, and a sudden, unwanted breath was sucked past his teeth, inflating his chest.

"I can't keep it straight like I said I would, Mr. Wingo," he said, addressing his words to the concrete in front of him. "All this is too big for me. Me, I'm whole. But when you get past me, things they gonna start goin' wrong. I can't help it. I can't help it you fell down, old woman. I wished I could keep it together. God damn, I wish the world was like me." He squeezed his toes, smooth and grey from the dust. "I wanta take it all like this. Hold it tight so this won't happen to me."

"Lady," he kept on, "you fallin' down should be 'a cause 'a me, but it ain't. I get to thinkin' that the only things that is 'a cause 'a me is what's a parta me. I'm awful sorry, missus." He was crying. "I can't keep anything but me straight."

A thread of blood drained from the corner of her mouth like a message emerging from a machine. His fingers wanted to touch the blood—but not the cheek of the white woman. "I gotta help you, lady," he spoke, "if I knew what to do. I don't know what." His teeth grabbed at the corner of his lip in undesired discovery. "It is 'a cause 'a me. Knowin' what, that's inside 'a ya. It's my fault I don't know what to do."

His knees unbended, throwing him sideways, and he stepped to stand over the feet of the long body. He put his wet palms around her cracked dry ankles and pulled her backwards in jerks. The work forced a contorted smile onto his face. He stopped to slouch a minute in order to breathe easier and looked down toward the woman he had not watched during the painful tugging. He had dragged her almost out of her dress, and the worn, blue material lay tangled around her shoulders and face. He dropped her feet, and the heels of her shoes hit the pavement in an echoing knock. Noah fell backwards in fear.

"This is a white woman," he began, scolding himself. "I went and drug her outta her clothes." The impulse was there to run. His eyes stuck on her death-white colored legs. The flesh stretched out across the concrete. They were not thin as they should have been. The dress had hidden the ugly, suet-looking thighs. Now he ran. Looking down at the pavement, he plunged into a sprint and left the woman behind.

He stopped. Wingo's truck blasted spasmodic honks that grabbed at his thoughts. Noah ran up to the window and uttered a scream that sounded more like a bark. Wingo flung the door open for him; then, he crawled, whimpering, onto the smooth leather seat. The truck sped on.

Noah sat on the seat, staring at his hands on the dashboard, as Wingo bent over the white woman. He heard the man's call and responded. He melted toward the two figures. He bent his arms and legs to lift her, holding on to the same dry, cold ankles. His eyes focused on a missing button on Wingo's shirt as the man offered quick, comforting, unheard words. The truck sped off.

The boy sat down at the curb by the pumps. He rubbed his foot over the brown stain that had colored the concrete. An unfamiliar blue Chevrolet came from the opposite direction and pulled to a stop upon the little patch of brown grass that had been driven over repeatedly yet still lived. The horn sounded twice, and finally a clean-shaven man with glasses that leaned slightly toward his left ear rolled down the passenger side window. "Well?" he bellowed sarcastically, "do you work here or not?"

"No sir," said Noah.

The man threw the car into gear and accelerated quickly, blowing warm exhaust on the curled, black feet of the bent-over child.

Poetry by Wade Hampton

river bed with dusty breath
a tear hits the dust and gathers itself
 like beading mercury
rolling like the spit of old men
 in dusty streets
prideful of their mercurial spittle
 a vestige of strength

nothing lasts, it seems
a river is not made from spit and tears

so we are tolerated
sometimes sitting at one end
 of an obscenity.

EXODUS (STEPPING UP TO SHAKE THE BARS)

Parting waves
Departing people
No Moses
No more
No
No satisfaction

No fear of experience
 no narrow cage
To limit perception
 and outlook

We swallow the keys
 that can release us
From false satisfaction
 in narrow cages

Ah, the smiling victories
 of ideology.

"Show me the sanctuary
 where I may dwell among you."

I might have sat there forever,
An earnest Buddha whose eyes sear
That immensity until the flesh
Flees the bones.

Apathy is magnetic,
Stimulating as I strain to make it care—
Calculated challenge.

Did it take what I seek?
Muddy Sea thick with privity,
The gray sea-soaked appendages of greatness

Cradled in hellish movement—
Forbidding cessation and penetration
Both. You keep all to yourself.

ALLISON BIGGS

INSECT

His wings zipping furiously,
I lay in the field
And watched his yearning

And when I left him
I stepped carefully
out of the field

So as not to step on perhaps
His one chance for satisfaction.

Our friendship
Torn like an angry dog's bone,
But the bone survives, even when buried,
Lasting well beyond the last flesh.

OIL SPILL

The black fulcrum moves south
wrinkling solid sheets
of water,
that are foiled.

From a punctured boil
viscous pus passes
over the translucent bay,
CATARACT diamonds.
Reef washes and washes the pulp
remains of fish,
tropical rainbows
splintered beneath
thunder,
Blue Mountain storms.

The fulcrum moves south
tightens Jamaica's throat
sponge divers find
oil surfing the waves.
A beach of charred spines.

In London a sheik offers
his Jamaican mistress black petals
in a vase blown from golden sand.

KENNETH PRITCHARD



CENTRIPETAL

Consider the spectrum created
by the sparkling society
that reflects life's destination
in champagne and peanut butter.

AMY JAMES

The Toolshed

by Sammy Post

It was less than an hour before darkness came upon the neighborhood. The girls were playing their last game of hopscotch for the day. The football games were diminishing to the tune of suppertime. All the groups of children were breaking up and going home. Husbands were loosening their ties, mothers cooking.

The sun disappeared quickly behind trees and hills and houses. It was late enough in fall for Sexton's breath to be visible with each deliberate chilling spurt. He amused himself with his power to blow make-believe smoke into the air, and he often exhaled hard, from close distance, into the face of the solid grey cat he was carrying, causing the animal to flinch with discomfort each time.

Sexton was a thick, better than six feet tall seventeen-year-old. Although he had always been the tallest and heaviest boy in his class, the kids had never considered him strong or threatening. He was always one to make fun of, especially his smile, which the bolder kids in school would imitate right to Sexton's face. He smiled constantly and would laugh at anything, including the old joke the kids at school told him day after day, just to see if he would continue to laugh hysterically at the same stale joke. Sexton did not smile wide, but showed lots of teeth, which were crooked and rather unattractive. He only used the middle and left side of his mouth. His lips on the right were always shut. His smile was easily transformed into a high bursting laugh, which perfectly fit his abnormally high voice.

The short length of his black thin hair made his pale face appear longer than it really was. He had moist blue eyes, and seemed, almost in a conscious strain, never to blink.

Sexton held the cat firmly against his chest with both arms as he walked along the way he always walked, his often mocked stride consisting of two distinct motions. He stepped with his right foot, heavily lugging around the right side of his body, and then, having completed half the process, eagerly threw the rest of his frame forward with his left leg. His movement looked methodic, yet awkward to the point of laughable clumsiness, and happy.

He reached his backyard by shortcutting through his backdoor neighbor's yard. Both yards were fairly large, flat, neighborhood yards, and he cut the grass regularly on both of them. He caught a glimpse of the driveway and saw that his father was home a little early from the pharmacy. Supper will be ready soon, he thought, but it doesn't take much time to do what I am going to do.

Instead of going inside, Sexton went into his father's tin toolshed, a small green structure behind his house. This was his family's second toolshed, which was big enough to house the lawnmower, tools, and many useless items which a family simply cannot throw away. The first one, a similar but less substantial wooden shed, Sexton had blown up when he was thirteen years old. People said it was amazing a boy of that age could actually build a bomb that powerful, and it was a real homemade bomb. He knew his parents still did not forgive him for the embarrassment he had caused them. As a matter of fact, they brought it up more often now than they did in the

first year after it happened. Back then they had said to forget it, that it was lucky he did not get hurt, and although it was a damn fool thing to do, he would rid himself of such stupid nonsense when he got older. He certainly had been punished enough for that crime to keep him from doing it again, and in the meantime, you've got to go on living, without dwelling on past mistakes. Sexton often entertained himself by remembering the sound of the blast. It was loud. God *was* it loud. Every son of a bitch in the neighborhood had heard it.

Sexton got a shovel out of the toolshed and went out into the middle of the yard. He found a spot which he knew, thanks to the obstruction of the toolshed, was impossible to be seen from any window in his house. He thought it would be tough digging a hole while he held the cat in his left hand, but it was not there. There were no rocks. The dirt was soft, and he easily forced the shovel in the ground with his left foot. Pinning the cat against his chest with his elbow, he put both hands on the shovel, lifted the earth and grass, and dumped it beside the hole. One good shovel full's enough, he thought. It can't be too deep. He went back to the shed to get the lawnmower, cat in one hand, shovel in the other.

Inside the house, Sexton's mother, an extremely large woman, was crying. She was unconsciously gripping a white dishtowel in her left hand, so fiercely it looked as if she wanted to squeeze through the cloth. Her face was white, her wrinkled eyes red. She frequently grabbed her greying black hair with her other hand, in the same fury with which she held the towel, and then let the hair run through her stiff fingers.

She could not stand still, but constantly moved from one side of the kitchen counter to the other, opposite her husband, a grossly ill-proportioned man, who sat at the breakfast table and glared as though he were trying to put thought into everything he said. A dozen or so sticks of dynamite and a torn brown paper bag sat on the table.

"Calm down. You can't let this ruin you," he said. "Just calm yourself down, for Chrissake."

"Calm down? My God, I can only try so hard. Dynamite. My God, Gene, dynamite."

"Well, frankly, I'm more worried about you. Look at yourself. You're a wreck. Just get a hold of your goddam self for a minute."

"How? Just tell me how. I've done everything I know how to do. There's something terrible wrong with that boy." She took a handful of hair with all her strength.

"Well, it's obvious, perfectly obvious now, that we've got to do something about him," he said.

"He could blow up the house." She was crying harder. "Or the business, or worse, somebody else. It's unbelievable, unbelievable."

"Nothing's gonna happen. You found the stuff. You found God for that. Thank God we're lucky enough to have found it before he used it."

"Oh, thank you, God. Thank you, thank you, thank you. I've found my son's dynamite, his little toy. Thank you so much. Now I can teach him. I'll tell him dynamite is not a toy. Dynamite is very, very dangerous. You shouldn't play with this. Oh,

no, this is very, very dangerous. He'll learn. He's just a boy."

"Oh, shut-up," he said.

She cried harder, so hard it made it impossible for her to talk.

"We'll call somebody," he said. "I'll call a goddam psychiatrist and get somebody to come get the boy. We're awfully damn lucky he hasn't blown anything up with that stuff."

"He's dangerous," she struggled to say while crying. "He is dangerous."

The ten-year-old daughter entered the room. She had long brown hair and wore her brown sweater with all the buttons buttoned, the way she best liked to wear it. The deep brown color accented her eyes.

"What's wrong?" she got up the courage to ask. She had seen her crying mother and felt as if she were going to cry also. Then she saw the dynamite and asked, "What's that for?"

"Nothing," her father said quickly and forcefully. "Go up stairs until we call you for supper. We're talking."

"Is it Sexton's?"

"Go now, dammit. I said go!"

Her lips quivered and she could not talk as she left the room. Her crying could be heard as she ran down the hall and up the stairs. Even after her door slammed shut, her crying was faintly heard in the kitchen.

Sexton had the lawnmower in position about five feet in front of the hole, but he was going to wait until the last minute to start it. He did not want to be stopped. He had started the mower earlier in the afternoon to make sure it would start

quickly. He petted the cat gently with one hand and set it down into the hole with the other. The cat squirmed as he started to throw dirt into the hole. Getting to his knees and gripping the cat tightly, he filled the hole with dirt, his hand still immersed, the cat's head above the surface. He then pulled out his hand and immediately refilled the space with dirt, packing it firmly. With two knees and two hands boxed around the cat, he made the earth as hard as he could, leaving the cat helpless and crying, with only a small grey head, largely consisting of eyes and ears, showing above the ground.

Sexton's breaths were making quick dense puffs in the cold air. He would have needed a jacket had he not been so excited, but his short-sleeved shirt, at that joyous moment, left him at no loss for warmth.

The mower started with Sexton's second tug at the rope. He acted quickly. He did not want anyone to see what he was doing and stop him. He was going to do it, *then* they could see what he had done. But nobody was going to keep him from doing it.

The sound of the started motor drowned the crying of the cat. He pointed the mower at the cat and walked loosely, laughing.

The sound of the blades hitting the head of the cat was no different than if they had hit a rock; and what surprised Sexton, surprisingly enough to make his laughing momentarily cease, was that the debris sent flying was so sparse that it was virtually unnoticed; and it was over. He could not do it again and take a closer look.

Mark Leuchtenberger

SOUTH FLORIDA

In south Florida the herons nest
in empty lots, and stand

stirling among the broken bottle glass,
whiter than the dead white papers

that the wind wraps around the weeds.

Their eyes, obsidian sharp,
are for slicing through vagueness,

scoping the stretch of muddy salt wash
bounded by a snaking neck

in search of silverquick scaly glint.

But the jerking pupils, still flicking,
plunging in rhythm with the sudden flash

of some killie school, strike the still glare
in green glass pieces and shiny poptops,

glancing off quickly like a blunt stiletto.

There is too much definition here
among the splinters; the stabbing eyes search

for softness to rest their sharpness on,
but meet only glazed constancy;

enough to kill appetite and imagination.

That afternoon, as the heron pair
hovered crazily in the sun,

I saw the bulldozer
grind their nest

into the salt and pepper sand.

For an instant the earth
around the eggs blurred,

even assuming grey depth,
before the sun baked the surface

glossy as the metal and glass.

Mark Leuchtenberger is the winner of the 1978
American Academy of Poets Prize at Wake Forest University.

FROM A VENICE JOURNAL—

Looking for a sign,
something old under Italian sun,
silently, slowly exploding
downward— into green Venetian waters,
the explosive; something
that wrote the book on itself
and writes it centuries later,
through red clay tiles
lay softening
in warm sunny fog:
I want something hard and fast,
like pilings of ancient oak and larch,
deep beyond fathoming in Adriatic mud,
feeding on the salt that grinds away the manmade,
cells turning to stone in the darkness,
self-renewing through the centuries;
something to stand through the scruffing
of time and lice-ridden pigeons
that scabble for footholds on smooth sides,
bleaching the ledges like living dust,
leaching the stone at the edges;
like a great whale with its leeches,
something to bleed through the ages
with blood to spare.

Inside foggy alleys light coagulates,
slipping down crumbling brick,
rearing up on curving cobblestones:
each is shining like a mountaintop.
I can hear conversations
and cats yowling from garden walls,

the lazyroll and whine of voices
rambling through each other,
snatching at straws invented,
scampering to secret holes,
alone in pleasing dark;
tearing the flesh of victims
in peaceable fashion,
snarling and smiling
in confrontation;
they worry passing phantoms
endlessly.

On the waterfront at night,
the moorings stand sunken dark
beside the marble bulkhead,
like the last few cattails on the marshes,
spreading into the lagoon.
Maybe I want the water itself,
sliding greenly sullen under bridges,
black at center—
will I wake in lowest winter
with it crowding round my bed?
It laps now halfway up the marble steps,
steps abandoned by the gondolas;
the gondoliers leap from dock to boat,
and take their passengers elsewhere.
I wait by the water
like the squire in Giorgione's *Tempesta*:
having felt the lightning flash,
I listen for the thunderclap.

The Twenty-Second Person

by Tommie O'Toole

The first shot came through the kitchen window. It punctured Ken's arm and knocked him to the floor. He was in so much pain—squirming across the tile—that he kicked in the door of one of the lower wooden cabinets.

The second and third shots pounded at the side door, mysterious, deadly night callers intruding on our New Year's Eve party.

Then, silence, more frightening than the shots, more ominous than the unknown attackers.

Our first reactions were slow and stilted. The shots had stunned us from drunken stupors like a slap on the face. There were nineteen of us at the party. Eighteen were still awake. One had passed out an hour before. Midnight was still thirty minutes away when the barrage began.

Four of us—Alden, Joe, Doug, and myself—rushed to the kitchen to help Ken. Mary, the hostess, calmly walked in a few moments later. Her quivering voice revealed her true lack of composure.

"Is—is he . . . dead?" she asked.

"No," Alden said. "He's just hit in the arm. Jesus Christ! What's happening?"

A few of the other guys made sure the front, side, and kitchen doors were locked. A few girls cried. My stomach tightened as I left the kitchen in search of my girlfriend. She was sitting silently in the parlor, holding hands with another girl, one which I didn't particularly like, but one who came in handy from time to time.

"Cam." I asked "are you all right?"

She nodded. "I'm so scared. Is Ken hurt?"

"Who? Oh, yeah. It's his arm. Alden's helping him."

I've always been known as one who does not talk about people. But even I have my limits and Alden transcended all of them. I do not like him—never did. We hung around a little in high school. But, then, a lot of people hang around a lot of different people in high school simply because they are THE people to hang around with. Alden had been the trainer on our high school football team. He knew some first aid; that's why I let him help Ken. Otherwise, I would have taken care of him. I was a life guard once.

Alden was big enough to play football. And, God knows, he was mean enough. He had been in plenty of fights. But, he couldn't play ball because he had had one of those operations that a lot of guys have but don't want to talk about . . . the kind you think you know exactly what it is but it's always something different so you never try to make out like you know what it is, even though, chances are you do. I did. But, just because he didn't play football was not enough reason for me to dislike Alden. Abrasive and arrogant, he lived a non-conformist life in total opposition to everything. The last of the 60's hippies. I often told him that the 60's were dead and always would be. He would only laugh and say my southern college had ruined me. It hadn't ruined me, but it had changed me. I used to dress and act a lot like him, or he like me.

Dress, particularly, was one of the things that made me glare behind Alden. At the New Year's eve party, he was wearing old jeans and a black tee shirt with the name of some obscure

rock group emblazoned in sparkles on the front. My corduroy jacket wouldn't have looked right on him at all, even though as soon as I took it off at the beginning of the party he put it on. Cam, for some reason a good friend of his, made him take it off, so he started to sulk and then went into the kitchen to snort cocaine.

While Alden was attending to Ken and I to Cam, Mary's father came downstairs and wanted to know who had thrown the firecrackers, immediately, I ushered him into the kitchen to see Ken.

"Did anyone call the police?" he asked. Then he tried the phone. Nothing. Mary's father was in his mid fifties, a retired farmer, tough, brawny, weathered. An ex-Air Force man.

"Someone turn off the lights—and stay low!" he ordered.

I was too afraid to move from Camilla. She clutched my hand like a baby. We sat silent in the darkness.

"Everybody into the parlor," Mary's father yelled. "Stay low and move slowly."

Alden remained in the kitchen with Ken. Everyone else gathered in the parlor of the aging farm house. Mary lived about a mile from the nearest house on an old, winding, one-lane road, the kind you see in travel magazines from New England. But this wasn't New England and we weren't going anywhere.

Camilla and I stationed ourselves near the big piano which dominated the right wall of the parlor. Camilla was practically underneath. I sat wedged between the piano and the couch, directly in front of a heavy door which led to what Mary called "the other side of the house."

There were two windows in the parlor, one across from me and looking out over the side porch and another on the wall to my right, overlooking the front porch and the narrow driveway leading fifty yards up to the house from the road. To my left was a door which connected the parlor with the dining room. Beyond the dining room was the kitchen. The dining room was dominated by a huge oak table. Earlier, I had noticed a centerpiece of meticulously arranged flowers lying on top of the table. I figured the flowers had come from Mary's garden. But, then I remembered that this was winter and there were probably no flowers around outside. I noticed the flowers because when I first came to the party I entered the house through the side porch door and a cold gust of wind ruffled them and they turned the bottoms of their petals up at me in a very snobbish, disapproving manner.

Next to the door was a window, and in the corner opposite the window and door was a staircase leading to the second floor. Mary's mother was descending those stairs as the fourth and fifth bullets slammed through the dining room window, scattering glass everywhere, and lodging in the wall just above her head.

"Get down!" her husband yelled. Then, in slow motion, she flung herself to the floor, but not before she had bumped into the dining room table. I assume that's what she hit because a few seconds later we heard a loud crash as if she had knocked the centerpiece onto the floor.

Mary's mother crawled quickly into the parlor, her night-

gown fluttering behind her and revealing pale, thick thighs. Noticing that her body was being exposed to us bewildered young people, she stopped abruptly and with trembling hands pulled the night gown tightly around her body. Even the sixth shot failed to shake her hands from their hold on modesty. "For God's sake, will you get over here!" her husband screamed. "But, . . ." she retorted while scampering across the room. I really wanted to laugh but couldn't.

In the kitchen, Ken moaned loudly and in the parlor, George, the one who had passed out, snored contentedly behind the couch. A few of us cursed softly.

"Daddy," Mary asked. "Who are they? What do they want?"
"I don't know, honey."

There were at least two, we conjectured. The shot that hit Ken came from the opposite side of the house than had the others. Maybe there were more than two.

After a few moments, Alden crawled out of the kitchen.

"How's Ken?" someone asked.

"Not bad, but there's a lot of blood."

I cringed and felt sick to my stomach.

"Do you have any guns?" Alden asked Mary's father.

"A shotgun, but it's in the shed."

"We've got to do something," Joe offered. "We can't just sit here."

"What do you expect us to do?" I asked.

"I don't know . . ."

"Stop it," Mary's father interrupted. "Let's just sit here for a few minutes and see what happens. All the doors are locked. They can't very well get in."

"They could shoot their way in," someone said.

"Well, let's not worry about that. If they had wanted to kill us they could have come in the door earlier. Maybe they just want to scare us. They're probably drunk."

"What about Ken?" Joe asked. "Did they want to scare him?"

No one answered.

There were twenty-one of us in the room now, including George. Ken had managed to crawl into the parlor, leaving a trail of blood through the dining room which Mary's cat was exploring, apparently oblivious to all that was going on. I looked around the room, my eyes now accustomed to the absence of light. Twenty one. How odd, I thought. That's my age; although I didn't feel it. Rather, I felt not yet five, a mere child of the darkness, imprisoned with other children and wanting so much to play. But this was no game, and all of a sudden the life which had just this morning seemed so simple was now tangled in a web of mystery, danger and a group of high school friends. I began to wonder why I had even come to this party at all. I no longer knew these people. My old high school crowd. Memories, faded and few, were our only connection. These people who were infesting my life meant nothing to me. Maybe Camilla did . . . a little. Still, I felt an urge to cry out, "I hate you all for doing this to me!" But they hadn't really done anything and it wasn't really their fault, yet somehow in the paranoia of my mind I felt as if they were out to get me. It's the kind of feeling you get when you're standing in a line and people behind you start to laugh and you think they are laughing at you. Only no one was laughing now.

Somewhere above us, a clock bellowed out midnight, startling everyone. A new year . . . no smiles . . . should old acquaintance be forgot . . .

Two more shots crashed into the dining room. A girl near me began to sob. I glared at her. She was despicable. I wanted to tell her to shut the hell up. I wanted to do something.

"This would be a lot easier if you would just come outside," a voice called from the darkness. "Step on the side porch by yourself. We know you're in there."

"At least they're human," Alden said. Most laughed a sigh of relief. I didn't think it was funny.

"What do you want of us?" Mary's father asked.

"We want only one of you and he knows who he is."

The voice was loud, clear, gruff, almost mystical. It couldn't have been more than 100 feet from the house.

"Who do you want?" Mary's father persisted.

"He knows."

Again, silence.

"Does anyone know what he's talking about," Joe asked our somber group. No one answered.

"Don't worry," the voice said. "We won't hurt any of you—only the one we want."

"You've already hit one boy," Mary's father said.

"An accident. He'll be all right."

"Listen," Mary's father began, "I have a short wave radio and I've already called the police."

"That's okay. They'll be on our side."

"Did you really call?" Doug whispered.

"Now don't worry," returned Mary's father.

"But, did you call?"

"Don't worry . . ."

"Daddy," Mary began, "we don't have—"

"Shut up!" he said. "Just be quiet and it will all be over soon."

Again, we sat in silence. Until, after a few moments, Mary's father broke in, "Mary, is there anyone else supposed to be coming to the party?"

"Uh, yes. Yes there is. Chris Spillburg. He said he would probably stop by but he had to go to another party first."

A twenty-second person, I thought, Jim Palmer's number. But you can't trust a Jew.

"You can't depend on him," I said. There was some muffled agreement.

"Maybe—maybe not," Alden countered. "Right now he's all we got. You never know."

His words struck me like a hard jab and I was glad it was dark because I could feel my cheeks blush. I hated him.

"Well, say some prayers he gets here," Mary's father said. I sighed, a bit too loudly.

"Don't you pray?" he asked me.

"Huh? Sure I pray—I guess, as much as anybody else. You can't depend on prayers, either."

Again, a voice from the outside called, "We really don't want to hurt anybody else . . ."

No one answered. We stared across the room at one another. Mary's father shattered the silence with a whisper. "Are you sure nobody knows any reason for this?" Blank faces answered no. Still, for reasons I can't quite explain, I began to search my past for any action which could have prompted this attack. I surely couldn't think of anything I could have done to offend anybody like this. I couldn't think of anything. I knew my limitations—knew my place. I tried to get in no one's way and never overasserted myself. You can assert yourself too much. Then you make enemies and people talk about you.

When I was most absorbed in my past, Alden coughed lightly, drawing my attention. Then, he crawled to the center of the group, casting a cautious glance over the twenty faces.

"Maybe it's me they want," he began. "Last week I got into a fight with some red neck and beat him pretty badly—"

"I saw it," Joe interrupted. "You sure did—and he said he would get you."

"That must be it," I said, almost yelling. "Is there a better explanation?" No one answered. They just looked at me, causing me to ease back a little into the shadows next to the couch. I wanted Alden out. I wanted it so much that I was ready to open the door for him.

"What do we do now?" Mary said to no one in particular.

"Send him out," I said with forced bluntness.

"Are you crazy?" asked Joe.

"Shut up, you son of a bitch," Doug said. And I slid deeper into the shadow.

"No one is going out," Mary's father said. "Maybe Chris will show up."

"I want to," Alden said. "I should."

"No!" everyone yelled.

"Why shouldn't he?" I asked. "Should we all die for one person?"

They stared at me—twenty pairs of unbelieving eyes firing incredulous looks across the gloomy darkness. All against me. I was the only one who thought Alden could go . . . could be the big hero. A hero ain't nothing but a sandwich, anyway. I knew that. He'd die, and in a week or so be forgotten. It happens to all of us. Maybe sometime in the future some high school kids would be drinking beer in the cemetery and find his grave and make a joke or dig up the dirt. Or, maybe somebody would write a song about his tombstone. But nobody would know him or remember him . . . they never do.

"Send him!" I repeated.

"Stop it!" Camilla screamed at me. "Stop it right now."

"Listen," I said to her, "do you want to die because he beat up some goddam redneck?"

"Well, he's not going to die . . ."

"That's not my problem."

"You go to hell!" Camilla hollered. Then, turning, "Alden, you won't go."

But, for some inexplicable reason, some inexplicable compulsion, I persisted. "I'm the only one talking sense. It's logical that he should go—I don't want to die for him!"

"Go to hell, you—you—cricket," Doug said. "That's all you are: a helpless cricket singing a loud song in the dark. That's all you'll ever be."

"Stop it," Mary's father said. "No one's going out." But he was too late. Alden jumped up and ran for the side door. Doug and Joe tried to stop him, but couldn't. Alden broke loose and bolted onto the porch. We heard a shot. Camilla screamed and ran to the window.

"I can't see him," she yelled.

"Get down," Joe said, grabbing her. She was crying. I crawled to her on my hands and knees.

"Cam," I started. She glared and said, "Shut up! I hate you! I hate you! I hate you!" Then she lunged at me. Joe stopped her. I crawled alone to my place near the couch.

Then, there was silence again. We sat still. Only Camilla's low sobs, George's snores and a cat's purrs were audible. Soon, the clock struck one. Shortly afterwards, we heard a familiar voice on the porch.

"Let me in. It's me!"

"Alden!" Camilla yelled. Mary's father opened the door and Alden walked in calmly.

"Are you all right?" Joe asked.

"Sure. I'm fine," he replied with a slight grin. Then, without hesitation, he walked directly over to me and smiled.

"Get up," I rose slowly. He looked directly into my eyes and said, "It's you they want."

I took a slight step back; my left knee gave way. "Me?" I whispered. "Why me? I haven't done anything."

"They want you."

"Wait a minute. You can't send me out there."

"You sent him!" I turned. It was Camilla speaking. I wanted to say that Alden wanted to go, but it wouldn't come out.

"They won't hurt any of us," Alden said. "They want you."

"Who are they?" I asked.

"I don't know."

I looked across the room, avoiding eyes. Even Ken was not standing, his blood-stained shirt clinging to his body and looking pale as death. George still snored. I had no choice. Whoever they were, they wanted me. Damn! I hadn't done anything. Why me? Tears welled in my eyes. I lowered my head so no one could see.

A slight shove from Alden initiated my exodus. No one spoke as I dragged weighted shoes through the twenty people in the parlor. If only that Jew would drive up . . . if only I had prayed.

Ah, neither would have done any good. But, I couldn't resist myself to the fact that in a few moments I might be dead. "Don't send me, please!" I cried.

"They want you," Alden said. "It's too late."

In the dining room I cast a pity-evoking glance over the twenty people—still waiting for the twenty-second person. Glancing at the floor, I saw the remains of the centerpiece . . . the scattered petals. One petal had been knocked all the way to the base of the door and when I finally opened the door to leave, a gust of wind caught the petal and blew it on the porch with me. I stared down at my escort as the lock clicked permanently behind me. Totally unprepared to meet whoever lurked in the darkness, I stood alone, my heart churning like a boat against the current. My bowels loosened and I strained hard, my body weakening at the thought. A jet plane roared indifferently overhead. The stars were shining. I would not see them—I dared not look up—but I could sense their obnoxious twinkling . . . millions of little elves laughing down at me. My eyes watched for any movement, any sign of the intruders. Where's the Jew when you need him?

After an eternal few minutes, I could keep still no longer. "Who are you?" I cried. "What do you want from me? I haven't done anything." Only the crickets answered. I alone stood, detached and helpless. Where was the damn Jew? I so wanted to live. I began to plead with . . . with . . . with God. Then I remembered a time when I was 12 years old and rain was threatening our little league all-star game and I told God that I would be nice to his trees and water his flowers if only he would delay the rain so I could play. He did. And, now, nine years later, I was still looking for my first flower to caress, but it was winter and they were all dead. Maybe God was finally getting me back.

I tried again to speak. The words could be seen on my frosty breath but not heard. No answer. I turned to look at the house. The windows, as far as I could tell, were void of concerned eyes. I was not surprised.

I knew at least that the intruders were human, but then the wind swirled and I envisioned forgotten beasts rising from below the root, nefarious creatures with flaming eyes stalking me for things I never did.

And still no one appeared. I stood with my pride, indeed, my very soul, naked in the dark. Suddenly, in the distance, I heard

a low hum and a pair of headlights sliced the darkness. The Jew. Was the rain to be delayed once again? The car turned up the driveway and I ran to greet it. "Jesus, Chris!" I said. "Am I glad to see you. You don't know what's been going on here. Come inside and I'll tell you the most incredible story. Am I glad to see you."

Chris was quite drunk and could not totally comprehend all that I was saying. I led him by the arm up the porch steps and into the house. All the lights were on and everyone was drinking and talking. The flower centerpiece sat mockingly intact on the table. Alden was pouring a bottle of beer over it. I started toward him and bumped into Ken.

"Ken," I said. "Your arm! It's all right."

"Of course it is. You're drunk."

Startled, I again surveyed the room. The carpet was stained as if someone had spilled something. But no one noticed me. Everyone acted as if nothing had occurred. I began to shiver.

"What did you want to tell me?" Chris broke in.

"Huh—oh, nothing. Forget it." He shrugged and immediately became engulfed by the unknowing others.

I faded slowly backwards, staring around the room in disbelief. A cold breeze wrapped itself around me neck. I raised up on the balls of my feet. Turning, I looked at the dining room window. Most of the glass had been smashed out.

Poetry by Tom Albritton

THE DITCH

The small ditch
still running against
washer sewage;
the crayfish live on
the bottom.
Loose buttons from
Francis' oversized wash
last Friday hang on
green rocks.

I chew gum,
and spit,
just to see the water
wash a part of me
downstream toward the pond.

A LATE NIGHT SKY WITH NO CLOUDS

Diamond water droplets
playing in my sleep
leave the morning.



OF MICE, MEN AND OLD SOCKS

Small Mice
crowd beneath an old sock
with their small slice
of bread,
huddled against the night
from the screech
of Horned Owls

Small mice
burrow into their old sock
with wet, black noses
to the air—
whiskered antennae to defend
against these ghosts
of the night

Small mice
crowd beneath an old sock
from the secret-filled night
of stars;
content with crisp rinds
of half-eaten bread
under their old sock.

—JACK NALES II

Fat Fly

Hot and ready to be eaten,
But not by me for I was beaten.
Little fly with wings so thin
Ate my oatmeal half past ten.

Flying high and round about
This culprit fly sure had no doubt.
For I was gone and oatmeal stayed;
One hungry fly was not afraid.

No time for grace 'cause I stepped near;
He cleaned his hands in constant fear.
Fly fanned it off and had begun,
Eating oatmeal sure was fun.

He ate it all, I know not how;
That famished fly enjoyed my chow.
Then out the door Fat Fly did go,
Flying fast but awfully low.

— JACKSON MARSHALL



WATER AND THE BRIDE

With the crane of his neck
He puts his hand
On the limb
That has been cut off.
The servant,
Kneeling to his right knee
Looks up from behind
The cloak of the great stump.
The elder's deep blue cloak
Is protected by leaves
As the girl dips one foot
In the water,
Watching the light move
Bending to her ankle.
Weary of steps,
The road is lain.
One should drink
Before the dryness and rust.

The day has gone
When lips touched in air charged
And but summer containing,
Maintaining, pushing out
Through atmospheres that breed,
Across the seas of her hair.
There is another scent,
A different lone figure
Traveling out the long maze
To find the grown center
Covered in summer frost.

A rusted fence
Lies by a pile of mud
And fresh cement.
Sometimes the passes
Are full of ice
And advancement
Is knee-behind-hand.
Haven is guiding us,
White Victorian house
In snow on the beach,
Light coming from the windows
To the foot-travelers,
But the road is full
Of ruts and mud.
There is need for
An exit motion.
Two ways shine
Through haze obscured blockage

In the light of
The light of the Father
The light of the child
The light of the mother.
All earth is burning,
Deserts come to flower.
The mighty sit in shade
Where night and day
Come close to each other.

The road takes a valley snake curve
Which the eyes take in
As the act of man
Committing, pushing,
The transfer of weight,
Shutting the vision
Into one of repetition,
The circumstance that is
The sound of atmosphere
Putting on airs,
The smell of rot.

She chases the figure
Until it falls on the sand.
Once the arms have felt
There is no letting go.
Thinking about winter trees
In the wood,
She rubbed her hands
Before the out of season fire,
Robed in saffron,
Crowned in beauty,
She waits for an immortal,
Casting a line in the sun.
I expect to see her
In the old places
But she does not turn up.

Walking among white-washed buildings,
On a night when fog has left
A moisture that makes edges dangerous,
I came upon a man
Bent over a blade
Carving delicate figures.
We deal in things transfigured,
The mark is made in the forming disarray.
Sinking the line will bring things straight.
There will come a time
When he will either slip

With imprecision
And cut off his fingers,
Or unbalanced with age
Fall onto the blade.

The pitcher fell
Into the center of a ring
As the voice of it thudded its way
Out the open window
Onto the wet grass.
The empress has no motion
For her parting lover
Rising out of the waves of the hurt
A ship that passes the rhythm
Of the water stilled on the sand.
Fallen in imitation of a moon
Whose dance is subdued by the hour,
A woman cries her train
Across the horizon of sunrise,
Her white changing, red.
On some pulses past
Time is just around the corner
As the peal is heard
From across the garden.
The bride enters.

1917 MILAN

Above red tile in shade cool
The settling air pushes away waves of heat
Above the August valley.
Action or wound removes the body—
Shake a corpse for the truth:
Love is like death.
The orators are stone-tongued
Speaking from a page
That is a contact away,
Not a feeling on the skin.
Give yourself a chance, a last gasp.
Let the night wind cut the fever.

Knights in white armor
Take care of the hunt.
For a coin and a wish
Two white tigers: one cat
Plays with the hands of a clock
While the other sleeps
Head-on-paws.
A chant is frozen hard.
Children ride the carousel
In the dark.
The war seems far away.

Lost and Gone Forever

by Doug Smoot

It was too cool for a Sunday morning in fall, but then he really didn't complain. The West Virginia mountains were like pines jutting forth from the low lying fog, unwilling to give up their precious hiding place. Cars were on their way to Madison or Logan for Sunday services and later just to look at houses or stop at diners for crackling ham, eggs, toast, marmalade. The sky was a hazy gray and the birds chattered at the haze and then took flight in bunches. Safety in numbers. It was fall and fall was always a cool time, but Sundays always seemed a bit cooler.

His wife was coming back from church and he was waiting for her, sitting on the screened-in porch and watching. He always seemed to be waiting: waiting for his wife, for a phone call, for the check to arrive in the mail, or for the cars to fill up down in the mines and then quitting time. Yes, he must be an unwavering waiter, he thought, one who waits on things that often never come. A purple car passed on the road below like a beetle on a snake's back.

He'd had the dream again. The calm broken by the noise and dust. The blackness filling with screams and rocks from the falling walls. Odorless gases on the tongue. And he'd stood there, frozen, like a blind man. He'd stood there like Samson. (Yes, his own arms pulling down the walls). "Harry, it's only a dream. Don't worry about a silly dream," his wife had said. But he had to worry. It was one of those things that seared his insides clean through and left him with nothing but simmering coals. He remembered a poem he had read before quitting high school. About hollow men. Mines were hollow and still. Just call me Samson, he thought. I've come to cave you in.

Uncle Will would never have given up on his own. He went down in the one a few years back. Twenty-nine miners were lost. Swallowed up. Uncle Will was a very courageous man. He would always stand around with that wide grin on his face, always that grin, and slap Harry's wife on the behind. Then he would laugh and run as she would chase him around the room, giggling. Will was a born miner. One time he had gone to Idaho to see a relative and when he got back everyone asked him how he liked it in Idaho. (Before, Will had never been outside of Logan County). "I couldn't stand it. I got headaches in that flat country." Everyone watched as that slow grin came over his face. He explained, "I need them mountains to lay my eyes against."

The sun was high now above the hollow, burning off the fog. An easy breeze hit the porch where he sat and bounced back into the main stream. Such a depressing day. A cold depressing day. I should talk with her, he thought. He could see her at the church, a little church on Kesler road in Madison. The far end of town. The far end of anyplace, he thought. She'd be dressed in green, sitting intently during the sermon and then afterwards talking with the ladies about pies, bazaars, or PTA. All the important things.

"What do you do all that time?"

"Talk," she had answered.

"Talk?"

"I don't see them very often. It's women talk. I don't get out often. You understand."

"Yes."

"I rarely get a chance to see them."

"I know."

"Betsy and Bob got a new car. Bright red. It really is nice."

"What?"

"The new car. It has all kinds of newfangled gadgets on it."

"I never saw much use." But then he had reflected, I never find much use for anything.

The air made him shiver like a puppy. He thought again of the dream. It really didn't frighten him; he didn't scare too easily. Rather, it made him sad. It made him feel like he had just hit a dog with his car and then couldn't find the owners to tell them how sorry he was or pay them. He could smell the smoke in the dream, taste the dust. His arms would be against the walls, his long locks blowing in the wind from the shaft. It was like the Black Hole of Calcutta, only worse. Oh, my darling; Oh, my darling.

When he was five or six he used to play in the shafts with the other boys and pretend they were secret hiding places. Pirates hiding the gold.

"Boys will be boys, you know," his wife had said when he had confided this to her.

"It was dangerous."

"Harry, you worry too much." Maybe he did. Maybe the pain in his head was an ulcer.

"Yes, we were just boys."

"That's right."

"Just playing. We were really just playing." But men played too. Their games were really not that different.

"What's for dinner?" he had asked to change the subject.

But now he couldn't change the subject. It rose all about him in the guise of the hoary walls of tradition. Who could fight against their fathers and grandfathers and great-grandfathers? The cards were set and Harry knew it, but he had to say something, do something. He felt that life itself was a sort of pathway or tunnel. He was working in a tunnel and at the same time existing in one. Where was the end? The trees, porch, and air, seemed to move in on Harry, surrounding him. He found it hard to breathe.

Uncle Will knew what to do. He would come up to the house and grin and talk of trivial things and yet make them sound important. Harry would complain about his problems and the problems of the world, but Will would just listen and shake his head. "Don't let it bother you, Harry. Things will take care of themselves," Will would say and then they would drink a beer or throw the baseball in the backyard, forgetting the problems of the world. Harry had always felt a silent sense of dread, an animal deep within him struggling to get free. But he lost this anxiety when he was around Will. Will was an inspiration, a George Washington, the cavalry in the night. Yet, Uncle Will was gone now. Dead and buried a hundred feet beneath the rocky ground. Where was his courage now? Harry wondered if he still had that stupid grin on his face.

"Daddy, daddy," he had once asked, "can I be a miner just like you?"

"It's hard work son. Wouldn't you rather be a banker or doctor or lawyer? They do much better than me. You could own two cars and a swimming pool."

"No daddy," he had pouted, tears at his eyes.

"Why do you want to be a miner?"

"Because you are."

"That's not a very good reason."

"Because it's fun, adventurous. It's like the fun house at the fair."

Yes, it was fun. Fun for all and everyone. Fun for you and fun for me. Fun for eternity. But when little Harry became big Harry the fun turned very slowly into fear. And fear sat midway between terror and indifference. Decisions had been made. Papers had been signed. Words had been spoken. They could not be undone and so here he was getting ready for another week. Maybe this week would be the one.

The chilly air surrounded him like a wet blanket. He got tired of waiting and dozed, leaning his head against the swing. The sky seemed to lift the porch from its foundations and set it gently, very gently, into the tunnel. Again, Harry saw the smoke; he felt the dusty draft from the end of the tunnel,

closing and crumbling as he hugged the wall. He saw the faces of friends, and yet he didn't see them. For a long time he seemed to search for some sign: a noise or word, anything.

A car began the winding ascent up the narrow drive to the house. Churches were letting out and people were going to their houses for breakfast or to make pies. The air was warming now that the fog had lifted, revealing the trees and mountain tops. The air was the clear and crisp air of autumn.

His wife had said, "Harry, if you can't take it why don't you quit? Mr. Beasley quit last month. He didn't feel well working down there. They said it was his health. Why don't you just quit?"

"I can't," he had said trying to explain.

"Why not?"

Because, he had thought; because I need something to lean my eyes against.

He slept. And at the end of the tunnel he looked and saw no light.



3/19—3/21 ('76)

We stole some time—

A weekend at the shore

We burned our bodies

while walking across the sand

drank white wine

from plastic motel glasses

dropped quarters

into flashing machines on the boardwalk

tasted the salt

upon each other's skins.

And now it's winter—

I think of you and that time

preserved like a glossy postcard:

HAVING A WONDERFUL TIME,
WISH YOU WERE HERE.

—STEPHANIE COLEMAN

BEAUTY SONGS

She sings beauty songs in May
for birds that chirrup by
morning-glories to water days
of indescribable gray.

Sunshine colors eyes to sleep:
(she curls about the willow
baldachin, ringing in that
nowhere scheme like cats).

Granted, the envy exists; but
she doesn't let on and runs
the risk, trilling beauty songs
to sweet Williams until June.

THE BLUE WOMAN

The blue woman
was spitting arrows,
living on sorrowed time:
time finagled from the sun.

(give me a laugh
to cling to, a song
to sing to with preludes
and red rhymes. It

was easy to laugh
then; I could have
laughed all two
thousand years.)

The dead are without
pity in the land
of the living, haven
of blue women.

Tiny flowers in the
desert have thorns
that get under the
skin of blue women.

She is not fond of the
lidless eyes at the fire
dance but she continues
spitting arrows at the sun.

third from the left
a she, a her, a face,
a fantasy

just a someone
whose august eyes draw magnetic lines
from an old smokey photograph,
eroded by the wear of wishes
and forgotten, night-long fancies.

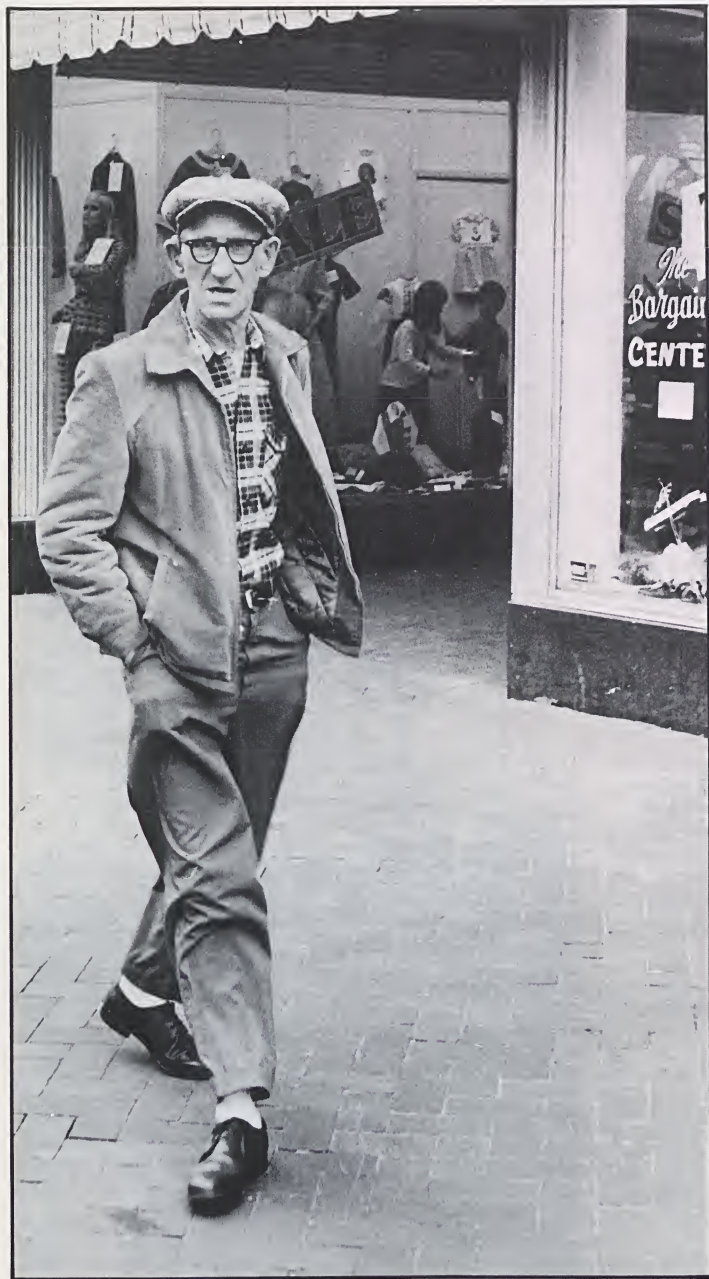
a skin so well textured
to the caress of a light hand
a proud beauty set in high cheekbones
a sun-stained goddess
tumbling in boyish hope. . .

of embraces in drunken sleep
the invisible words passed between
the seductive darkness
and the weight of her head on his chest.
the depth and tone of her whispering love
in his ears.

all this denied by the one significant smile
in the only photograph. . .

she is so perfect and so nameless
just a person in a picture—
so inaccessible and impossible
unconcerned with the windy stare
of an unknown love
second row, far right.

—BRIAN MARSHALL



WALKING

I dream
Not of meadows
But long dusty roads,
Ground of worn shoes,
Hobo strangers
With vagabond loads,
Wounding crooked line
That passes
Past towns
Past people
Molded track of
Broken glass,
Crumbled rock,
And promises
Eternal.

— JOHN MARRK

The Party Life

by Joe Santi

There was a crush, I remember, it was just this crush of people—old alumni, profs, students, the cast, people's parents—everyone. I remember we trooped through the woods on the north end of the campus. It was dark and cold and you couldn't see anything. We all had little brambles and burrs stuck on our socks and in our shoes when we got there. Right after the show was over—it was the last show of the season—we all headed for that cast party.

It was at the director's house. He has quite a spread. It's this real modern multi-level thing that looks like it belongs in the Alps or somewhere. Inside it's all white with op-art paintings on all the walls—chrome frames and bright colors. The lights were in little panels and on tracks like in a museum.

He served us everything. There were about ten kinds of cheese and a big bowl full of crackers and platters of dark bread. There was a metal tureen full of red punch with a kick. The director added the kick two bottles at a time. There were thick slices of salami and about three baked hams and more came out later. He had hot popcorn—his kids made it right before we arrived—it was warm and buttery. And there were pretzels and chips and dip and music that blasted from two ten foot speakers mounted on the wall just behind the chow table in the far end of the living room.

I dove in because I was starved and soaked up about a glass and a half of punch before I carried my paper plate to a little spot I picked out near the fireplace. Everything was just delicious.

More people kept arriving and soon there were no places left to sit and then nowhere to stand. I gave my place to a cute girl who had played the maid in the show. I remembered her looking better than ever that night.

I leaned against the wall and in a few minutes I was pushed into a corner by the crush. I just sat on the floor. I was stuck behind a lamp table and a metal magazine rack and decided I might as well crouch down so I did and finished off my plate and the rest of the punch.

The music really kicked up when the theatre's resident D.J. finally showed. Mike was his name, I remember. I called to him but he headed straight for the stereo and started taking requests. He had stacks and stacks of albums and he brought the loudest and the fastest to the party that night. I didn't dance very well then, so I just sat back. I want to tell you, it was something. The music and the people talking, the girls moving back and forth while they danced (I had a unique angle on the whole thing), put that together with the kinky punch and I can tell you, it was quite a show.

Somebody else got up to dance. It was the maid. She left her glass of punch and never came back to it. I finished it for her. "Her lips touched here," I thought. Sick.

The director made a little speech. It was kind of detached—that was usual for him but everyone applauded because it was his food after all. He stepped down off the chair he was using for a soapbox and the music started again and everybody was back to dancing and yelling. But I decided, I don't know why, just to keep my eye on him, to follow him

through the crowd. Maybe it was a challenge. My eyes were beginning to go out of focus. Maybe I wanted to see if I was still sober, if I could concentrate on something.

I saw him refuse one of the girls a dance and I saw him discuss, with his wife, the footprints he had left on the chair. She seemed rather hot about it too. I didn't hear them but I guess that's what she said because he looked like he didn't know what to say and she went right over to the chair with a rag and wiped it off.

Then one of his daughters caught him on the leg and said something. He shook his head and pointed her out of the room. I guess it was her bedtime. Then he went into the kitchen and I looked for someone else to watch.

The fifty or so people dancing were no fun and neither was the couple necking in the corner. In fact, they were kind of depressing. "Everyone's having a time but me." I always felt sorry for myself.

Now I wanted to get out of the corner and maybe ask someone to dance or just talk to someone. But the lamp table was too great an obstacle. There were all these little figurines from the theatre's production of *The Glass Menagerie* on it and I was sure that if I got up I'd knock them over and break one and it wasn't worth the embarrassment. So I stayed.

I picked a few crumbs off the paper plate and noticed that the juice from the cole slaw had soaked through and there was a damp spot on the rug. I looked around to see if anybody noticed. Nobody had. I tried to sop it up with a little napkin but that didn't help so I pulled the magazine rack over to hide the stain until it dried. It wasn't very big really.

I took a magazine and started to page through, but it wasn't very good. It was a three week old *Time*. I looked around to see if the director had come back into the room. He hadn't. I tried again to find a new subject. Everyone was still dancing and making noise. Mike had snuggled up to my maid. They were very close. "So that's why she didn't come back," I thought.

Then I noticed someone I hadn't seen before. She was sitting just opposite me across the room on a green sofa. And she was sitting all alone there. And her head was hanging down. Through the legs and hips that flashed by, I could see her grey hair—it was slightly blue—and her faded party dress. Her hands were all wrinkled and they looked like dead fish in her lap. Her legs were all swollen and red in spots and her stockings were sagging down around her ankles. She had on some black house slippers with little white polka dots on them just like my grandmother's.

All that noise and she was sleeping. Once in a while her head would pop up as if she were going to wake up but she didn't and it would fall down and I could only see the top of her head again. But the glimpses I caught of her face, through the legs and everything, reminded me of every old lady I'd ever seen. I'd bet that when she woke up on the morning after ten hours sleep she'd look tired and be ready for a nap. Life is long.

She must have been the director's mother, I guess. But who would make her go to a party like this? I mean, she was totally

ignored. Nobody cared about her. Nobody even sat near her. Did she smell of something? She woke up then; she must have felt that that last bob of her head would carry the rest of her body after it to the floor and she scared herself awake. She was all alone. I really felt sorry for her. The more I looked at her the older she seemed to get. I'd see her, she'd be blocked out and then reappear. It was like an old silent movie, flickering and her head and hands shaking now that she was awake.

I kept thinking, "Why would anyone bring her here?" She looked like all that was left to her was waiting to die. The life of the party could only have depressed her or bored her, or made her feel older than she was. It must be torture to sit there, to know that once you danced, that you used to shout and drink and talk and laugh and that you can never do it anymore, and that those who can don't care about you.

She looked around the room now and her expression made her look like a lost woman. Nobody noticed. Her eyes were

about to meet mine. I decided that I would smile, big, and I tried to let her know, with my eyes, that I cared. I tensed. Her empty glance caught mine. She would see that I felt for her—her age, her loneliness. But her eyes just passed me by. There was still nothing in her face. She hadn't noticed me.

"Damn old lady," I thought, "She shouldn't be here."

I turned away but somehow ended up in a minute or two with my eyes on her again. "All alone," my head went blank. I didn't want to think, I didn't want to finish the sentence. "All alone like me."

Then the director's two little girls screamed their way into the room. They landed on grandma's lap or pretty close to it. She lit up. She kissed them. They hugged her and pulled her up off the couch, one girl on each hand and out of the room. Everyone smiled.

I felt like having another glass of punch. I felt like filling my plate again. I felt like leaving. I left.

Poetry by Doug Smoot



THE DEATH OF OCCAM'S RAZOR

Harsh simplicity
 pokes fun
 at footprints in the snow.
(A gambler knows: he
 doesn't flinch.)
I see the masses with
black and white
eyes, eyeing the black
 eyeing the white
not taking comfort in
 the in-between.

Few see the waves
 that drown them
 or pull them into
intricacy;
 crazy lights
 numb the last
remaining parcels of
long-forgotten
futures: (and scare
 the crows into
 flying north,
they may).

I contemplate
 the footprints in the snow,
 white on white.
The colors fly about the room,
all throughout
 the room
and won't stop until the
bets are down. They
 shall take the day.

Poetry by Sammy Post

you remind
the dark ocean
of the
moon's
narrow
light
laying
yellow and
cool
stretching
flames
doing
a belly dance
with
waves
from the edge
to the shore

the
dark
ness
of
whis
purr
ing
warm
ness
in
soft
hush

the
gay
white
cold
light

through
qui
et
mor
ning
glass
pane

hits
filled
dream
still
eye

from
cold
heav
y
coat
night

kiss
e
merge
moist
warm
month

winter is
only for
the child
who does
not make
snowballs
by shoving
snow between
his feet
and grabs
the pile
and throws
immediately

but who
sits on
knees and
carefully
molds and
packs
the snow
smoothing
creases
with bare
hands
slowly turning
compressing
to the center
finding soft
patches and
working until
the ball is
tight and
round
and balances
it vulnerably
for view
on a snowless
metal rail



ON THE RACK

I.

It happens all the time
I wet my hook through a mud cleft
in the Mojave fishing for marlin
feel a tug and yank out
what the cat would not eat.

I am tired of raping Normal Mailer
for choice metaphors oh to dive for pearls
in the sewer again there you can't sense nothin'
and books are only waterwings Darrow
on the hereafter Comfort on sex
Sir Kenneth on civilisation Voltaire
on anything they will rock you to sleep.

Civilization like the Babe striking out
overawes most crowds and card games
even pinochle stop there are questions
questions of world politics the occult arts
human behavior and answers long
tortuous gnostic
incomprehensibly profound.

And no rocks to hide under
there are lost winos lost sons lost cuckolds
lost vets wearing khaki coats
without buttons but there are those who
casually quote Shakespeare and Proverbs
they have skilled hands they are not lost.

II.

What can I do oh the absurdity
of putting nada to a grindstone
an ordinary palm tree in ordinary earth
the calm palm tree on a desert isle
the palm tree in the poem
is dripping wax.

Thoughts of a dry brain in the rainy season.

KO'ED

Quickly the right hand came
and it struck with the unmistakable
THWOMP
of a bat thunking a watermelon.

He didn't know where it came from
and was too busy to bother anyway,
making telephone calls
to Mom, Dad, The Girl Next Door, Fido
but hearing only the
BUZZ. . . .BUZZ. . . .BUZZ. . . .
of confused lines.
Out to lunch, out to lunch.
so sorry chap, out to lunch.

Summer roared in like a lion
full of lust, yearning for anything
perverse.
"There's a concert in this man's head
and you're all welcome."
Down in the orchestra alligators blew
trumpets, Harry James urging the audience
"Let's Dance."
And up on stage the voices of the
bat chorus cut through the night
two arias from Aida.

The chill ascends from feet to knees,
the fever sings in mental wires.
And the drunk riding a unicycle
realizes he's on a parapet, scared as hell
finally tumbling the slow tumble
of a sixty-year-old butler
hearing tragic news.

Snow falls now,
bringing with it welcome repose.
And the ghost of Jimmy Cannon
Deus ex machina
tells Dick Young and a cast of
thousands, "It was the best right hand lead
I've seen in years."



The Attraction of Mushrooms

by John M. Benenati

Sometimes, when the light is just right, I can see a reflection of my eye on the inner surface of my eyeglasses. The cold, rainy day gleam of the white of the eye shows up the clearest. It sits like a frozen marsh nestled in the dry reed bed of my eyelashes. As the eye closes, the reeds sway in the wind. I don't think too many people ever see it, but often it's there.

I only started wearing eyeglasses a few years ago. If I don't wear them now things in the distance look blurred and fuzzy. Frequently, I prefer it that way. But other times it is nice to be able to recognize faces, read signs, watch hawks circling high overhead, count stars. Glasses return to us a certain degree of discernment that we had when we were younger but have since lost. I don't think things were quite so fuzzy around the edges when I was younger.

My name is Erasmus; Erasmus Arenicola. Most folks just call me Arnie. It's a lot easier than Erasmus. When people who do not know me see me standing in piles of horse dung over my knees they probably wonder what I'm doing. Well, you see, I'm a mushroom farmer. And the dung is needed to make the beds to grow them in. I used to keep a few horses you know, sort of cutting out the middle man, but I got rid of them a few years back. They were too much trouble, always breaking loose and mixing with the neighbors' herds. Got quite a few mules that way. Now I get my dung by the cartload from my neighbors.

I haven't always lived alone. There used to be a girl who would sleep with me every now and then. Lady Pipsissewa I called her. She was kind of pretty, and we had quite a bit of fun together, for awhile. One day she told me I was crazy, and left, and never came back. She never did like my mushrooms anyway.

I don't know, maybe she was right. Maybe I am crazy. Or maybe I am just crazy when it comes to women. I don't know.

It seems to me that a man and a woman got to have some kind of common ground, more substantial than horse dung, that they can stand on. Something that they share between them that allows them to cross over. With me, there always seems to be something lacking. Something not quite right. I never can quite figure out what it is.

I have always lived on a farm. Father was a potato farmer. That was about the only thing that he could grow successfully even though his soil was loose and fertile. What his problem was I guess I will never know. Maybe there was some kind of fungus in his dirt that preyed on every crop except potatoes. Maybe his life was just blighted.

He had about 200 acres. Half of it was flatland that lay between two creeks. The rest was mostly wooded hills that lay on the other sides of the creeks. The creeks flowed together at the southern tip of Father's farm. The roads followed alongside the creeks and crossed them four times within half a mile of the

house I lived in.

I used to like those bridges. They were the first things that I thought of when I had some spare time when I wasn't doing any chores. They all led to different places, but all served the same purpose.

The road over the one that crossed the two creeks after they had joined together to the south of us would eventually lead into town. But before it reached town, it passed by a hundred places that I liked to stop at. More water went under that bridge than any of the others since it was below the place where the creeks joined. That made things exciting during the spring thaw when big hunks of ice would ram together and wedge themselves against the edges of the bridge, forcing the murky, swirling, cold water to pile up behind them, getting closer and closer to the bottom of the bridge, just below my booted feet. Throughout the year, I used to linger quite a while there when I got the chance, leaning over the bridge rail and peering into the streaming depths below. I tried to imagine why the water was coming and going, but I could never hit upon anything that made much sense to me. They would tell me it was the natural order of things but I never was satisfied with that explanation.

If you were to follow the eastern creek about a quarter mile upstream, you would come to the crossing of one of the other bridges. This bridge was not on the main road, but it was on a road that led from Father's house, across the creek, and up over the biggest hill around. The views of the valley from that hill were very good and I used to like to sit in the grass there on a summer day and watch the birds, especially the hawks, flying over the fields and creeks below them. There was no better place in the world to sit and watch a hawk catch an updraft and go sailing on and on with never a flap of his wings. Between the foot of the hill and the bridge was an old cemetery with grave-stones in it that were so worn that nobody knew who was buried there anymore. I used to climb to the top of that hill with my sled in the winter and come rushing down it, down into the graveyard, weaving in and out between the tombstones, and come to rest on the other side of the creek after sliding across its frozen surface. It was cold and wet at times, but it did have its better moments.

To get to the other bridges, you would have to go back to Father's, on one branch of the main road into town, and head north and slightly west for half a mile or so to the place where the western creek crossed the other branch of the main road. This branch of the main road came from the lands to the north of us that nobody ever seemed to talk about. Where this road crossed the creek, the evergreens clung to the creek sides with exposed roots as their boles arched up and over the water, forming a dark tunnel over the silent pools of water. This bridge always seemed to have an air of secrecy and muffled brutality about it; as if the hemlocks that loomed over the creek there had caught and strangled someone with their gnarled roots and were still holding him captive somewhere, perhaps in the deep pool by the bridge; the one that showed no sign of any bottom. I used to go there in the fall and watch the leaves falling into this pool, and wonder where they were going.

The last bridge was a quarter mile downstream from this one. Nobody used the road that went over it anymore, except for a few animals. It led up through some meadows where Father used to keep some horses, and it went by a pond where I used to crouch in the cattails, patiently awaiting the appearance of the animals that I was sure lived there. This bridge was the most fun in the spring and summer when the wildflowers bejeweled the meadows and woods, and the deer and other animals lost their cold-weather shyness and sometimes came

out of hiding for me to see them, especially in the evening. They used to gather down by this bridge to drink the cool, clear water that flowed beneath it, and, perhaps, to exchange bits of news, or so it seemed.

I loved those animals. I was always looking for them on my walks, but it saddened me that I saw so few of them, so seldom. When I was lucky I would catch a glimpse of a rabbit as he bounced down the trail into the briars ahead of me, or of a heron taking off from his stance in the creek after he spotted me coming around a bend, or of a mother raccoon with her young taking refuge in the top of a dead tree. Ah, but those sightings were so few. I was sure that there were more, many more, animals out there than the few that I happened to see. There had to be. I could discern tracks in the mud at the edges of the creek and the pond but the animals that made them were always missing. Did they hear me, smell me, see me coming? I tried to be quiet and stay under cover when I thought animals might be near, but it was usually to no avail. All I saw were the rocks, trees, and grasses that had been there all along. If there had only been something that I could have done to show the animals that they had no reason to be afraid of me.

The first pet that I ever had was a turtle. Father had some dogs that he used to hunt with, but I didn't like them. They were too noisy. I found the turtle crawling across the road one day so I put him in a box and tried to feed him flies that I caught. He didn't last too long. I took him down to the creek and buried him in the old cemetery there. I tried to hide my tears from Father for I thought he might laugh if he saw them. He did not seem to care about animals except for the ones you could shoot and eat.

A big, fat, old raccoon was my next pet. I caught him in a box trap that I had built. I had seen some tracks at the edge of the pond so I put the trap up there and baited it with an ear of corn. I ran up early one morning before chores to check the trap, and yelped for joy when I spotted the coon in it. He was a heavy son of a gun and it took me quite a while to carry him back to the house. I could tell that Father was not too happy with my late return, but he let me keep the coon in an old cage that he used to keep his dogs in. I don't think that the coon liked the stale smell of dogs in the cage so he spent all of the time inside the enclosed area at one end. After a month, I let him go. He was a disappointment. The trouble that I would go to getting fresh fish and other things for that critter to eat, and he would just hide inside his box, not coming out to eat until I had left. Father said we ought to eat him but I wouldn't let him.

I managed to keep rabbits the longest of any of my pets. Even though Father said they made his dogs jumpy, he let me keep them. The rabbits were easy to feed and not too much trouble to take care of. I had a male and a female so that I could breed them and have babies. The baby bunnies were tiny, four-legged balls of fur, and the cutest, softest things I'd ever seen or felt. I made special cages for them out of wire so that I could put them in the grass by the front steps and watch them hop around, munching on the blades of grass. I even made little tunnels out of wire that would connect these cages so that the bunnies could be in whichever one they wanted to be in. And they weren't even afraid of me. I could hold one of the little fellers in the palm of my hand, feeling the rapid blip-blip-blip of his heart, watching the quiverings of his nose, and stroking his little ears with my fingers. All of that, right in my hand.

They were the only bunch of animals that I was ever able to watch grow up from babies. I was so proud of them. They were doing so well.

I came home from school one beautiful fall day. The sun was

so warm that I thought it would be fun to watch my rabbits run around in the grass near the front steps again. So I went in back of the house to get them out of their cage.

There was no need for me to do this. They had already been gotten out for me. The wire of the cage had been torn, the supports splintered and broken. Scattered about the grass at my feet lay ten piles of bloodied fur, meat, and bones; torn to shreds. My rabbits were all dead.

Who or what could do such a thing? Why? It was impossible for me to understand. They had never hurt anyone or anything. They were the most harmless things in the world. And there they were. Dead. Chewed to pieces. Whatever it was that had killed them hadn't even eaten them. Blood thirsty bastards. It must have been a pack of stray dogs. If I'd spotted one of them I would have run until I caught him, and then I would have torn his legs off, stuffed them down his bloody throat, and left him to die in the cold sun. They couldn't even leave one of the bunnies alive. Not even one. If I'd only been there when they were trying to get into the cage, those dogs would have felt pain for the first times in their lives. God damn them. What was I supposed to do now?

I picked up the pieces that were strewn through the grass and weeds and put them into a box that I found nearby. I took the box and a shovel and headed down the road to the old graveyard. A wind was scattering the dead leaves as they fell from the trees. The setting sun could do nothing to break the chill of my tears as they streamed down my face, forming pools of mud on the box in my hands. Was death that easy, life that fragile?

I dug a hole next to where I had buried my turtle and laid the box full of rabbits in it carefully. What good was all the care and attention I had given these bunnies? They were now no different from the dirt that I would throw on top of the box, or from the stones we would pull out of the potato fields and throw aside. After a few years there would be no sign left on this earth that they had ever been here. No, no, maybe that wasn't right. I would remember them wouldn't I? It seemed like that should count for something. Memory would show me what it was like when they used to hop around in front of the steps in the sun, and sit in my hand munching on a blade of grass. No, that doesn't matter, not very much anyway. I filled in the hole and trudged back to Father's house.

I had other pets after the rabbits. I fixed the cage back up and put into it squirrels, a weasel, a woodchuck, some ducks, another raccoon, even three baby skunks. But no more rabbits. If I ever caught a rabbit in my trap again, I hurriedly let him go. The memory of that afternoon was still too fresh on my mind. But none of those other animals stayed in the cage too long. After keeping them there for a short while, I soon lost interest, and they seemed more than willing to return to their tree-tops, ponds, and creeksides. I guess it was better that way for both of us in the long run.

I didn't give up my wanderings though. They were becoming more and more important to me. I would take off every chance that I could. When walking along the creeks, over the hills, through acre after acre of trees, I enjoyed watching the myriad of things going on there.

I no longer wanted each of the animals to be my friend. I was sad that things had to be that way. But I guess that there wasn't any other way for them to be in a world full of eaters; living in burrows, moving at night, scrambling for food. I wondered if all animals were like that; if I was like that.

I liked following the different tracks in the snow to see where they led and trying to figure out what they had to tell. Some-

times they would cross and recross themselves; doubling back, skirting around, presumably attempting to lure a following predator away from the nest. Occasionally the evasive tactics were not too successful, as was shown by the red-splattered snow and the tufts of frozen fur embedded in it. Signs that someone went home with a full stomach, and that someone went home in that stomach. Sometimes the tracks veered and twisted inexplicably, or occurred in such profusion that they must have been made by more than one animal. This complicated the story further.

Also apparent in the snow were piles of dung that had been left behind by the different animals. They all had characteristic shapes and consistencies to them that made them easy to identify. The rabbit pellets were all too familiar. Sometimes, upon further investigation of the dung, I could tell what the animal had eaten. As a result of insufficient chewing, bones often would pass through the system of a predator whole, leaving the body with the rest of the indigestible waste. The skull of a squirrel here, the leg of a small bird there. It was my hope that the eaten had not suffered before they were consumed by the eater. I always wondered what happened to the dung of the animal being eaten. Was it slurped up along with the blood, guts, muscles, and other trash? It would be hard to sort out.

When the snow began to melt, the holes in it that I called tracks would get bigger and bigger since they provided additional surface for the sun's rays and warm air. They would eventually run together, obliterating any clues of an animal's passage. The piles of dung would melt back into the soil when the rains came. All signs of that cold life of winter would disappear.

Signs of new life would appear. Dormancies were broken. The birds that clung to the edge of warm weather would return. But more obvious than these animal shufflings were the transformations that the plants were going through. All the green that had been hiding in the ground all winter was drawn out into the open air by the warmth. Brown grass turned green; new leaves appeared everywhere.

Water was everywhere. Freed from the crystals of winter, the individual drops of water flowed together forming platoons, troops, companies; a huge, raging army, coursing about in search of things to conquer, in search of a commander. The job of the bridges was to maintain the gap between the road above them and the seething chaos below them. Their success looked doubtful at times. But it was fun to watch, thinking that maybe I would be lucky enough to be there at the moment that the bridge gave way; seeing the planks, timbers, and pilings swallowed up by the torrent of water; the bridge another victim of the natural course of things.

I wondered what it would be like crawling around on all fours, digging holes in the ground with my hands, sleeping in trees. There was one way to find out. So, I tried. The crawling was awkward. I kept hanging my knees on rocks. It didn't take me too long to find out that digging with just my hands and fingers was a waste of time. After figuring out what type of branching was the best for sleeping, I was able to take short naps braced against a few tree limbs, in the midst of those green, leafy clouds.

During one of those naps I had a dream that I still remember today. I had been roaming in the woods above the pond. The day was warm and I had climbed quite a distance up a tree trying to find a suitable position where I would be able to take advantage of the cool breeze. I found a spot where I could lean back against the trunk and drape my legs over the two forks of

the branch that I was sitting on. My face felt the soft, swirling wind as it wove its way through the leaves. My eyelids slowly lowered as I searched for birds in the blue sky.

All of a sudden it was dark, and I was watching myself as I slept there in the crotch of the tree. Some furtive, rustling noises were coming from the bottom of the tree, and getting closer and closer, as if someone or something was climbing the tree. A raccoon appeared, then another; followed by a fox, a woodchuck, and a bunch of field mice. They managed to pick me up and carry me down the tree without awakening me. They were very quiet. Awaiting below at the bottom of the tree was a host of other animals; including a skunk, some rabbits, two deer, a hawk and an owl, an opossum, and a big, black bear. They all watched quietly as the raccoons took my clothes off. A couple of muskrats came out of the darkness dragging the hide of some kind of animal behind them. The hide was in several sections and the raccoons started placing them about my body, securing them with bits of dry reed. Over my head went a sack-like hunk of hide with two holes cut out of it for me to see out of.

They were somehow able to get me onto my feet and they started me walking down the hillside toward the pond. At sometime on the walk down, I'm not sure when, my hands dropped to the ground and I proceeded the rest of the way on hands and feet, with my legs bent only slightly beneath me; not crawling on my knees as I had tried before. This nocturnal parade seemed to continue for quite some time before we reached the pond's edge. The animals bent over the water, making like they were going to drink of it. So I also bent over the water, not realizing, I guess, that my mask had no mouth through which I could drink.

My vantage point all of a sudden shifted again. I was inside my body again, almost doing a handstand in the mud at the edge of the pond. I looked down into the water and I saw my eyes peering back at me through a mask of animal hide. The fur was all mangy and matted. A musky stench was coming from somewhere. I tried to cry out in disgust and discovered that I had no mouth. The dry reeds that were used to bind the pieces of hide together had become snakes and were squeezing the pieces tighter and tighter together. My back ached and my arms and legs were sore. I looked around for the animals and they were gone. It was getting hard for me to breathe. My hands were stuck in the mud. I tried to scream for help but the best I could do was a mournful bellow. The animal hide was so tight around me that it must have fused with my skin. There I stood, a dumb animal.

The sun was not far from setting when I awoke. Six crows were flying overhead, fleeing the sun like little hunks of stubborn darkness. I must have slept quite awhile, I thought. My back was sore from the awkward bent position it had remained in for so long, wedged in between the trunk of the trees and a branch. I wondered why I had slept so long.

My descent from my perch was swift, and careless. I wanted to get home before it was too late, before the animals came out. A branch at the bottom of the tree that I started to put my weight on snapped off and left me hanging from my arms. Luckily it was not too far to the ground, so I let go, landed on my feet, and took off running for home. I was in a hurry to get back across the bridge and onto Father's land once again.

The weather that summer had been pretty good, at least for growing potatoes. As far as Father and I could tell, we were going to have a good crop. When it came time to dig them that fall, Father came down with some sickness that forced him to stay in bed all the time.

Some relative of Father's came over to help us with the harvest. I had never heard mention of him before, yet he acted like he was Father's brother or something, and moved right in with us. Silas was his name, and he brought with him a girl I presumed to be his daughter. Her name was Beccare, or something like that. He only called her that when he was mad at her; most of the time he called her Becky.

I never knew very much about them. Nobody ever told me where they had come from. They just showed up one day. There was a similarity in the way that their eyes darted about continually, never resting on any one object for any length of time. Sort of nervous and fearful, as if they were always expecting someone to sneak up behind them and throttle them. They were both like that. Father was also like that at times. My feeling was that they had come down the main road out of the north, across the bridge that always made something inside of me cringe. They never talked about themselves.

I never liked Silas very much. But Becky was different. She was unlike I first expected, her being around never bothered me. Her soft, brown hair reminded me of the baby bunnies that I used to have. Her nose was small like theirs. Her timidity also reminded me of them. When I had the chance I enjoyed watching her doing things around the house, like cooking dinner. She never seemed to notice that I was watching. It was like I had hidden myself behind some bushes and was observing some animal without it knowing that I was there.

Silas had brought two horses with him when he came. They weren't like the big work horses that I had seen before. They were more like horses you would hitch behind a cart or wagon. We kept them in a large shed out in back of the house. We had to cut grass from a field that Father had been letting lie fallow and store it in the shed for the horses to eat that winter. The work horses that I had seen before were probably quite a bit stronger than Silas' horses, but his were strong enough for what we needed them to do. We would hook them up behind a wagon upon which we loaded the grass and, later, potatoes.

After the harvest, when the cold weather came, Silas traveled about on one of his horses helping neighboring farmers repair their equipment and buildings for the next spring and summer. He was pretty handy, I guess, when it came to mending harnesses, working on wagons, and making things with wood.

I had to take care of the other horse when I got home from school since Father was still sick. I had to give it hay and water every night and clean its stall once a week. We had nothing to spread the manure around with so I just made a pile of it in the backyard. It was also one of my chores to get wood for the fireplace so Becky could cook dinner. She made dinner every night for Father, me, and herself. The food was pretty good; a lot better than some of the gruel that Father used to dish out. I did quite a bit of wood chopping that year to make sure that Becky would have enough wood to make a nice, hot fire.

She and I would walk to and from school through the snow together. But it was almost as if I were walking alone. She never said much, walking with her head bent downward, her eyes searching the snow-covered ground in front of her feet.

There was one thing that she would talk about, and that was horses. She had ridden horses ever since she was really young. She would tell me about the rides she had gone on; how long, how fast. She said she loved riding fast. I couldn't tell just how much of what she said was true; some of it seemed so much unlike her.

She couldn't believe that I'd never ridden on a horse before. I told her about the walks that I went on and all the things that I saw on them. I told her about my bridges and my animals, with

the idea that they did for me the same thing that riding horses did for her. She just kept on walking, as if I had changed the subject or something.

As the weather got warmer she would talk with me more often, smile more often. She no longer looked down all the time, but would raise her head and eyes and look toward the treetops, the birds, and the sky. I noticed that she even looked at me from time to time. I guessed that she had grown used to me and no longer was afraid of me.

On warmer days we would go for rides on this other horse of Silas' and Becky always sat in front with the reins. It was best that way since I didn't know much about controlling the creatures. I would bounce around on the back of the horse as we rode along the roads, over hills, through the creeks, fields, and woods. Fast sometimes; slow others.

I'm not sure what got into Becky the time she started to gallop the horse through the old graveyard between the hill and the bridge. I made her stop and turn the horse around. The look she gave me scared me half to death; if she'd had claws, I don't think that she would have hesitated to use them on me.

It got so that we were riding almost every day after school and on weekends. Becky and I covered a lot of ground that spring. Riding on a horse enabled me to travel much farther than my walks had previously taken me; across the bridges, beyond the limits of my wanderings on foot, into strange fields, forests, and valleys. We rode along the high ridges of hills that were strewn with rocks that were larger than the three of us combined. Their shadows were deep and unsettling as we rode through them, in sight of the gray, scaly, twisted limbs of trees, scratching at the sky.

I was cleaning out the horse's stall one Saturday morning that was exceptionally clear and warm. The dung never smelled very much in the chill of winter, but as the sun climbed higher and higher in the sky so did the sweet stink of the horse manure. The horse also produced its own peculiar odor as it toiled under the burden of Becky and me. These smells always made me think of Becky.

On other days, I would look through the dust-etched window in the shed that was covered with old cobwebs and see her blurred figure moving about in the yard, in the fresh air.

I had about half of the manure forked from the stall when Becky came in and said that she was going riding and asked me if I wanted to come. I hardly needed an excuse to stop working, so I helped her get the bridle on the horse. I hopped on in back of her as usual and Becky prodded the horse into a quick trot. We were on the main road and heading toward the shadowy and silent North.

The wind was blowing out of the south and was steadily pushing us in front of it. The steady clog, clog, clog, of the horse's hooves suggested a purposiveness that was absent from our usual wanderings. Even Becky seemed bent on achieving a certain quest. She seldom turned her head, keeping her eyes fixed on the road ahead of us, as if there was some place that she wanted to go. I just let myself get carried along with her.

The air changed as we crossed the bridge over the deep pools of water. Things seemed to shimmer when I looked at them out of the corners of my eyes. The sky itself glimmered in places as if the morning dew was still in the air. I had never been in this country before and knew nothing about it.

Becky swerved the horse off the main road away after we had crossed the bridge and headed out through a stand of beeches and alders. I figured that she was taking me to some secret, favorite place that she had found when she was a kid.

She probably had lived nearby at one time.

There was no straight path through the trees and we had to veer and twist from side to side to avoid them. Becky was still coaxing the horse along at a pretty good clip, with me bouncing along behind. A sharp turn that she made to the right almost threw me off. I flung my hands out and had to grab onto her waist to keep from falling. She didn't seem to mind. I tried to get her to slow down so that I wouldn't have to grab at her anymore but she wouldn't, forcing me to keep my hands there most of the time.

I have no idea where we went that day. We must have ridden through one of the biggest sections of woods that I've ever seen, or we went around in circles and I didn't notice it. Becky wouldn't tell me where we were going. When she happened to turn around once I noted a strange gleam in her eye; it made me feel like a rabbit who had just been lured into the clutches of the wily fox. The looming trees conspired to block out the sun in places. Mushroomrooms seemed to glow with a faint light in the gloom.

After stumbling down a steep, wooded slope we could see the dark, silver slice of a creek through the trees. The horse brought us up to the water's edge, stopped, and bowed his head down to drink. The water was a dark, sunken green. It moved slowly downstream. The concentric ripples on the surface indicated eddy currents from some depth below. I could see myself getting swallowed up in it and drowning. I was ready to jump down from the horse and plunge back into the woods. But Becky turned around and brushed my cheek with her hand. This time I saw in her eyes the warmth and innocence that I had once seen in the eyes of my baby bunnies. I stayed on the horse with her.

The horse had finally drunk its fill and Becky guided it upstream. We had to stay close to the edge of the bank for the water, even a little ways out, looked deep. There was something familiar in the way the trees hung over the water. As we went around a bend, I saw a bridge in the distance upstream. Then I realized; we had circled back and that was the main road that went into town from the north. We hadn't really gone anywhere. Becky had no secret hiding place that she wanted to show me.

When we got to the bridge I thought that we would go up onto the road and continue on our way home. But Becky stopped the horse and jumped down onto a pebbly island in the middle of the creek. She took my hand and coaxed me down beside her. She let the horse wander freely as she led me along the island. The pebbles beneath our feet shifted slightly with each step that we took. It was dark under the bridges and I couldn't tell if the island came out on the other side or not. The water on both sides of us still looked pretty deep. In the middle of the island there was a nest of dried grass and leaves that had been left there when the high water that spring had receded. Becky laid down on her back on top of them and pulled me down on top of her.

We did quite a bit of clutching and grasping that afternoon. Once she got me going it was impossible for me to stop. She seemed to enjoy it as much as I did. It's funny, I never thought that she had it in her. But she sure did, she sure did.

Her hunger was insatiable. In the days after that we made love in about every place on and around the farm. On the way to school, on the hay in the shed, in the woods, in the kitchen. Going riding on the horse took on a new meaning. Becky found it impossible to ride by an abandoned farmhouse or shack without stopping and going inside, dragging me along with her. I never liked those places. They were always filled with

wasp nests, mice, spiders, crud, and discarded junk like flat, stiff shoes and old, rotten overcoats. The gray boards with no paint on them were always cold and thin and reminded me of desolation and decay. I thought maybe the people that had lived in them had been eaten or killed by something wild from out of the shadows and their spirits were doomed to wander about their old homesteads. It made me smile to think of them watching Becky and me going at it like a couple of rabbits.

I had more fun that spring than I ever had before. Father was getting better. Silas was never around. When it came time to do the spring planting Father wanted to help me do it. I told him that he should stay in bed and that Becky and I could do it. He refused to stay in bed anymore, so he was out in the field every day, in the sun, in the rain. It was too much for him. One night at dinner he started to cough up blood and then his face fell forward onto his dinner plate. We buried him next to my rabbits in the old graveyard. I didn't have a stone for his grave, but it didn't matter for there was no one around who would want to remember him. He never liked stones anyway.

I didn't know what to do. I guessed that the farm was mine but I didn't want to run it alone. Becky didn't know what to do either. We both wondered where Silas, her father, was and wished that he would return. On the cooler nights we would sit in front of the fire and watch it slowly die out. We no longer went riding like we used to. I guess we didn't need to; we had the house all to ourselves.

Three weeks after Father died Silas returned. He was not greatly affected by the news. He had news of his own. He had married some widow in the next county and had come to take Becky back with him. He wanted to leave the next morning. I asked if I could go with them and he gave out a laugh and asked "What the hell for? You've got this farm to take care of."

That was true. Becky and I talked it over that night. She figured that she had to go with Silas. She would send word where she was, and in the fall, after the harvest had been gathered and sold, we would get together again and ride away. Somewhere.

That was one of the longest summers that I've ever spent. The potatoes didn't take too much of my time. I did a lot of walking. I was looking forward to leaving that farm. Everything around it made me sad. The soft hay in the shed. The horse bridle and bit. The bridges and creeks. The graveyard. I was anxious to get back with Becky again.

It was another good summer for potatoes. A man from town came out and bought my whole crop in the field. I didn't even have to dig any of it. The man even offered to buy my farm.

The money was in my pocket and I was ready to take off. But I had heard no word from Becky. Not one word. I didn't have much of any idea where she had headed although I suspected it was somewhere north. There was only one thing to do, so I set out in search of her.

Through the cold months of winter I searched. On into spring. No sign whatsoever. No where. I asked about them every place that I could. Sorry, never heard of them. I got very sick of hearing that. And if someone claimed to have recognized their names they were always mistaken. My hopes would soar like nighthawks when I was told that the Jenkins down the road knew someone like that. And then they would plummet to the bottom of my boots when Mrs. Jenkins would sit there rocking in her chair and shake her head no.

It was pretty foolish, I guess, expecting that somehow I would find her again. Somewhere my searchings reverted back into wanderings. There wasn't anything else to do; no place special to go.

I ate most of my meals on the road and slept in fields and haymows. Occasionally some farmer or farmer's wife would invite me in for some hot tea or dinner. I was always on my way down the road in the morning.

Summer passed quickly, autumn lingered awhile, but winter seemed to take up permanent residence. It was always snowing or raining. My tracks were often the only ones to be seen on the road. I would huddle in my wet blanket at the edge of the road trying to keep warm. It wouldn't have surprised me if one of these mornings I had failed to awaken and my stiff body had been found by some passerby. He would feel my cheek and find it completely lacking of any warmth.

I was curled up like this in a ditch the day I met Mr. O'Grady. He was out for his morning walk when he happened upon me. He invited me to his house for breakfast; said he needed help on his farm. I was ready to give up my wanderings for awhile, so I accepted his offer. I had nothing to lose. He seemed like a nice fellow, and it would be nice to have someone to talk to again. At first I had thought that he was a widower, but I never saw or heard anything about his family. Actually, I don't even think he needed help on his farm. I never did much. He didn't have a dairy farm, or a potato farm; he had a mushroom farm. He also had a few horses, enough to keep himself supplied.

Mr. O'Grady also had a rather large library in his house. Because of his allergies he often had a hard time breathing so he spent a lot of time with his books. Most of them were hard for me to read at first, but he helped me along. It was amazing to read about those thousands of things that I never thought or even heard of before.

He showed me how to grow mushrooms. He had grown them for most of his life. The cellar under his house was huge, with row after row, layer upon layer of flat, shallow trays in it. After composting the horse manure for a couple of weeks, we would fill the trays with it and then put the mushroom seeds, he called them spores, in it. In two months or so the mushrooms would start to appear. We would pick them and send them off to a man who would take them to a big city where the fancy folk would buy them. If those people only knew what they were eating. We both got quite a kick out of that.

He even explained to me what mushrooms were all about. You see when you plant those spores, as he called them, in the horse manure, the things start to grow. Each spore produces these long filaments that are called hypha. The hyphae will grow and grow in a tangled, twisted, interwoven mass, getting food from the manure. All the time that these hyphae are growing like this you can't see them because they are doing it inside the manure. But every now and then when two filaments meet each other just right they fuse together to form a special new kind of filament. They call this sexual reproduction. This new kind of filament grows toward the surface and produces what we call mushrooms. Pretty amazing.

Mr. O'Grady and I raised four batches of mushrooms together. One in the spring and one in the fall, for two years straight. But that second winter that I spent with him was hard on his breathing and he succumbed.

He must not have had any family or friends since he left me his farm, his house, and all of his books in his will. I don't think that I've ever met a nicer man. Here I stay, relatively content.

I never have many visitors. Except for one girl who used to come out and stay for awhile. I forget what her name was. Lady Pipsissewa is what I used to call her. It was the name of some Indian that I had read about once. I liked the sound of it. She walked out to the farm one day and asked if she could stay for awhile. She was cute, a little young, but I saw no reason why

she couldn't stay. I found her in my bed that night. She must have crept in while I was sleeping.

She would tell me about the things I said and the noises I made while I was sleeping. I was never able to sleep very restfully. My muscles would twitch and shiver. She said that I would make soft moaning sounds at times. Sometimes I would sit upright in bed and search around my dark room for animals that were about to pounce on me. When I couldn't sleep at all, one of my favorite diversions was to go down cellar and wander around the trays. The sweet smell of the composted horse manure was heavy in the air. I would imagine what it was like to be a hypha—growing through the middle of that useless horse waste, not knowing where I was, or why, and then fate

directing me to grow in a certain way that I might encounter another hypha like myself, and the two of us would fuse, and produce something completely new that contained both of us in it; we would then surface, and expand and swell, forming a soft, white, sticky fruiting body, producing millions of offspring that we would scatter to the wind. All in the dark. All without tracks.

Strange laughter usually resulted from this line of thinking. As I mentioned before, Lady Pipsissewa went back to where she came from eventually. I wasn't surprised.

I still have my mushrooms and my walks. I still keep my eyes out for tracks and dung.

Poetry by Woody White

ON FEAR

I am the tight-rope walker daydreaming
nightmares of rotted nets, the bystander
obsessed with proving himself
guilty. These days I read books
about the sixties by writers
barely thirty, amazed that so many people
could be so wrong about the same things.
I will tell you how it really was.
We were the rich kids of daddies who fought
THE war, dropping Krauts like flies
at Normandy and Argonne. And we played
war or became Tom Sawyers, pirating
golf balls off a blind shot on the seventh
at the club from our fathers' cronies.
And pianos were for sissies
but we attacked them like we attacked
spinach. We went to the movies twice each week
and spent the night with buddies most weekends.
And this should end here
but doesn't. Like an albatross hanging
from my neck, the echo tells me it's all right
it's all right to live off the old man's fat,
finally hiding self-inflicted wounds.
Listen to me. I will
fall: your lazy, your pothead, your atheist
son. These things I would tell you if I could.

March 6

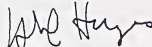
Dear Student staff,

Your winter issue is spectacular! I thought everything to be done on Hemingway had been done. How you managed to track down Hadley, Jack H., Scribner et al and still do your school work is a mystery known only to yourselves, and I admire you all the more for your enterprise, initiative etc.

Someone should send a copy of this to Matthew Broccoli (referred to in the Mary Hemingway piece as "Brookley"—tape recorded no doubt), who is the principle curator of all Fitzgerald/Hemingway arcania, and would be excited by your material.

Also, although I know the experience of this will stay with you all your lives, there is a practical value in what you've done. Those of you who want to work for magazines should use this issue as resume. It is so much better than the work many professional magazine people can do.

Nice going!



Harold Hayes

March 13, 1978

Wake Forest University
Winston-Salem
N.C. 27109

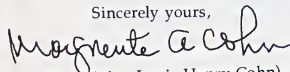
Gentlemen:

We have been informed by Miss Joan Crane of the University of Virginia Library that your publication of THE STUDENT contains considerable Hemingway material. We are very interested and would like to know whether we can get individual copies of this number.

The exhibition of Hemingway material recently at Virginia was built around my late husband's collection (the original Hemingway bibliographer) which I own and which I loaned for the occasion. We have many Hemingway collectors who would be interested in this number.

Please let us hear from you so that we may order the number and send our check.

Sincerely yours,



(Mrs. Louis Henry Cohn)
House of Books, Ltd.
667 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10021

24th, March, 1978

Dear Sue Ellen Farmer—

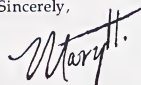
Congratulations on your terrific Winter, 1978 edition of The Student—so comprehensive and complete as well as detailed. If you want a job on a commercial magazine, think about sending copies of this one to publishers—not editors—of whatever you may fancy working for. (You might give jitters to the editors.)

I noticed a number of mistakes—most of them inconsequential—in the long, long piece you did with me. It is a triumph of interviewing, really, and I wish it all the success it deserves.

Thank you for sending the copy.

And best luck with your future endeavors, whatever they may be—

Sincerely,



Mary Hemingway

